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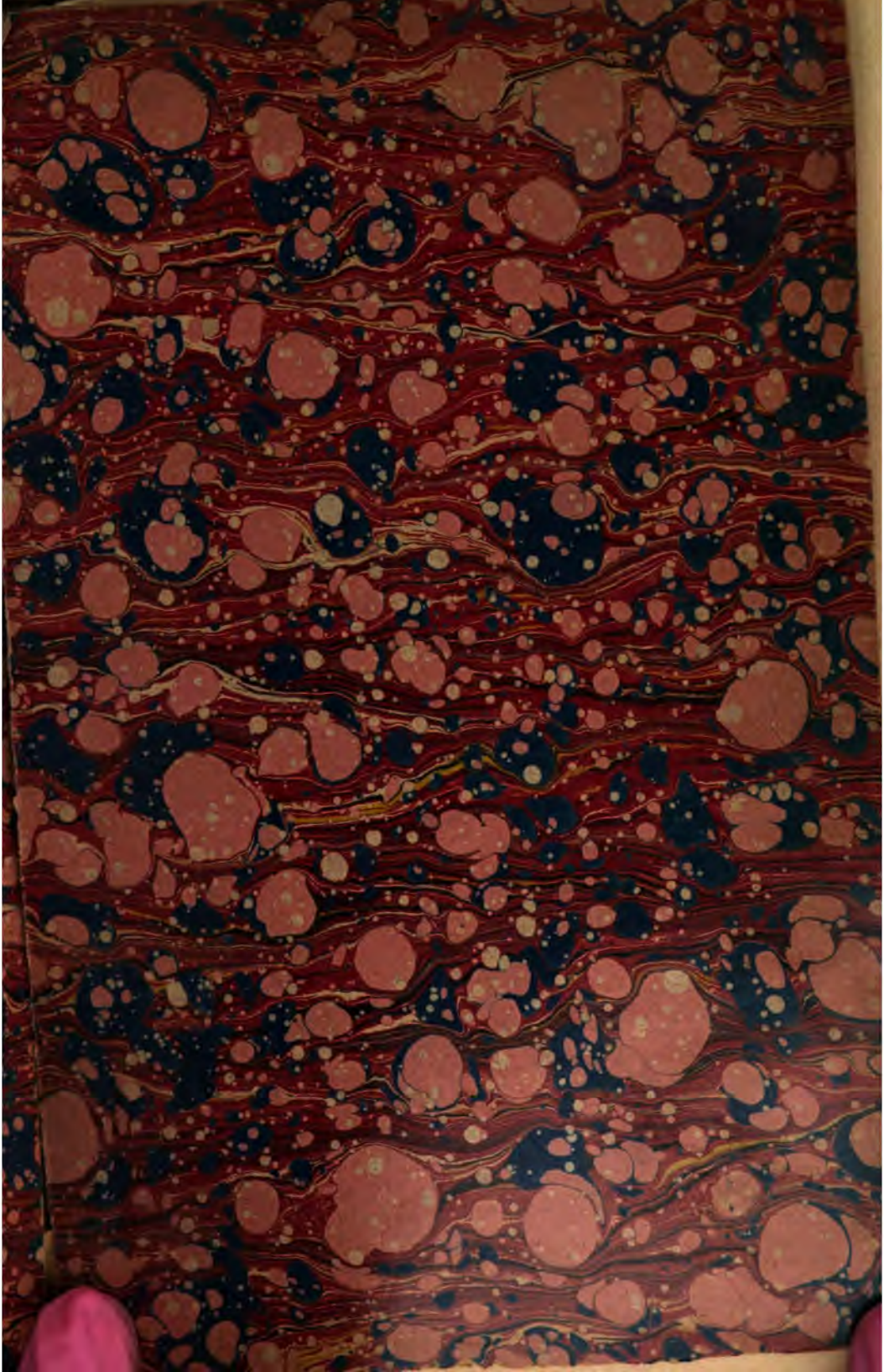

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EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, LL. D.

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Pianist to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales.

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CONTENTS OF NO. XXIX.

ART. PAGE

I. THE ANCIENT PHŒNICIANS, AND THEIR CIVILIZATION..... 1

1. *Sanchuniathonis Historiarum Phœniciæ libros novem, Græce versos a* PHILONE BYBLIO, edidit Latinaque versione donavit F. WAGENFELD. (*The Nine Books of Sanchoniatho's History of Phœnicia, translated into Greek by* PHILO-BIBLIUS: revised and accompanied with a Latin version by F. Wagenfeld.)

2. *Geschichte der Karthager, nach den Quellen bevrbeitet.* (*History of the Carthaginians, from the Original Authorities.*) Von DR. W. BOTTICHER

3. *Scripturæ Linguæque Phœniciæ Monumenta quotquot supersunt edita et edit ad autographorum optimorumque Exemplarum fidem, edidits, additisque de Scriptura et Lingua Phœnicum Commentariis illustravit.* (*Monuments of the Literature and Language of Phœnicia*, &c, with *Commentaries.*) GUIL. GESENIUS. 4to. Lipsiæ.

3. *Réflections sur quelques Monumens Phéniciens et sur les Alphabets qui en résultent.* Mémoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions. Par M. BARTHELEMY. Tom. xxx. p. 405. Paris.

5. *Religion der Karthager.* (*Religion of the Carthaginians.*) Von DR. F. MUNTER. 4to. Copenhagen: 1821.

II. ORNITHOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA..... 30

1. *American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States.* By ALEXANDER WILSON.

2. *Birds of America: Orinthological Biography.* By J. J. AUDUBON.

3. *A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada.* By THOMAS NUTTALL, A. M., F. L. S.

4 *The Architecture of Birds.* By JAMES RENNIE, A. M , A. L. S.

III. ORIGIN OF ALPHABETIC WRITING..... 61

1. *Essay on the Hieroglyphic System of M. Champollion, &c.* Translated by J. STUART.

2. *Origin and Progress of Writing.* ASTLE.

3. *De prima scribendi origine.* HERMAN HUGO.

4. *Essai sur le Systeme hiéroglyphique de Champollion.*

IV. VIRGIL AND HIS NEW TRANSLATOR..... 78

1. *The Æneid of Virgil*, translated into English Verse. By JOHN CONINGTON, M. A.

2. *The Æneis of Virgil.* Translated by CHARLES SYMMONS, D. D.

3. *Virgil. The Eelogues* translated by WRANGHAM, the *Georgics* by SOUTHEBY, and the *Æneid* by DRYDEN.

4. *The Æneid*, by C. PITT, and *The Bucolics* and *Georgics*, by JOSEPH WARTON.

5. *P. Virgilii Maronis Opera. Interpretatione et Notis*, illustravit C. G. HEYNE.

V. RELEASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS..... 106
Reports of Proceedings against JEFFERSON DAVIS *and other Documents.*

VI. FICHTE AND HIS PHILOSOPHY..... 113
1. *Fichte's Sammtliche Werke.* (*Fichte's Complete Works.*)
2. *Fichte's Leben und Briefwechsel.* Herausgegeben von (*Fichte's Life and Correspondence* Edited by) J. H. FICHTE.
3. *Grunkriss der Geschichte der Philosophie.* (*Outlines of the History of Philosophy.*) von Dr. JOHANN EDUARD ERDMANN.

VII. WHAT THE POLITICIANS MAKE OF OUR POSTAL SYSTEM..... 154
Postal Laws of the United States, and other Documents relating to our Postal Arrangements, &c.

VIII. EULER AND HIS DISCOVERIES..... 161
1. *Introductio in Analysin Infinitorum.* Lausannæ: 1744.
2. *Theoria Motuum Lunæ, exhibens omnes corporum inequalitates cum additamento.*
3. *Theoria Motus Corporum Solidorum seu Rigidorum.*
4 *Novæ Tabulæ Lunares singulari methodo constructæ.*
5. *Elemens d'Algebre, trad. de l' Allemand,* par J. BERNOULLI, avec des Notes par LAGRANGE et PARNIER.

IX NOTICES AND CRITICISMS..... 172
Belles-Lettres..... 172
Science and History..... 184
Summer Travels..... 190
Insurance..... 193
Miscellaneous..... 195

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THE fate of nations affords the most instructive commentary on human pride and ambition. What is better calculated to subdue the heart than the reflection that of all the States of antiquity which once exulted so much in their greatness and glory not one survives? All have passed away—many of them without leaving a vestige of their works to attest that they ever existed; so that all we know of their story we learn from their enemies; sometimes from

those whom they had subdued and sometimes from those who had subdued them.

It is needless for us to point out the many lessons of humanity which these facts teach; yet no study is more neglected. The large majority even of those who consider themselves enlightened affect to sneer at everything that is ancient as something pedantic, dull, and profitless. Nay, how many of those who call themselves statesmen take the trouble to avail themselves of the experience of the most enlightened nations of the past? Hence it is that there is so much national arrogance and selfishness at the present day; such a disposition to magnify our own efforts and to depreciate those of others, or ignore them altogether.

In studying the great nations of antiquity we learn to treat even our enemies with moderation and humanity; not, indeed, because the ancients always exhibited those feelings themselves, but because their history shows us how absurdly they acted when they did otherwise—as absurdly as the individual who oppresses his neighbor to-day, exulting in his power to do so, only to be oppressed himself to-morrow with still greater severity.

Another useful lesson we may learn from nations which no longer survive is that it was not those that possessed the largest territories that proved the greatest states, but generally the reverse; we find that even in those instances in which great nations possessed extensive territories their greatness was of comparatively brief duration. It is admitted by all that while Athens under Pericles was one of the smallest states in the world, it was at the same time one of the greatest; indeed, there was no state equal to it in the commanding influence which it exercised on the destinies of mankind. Subsequently, when Alexander was everywhere recognized as the conqueror of the world, his empire was not so truly great or illustrious as had been that small republic, and whatever greatness it did possess did not long survive himself.

But even Athens does not afford a more striking proof that a large territory is not essential to national greatness than the small state known to the world as Phœnicia In modern times the Republic of Venice, the Dutch Republic, Portugal, and Great Britain—all small in territorial extent—have each accomplished great and brilliant results; but not one of them has won so much renown as Phœnicia; nay, it may be doubted whether there is one to which the

world owes so much. Let those who would deny this remember what were the circumstances under which that small community became the greatest commercial nation of all antiquity and established colonies in every part of the world that was then known.

Had they been a warlike people, like the Persians or the Romans, their success in these respects would have been intelligible enough. But they acquired nothing by brute force; they made no war on any nation, at home or abroad, except in self-defence.* They were not wanting in physical strength or courage, but they used both for other purposes than subjugating or destroying their fellow-men. By this we do not mean, however, that their conduct was always exemplary. It may be that they commenced their maritime career as pirates; that they first plundered those with whom they afterwards carried on a peaceful traffic; although there is no evidence whatever of the fact. If they were robbers in their origin, so were the ancient Romans; so were both the Normans and the Saxons.

But, unlike all these, the Phœnicians depended on the arts of peace for attaining greatness; they relied more on the powers of the mind than on those of the body. This honorable distinction has been so universally awarded to them that their descendants have claimed for them the invention of letters—a claim which the most learned investigators of different countries regard as well founded. This we shall see as we proceed. For the present it is sufficient to remark that on none but a highly intellectual people could such an honor have been conferred even by mistake. That they possessed this character is beyond dispute; the fact is readily admitted by the Persians, Greeks, and Romans, in turn, each of whom took advantage of their peaceful habits in order to plunder them of the fruits of their intelligence, skill, and industry.

In sacred as well as in profane history the Phœnicians have

* It is true that Herodotus gives a somewhat different account on the authority of "the learned among the Persians;" but, according to the statement of the Father of History, the piracy of the Phœnicians consisted mainly in carrying off pretty women wherever they found them. Thus it is that he finds them guilty of having produced the Trojan war. He thinks they would have excited the Persians to war in a similar manner, were it not that the latter were a little more philosophic than the Greeks in regard to women. "Now," he says, "to carry off women by violence the Persians think is the act of wicked men; but *to trouble one's self about avenging them when so carried off is the act of foolish ones;* and to *pay no regard to them when carried off, of wise men;* for that it is clear that *if they had not been willing*, they could not have been carried off."—*Herod.*, lib. i, 5.

this proud distinction. Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Joshua, as well as the poets and historians of Persia, Greece, and Rome, speak of Tyre and Sidon as superior in the arts of peace to all other cities of their time; and who is so indifferent to the history of his race as not to feel an interest in the destiny of a people who are thus renowned in the most ancient records extant? We do not believe that there are many of our readers who can be charged with indifference of this kind, and hence it is that we have resolved to devote this paper to the story of Phœnicia. In doing so, however, we pretend to no new revelation; all the assurance we can give is that we have spared no pains or labor in collecting facts calculated to shed light on the character of Phœnicia as a nation; but to this we may add that we think that those who will have the patience to accompany us in our discussion will find that we have not been entirely unsuccessful in our efforts.

In looking at the extent of Phœnicia on the map it seems impossible to believe, at first view, that the inhabitants of so small a territory could have exercised so powerful an influence on the world as the Phœnicians have done. The narrow strip of land at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean known as ancient Phœnicia appears no larger in a map of the Empire of Alexander than a county in the State of New York appears in an ordinary map of the United States. This will be easily understood when it is borne in mind that the whole length of the state from north to south, at the period of its greatest prosperity, was but one hundred and twenty miles, while it was less than twenty miles in breadth. Thus it requires little calculation to see that the State of New York alone is large enough to furnish territory for nearly a score of such kingdoms.

So early as the time of David the Phœnicians were a highly cultivated people. When Solomon built his famous temple he depended chiefly on the Phœnician artists for adorning it. There is, indeed, little doubt among archæologists that it was the Phœnicians who did all the fine work. Nor were they thus celebrated for their superior skill only among their immediate neighbors; they were similarly distinguished throughout the world. We find that whenever the earlier Greek writers wished to bestow high praise on any manufactured article or work of art, they styled it Tyrian or Sidonian—Tyre and Sidon being the chief cities of Phœnicia. Even in the time of Homer this pre-eminence on the

part of the Phœnicians was universally recognized. In several instances the poet gives expression to the general feeling. Thus, for example, in speaking of the silver bowl which Achilles proposed as a prize in the games at the funeral of Patroclus, in order to convey the highest idea of its beauty and elegance, he tells us that "Sidonian artists wrought it and Phœnicians brought it over in their ships."* One of the finest descriptions in the whole Iliad is that of the shield of Achilles,† which was also of Phœnician workmanship. The simple fact that the author of such a description entertained so high an opinion of Phœnician art is evidence that it was of a superior order, for it is impossible to doubt that Homer was a competent judge, and he had no motive for exaggerating its merit. The views of the historians on the same subject show that he merely embodied the general sentiment; and we find the same superiority everywhere acknowledged in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, who, when denouncing the Tyrians and Sidonians most strongly for their vices, never deny them that pre-eminence in the arts and sciences which affords the most conclusive proof of a high civilization. But before proceeding any further in this direction, let us take a brief glance at the history of Phœnicia, and endeavor to form an opinion of the circumstances under which so high a civilization was attained.

Who the Phœnicians really were has never been satisfactorily explained; but the prevailing opinion among ethnologists at the present day is that they were Canaanites. It appears that their own account was that they were the descendants of Ishmael, and that having been overpowered by the more numerous descendants of Isaac and driven into the narrow tract of country now known as Phœnicia, they were obliged to depend mainly on the sea for their support. Many investigators accept this theory because it accounts so well for the early knowledge which the Phœnicians had of maritime affairs. Their Canaanitish descent is objected to by those who have not devoted sufficient attention to ethnology, on the ground that Canaan, being one of the sons of Ham, his descendants should be negroes; whereas nothing relating to them is better known than that they belonged to the noblest race of mankind. This, indeed, would be sufficiently clear from the fact of their being the progenitors of

* Il., 743. † Il., xiii. 478.

the Greeks. Whether they were or not, the latter almost universally regarded them as such; which, it is almost needless to say, would not have been the case had they been negroes, for none had a stronger antipathy to the black race than the countrymen of Homer and Herodotus. Further than to make a passing remark of this kind, we cannot regard the objection alluded to as requiring any refutation; none but the most credulous would bestow a moment's thought upon it, since it might be as reasonably alleged that the Jews of the time of Herod were negroes.

In the second century, Philo-Biblius, a learned orientalist, translated into Greek, from the original Phœnician, the Antiquities of Sanchoniathon; but, with the exception of some fragments, the work was lost in the dark ages. Because the original disappeared altogether, the majority of modern scholars have long regarded those "Antiquities" as altogether spurious, their theory being that the work was forged by Philo-Biblius. There has always been a small number of the most learned orientalists and most judicious critics who, however, have never doubted the authenticity of the translation of Philo-Biblius. Thus did the matter stand until 1825, when an eminent linguist announced to the world that he had found the whole manuscript of Philo's translation.* After having been duly examined by a committee of learned men from several of the German universities, the manuscript was translated into Latin and copiously annotated by F. Wagenfeld, Director of the Lyceum of Hanover; and Dr. G. F. Grotefend, another German savant, wrote an elaborate and valuable preface to it.

It might be thought that the efforts and assurances of such men would command respect; so they did, indeed, but only among very few; the majority of the learned world ridiculed or abused Wagenfeld and Grotefend, according as their humor led them. Because there was no other Phœnican book known to be in existence, either in the form of a translation or in the original, nothing could convince them that this was genuine. It was in vain they were reminded by the minority that if there was no other Phœnician book, there were many Phœnician inscriptions, both on coins and on monuments; and that all the eminent writers of antiquity who pretend to give any account of the Phœnicians, give them the credit of having cultivated not only

* It was found in an obscure monastery in Portugal.

literature and the arts, but also the most important of the sciences. As a specimen of the treatment which the editors and translators received even from respectable critics, we will extract a sentence or two from an article on the subject in volume xx. of the *Foreign Q arterly Review*. "Our readers will recollect," says the reviewer, "that in our 37th number we noticed, with severest censure, an absurd farrago of *ignorant puerilities* put forth by one Fredrick Wagenfeld, of Bremen, who was, 'like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once,' and brought forth his authentic volume without any authentication save the auspicious omen of a hundred aliases of name, place, &c." (p. 97.) The critic gives us a full page of this kind, without making any attempt at legitimate criticism; yet he did no worse than many others have done. Nowhere was the translator assailed with more bitterness than in his own country; the French critics were, indeed, more courteous, but not less skeptical or condemnatory, than others. Yet it is the general opinion at the present day among the most learned investigators that the manuscript translated by Wagenfeld was the genuine version made by Philo-Biblius, in the second century, from the original Phœnician. The scholar who contributed most to vindicate Wagenfeld was the Chevalier Bunsen. After a careful comparison of the new Latin translation with the Greek manuscript of Philo and with various specimens of the Phœnician language found on monuments and coins, that eminent Egyptologist announced his entire faith in the new work.* This attracted to it the attention of other eminent scholars; and the result was that many of those who had first denounced the whole performance as spurious retracted their former statements, alleging that their mistake arose from certain obscure and badly rendered passages in the Latin version.

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* In commenting on the subject in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, M. Ernest Renan alludes to the above facts as follows:

"Accueillie d'abord avec confiance, puis rejetée avec mépris, *l'Histoire phénicienne* de Sanchoniathon a repris de nos jours une subite faveur. M. Movers, qui d'abord l'avait reléguée au rang des compositions apocryphées, s'est ensuite converti à l'opinion de ceux qui croient devoir la prendre fort au sérieux. Plus récemment, M. Evald et M. Bunsen ont essayé de montrer la grande valeur et l'origine purement phénicienne de l'ouvrage traduit par Philon. On peut dire que cette opinion est aujourd'hui l'opinion dominante en Allemagne.

"M. Evald et M. Bunsen me paraissent avoir *suffisamment démontré* que les fragments qui nous sont parvenus de l'ouvrage traduit par Philon de Byblos, renferment plusieurs cosmogonies de provenances assez diverses, quoique toutes réunies par d'évidentes analogies."—Vol. xliii, p. 265.

But no sooner are the learned satisfied that the works translated by Philo-Biblius were really Phœnician than another difficulty arises. M. Movers, an eminent orientalist, who had made a particular study of the Phœnician, declares that Sanchoniathon is not a proper name at all; that when reduced to its Phœnician form (*San-Chon-Jath*) it means the Whole Law of Chon, which consisted of the sacerdotal canons as they were taught in all the cities of Phœnicia. This rendering was generally accepted; and from this view of the case it followed that the supposed author, Sanchoniathon, was a myth. Philo-Biblius is again arraigned; this time he is accused in turn of ignorance and misrepresentation.* But his traducers are informed that in the Phœnician, as well as in other languages, one term may be used to express very different ideas; indeed, the Chevalier Bunsen proved to the satisfaction of all who had sufficiently studied the Phœnician that Sanchoniathon meant *collector*, as well as the *Whole Law of Chon*. It was then remembered that a similar mistake had been made in regard to the *Vedas*. *Vyasa*, which in Sanscrit means *collector*, was first regarded as the proper name of the author of those works; and it was also remembered that the word Homer (Ὅμηρος) means collector in Greek. None could deny, at this time, that the Vedas were genuine Sanscrit works. Still less could it be denied that the Iliad and the Odyssey were genuine Greek works; and this genuineness was not rendered the less indisputable by the fact that Vyasa and Homer, considered as individual authors, may be myths.

It is true that the works translated by Philo-Biblius, which, for brevity's sake, we will continue to speak of as those of Sanchoniathon, are not worthy of comparison,

* M. Renan agrees with most of the enlightened scholars of the present day in regarding Philo as incapable of the conduct attributed to him:

"Tout ce que nous savons du caractère de Philon repousse l'hypothèse d'une supercherie. Grammairien habile et bibliophile érudit, Herennius Philon n'est pas de la famille des faussaires. Son caractère, autant qu'on peut en juger par ses propres écrits, fut celui d'un polygraphe consciencieux."

After discussing the subject at further length, the same savant arrives at the following conclusion:

"Si Sanchoniathon était, comme on le suppose, une invention de Philon, l'antiquité ne l'eût connu que par Philon et ne lui attribuerait point d'autres ouvrages que ceux de Philon. Or il n'en est point ainsi. Suidas, au mot Σαγχωνιαθων, nomme trois ouvrages. Des *preuves directes établissent* d'ailleurs que l'histoire phénicienne *a été traduite du phénicien*; une foule de jeux de mots et d'étymologies n'ont de sens qu'en se reportant à *un original écrit en cette langue.*"

as literary performances, either with the Vedas or the Homeric poems, although they contain many passages of high merit. But it is not for their beauty they are valued, but for the light they shed on the early civilization of Phœnicia. According to the best authorities, from Eusebius to Bunsen, the work was compiled from materials communicated by a priest named Hierombalus; and the compiler is said to have been assisted by the registers of the principal Phœnician cities. This may account for the fact that it is partly a history and partly a cosmogony; it is not at all unlikely that a large portion of it, if not the whole, was regarded as sacred by the Phœnicians, for it commences with an acccount of the creation of the first man and woman. The historian proceeds to say that in process of time giants were born who settled in the mountains of Phœnicia, to which they gave their own names of Libanus, Berothis, and Antilibanus. The cosmogony of Sanchoniathon is now almost universally ranked as next in antiquity to that of Moses; the former is, however, entirely different from the latter.

According to Sanchoniathon, chaos and a spirit were the origin of all things. We are told that the spirit fell in love with its own principles, and that all things, animate and inanimate, were produced by this action. Nothing is said about an intelligent Creator in this cosmogony; no mention is made of a universal God, from which it is inferred that the early Phœnicians were atheists. It is true that Sanchoniathon speaks of the gods on several occasions, but they are always represented as having had a beginning and as having come into existence from some necessity of nature. Indeed, most of his gods are men who had rendered themselves illustrious by their actions. From this it is argued by a certain class of archæologists that the Phœnicians could not have been the descendants of the Canaanites, who, whatever were their faults, were worshippers of the true God; but so many nations have changed their religion, either voluntarily or under compulsion, that this argument cannot be accepted. It would be as logical to assert that because the Mexicans of the present day are Christians they cannot be regarded as the descendants of those Mexicans who sacrificed each other to their bloodthirsty divinities.

What we learn from the Greeks and Persians on the subject is that the Phœnicians were first believers in one God; that afterwards they permitted themselves to be so much influenced by their new neighbors that they combined with the worship

of Jehovah that of beings known among the ancients as natural gods—such as the sun, moon, stars, &c. The transition from worshipping the great luminaries and the elements, in proportion as they were useful, to the worship of men who had proved themselves benefactors of their race, was natural enough. To these they decreed divine honors, dedicated temples, &c. Several gods of this class are spoken of by Sanchoniathon, but the principal are *Chrysor* and *Elioun*. The former was the first mortal whom they deified, but the latter they styled the most high (*υψοσος*), and they regarded his wife, *Berouth*, as second only to himself in divine attributes and power. But when we come to examine what divine acts had been done by those pretended divinities, we find that they were the founders of the Phœnician nation.

That all this was wrong need hardly be remarked, but before we infer from it that the Phœnicians were an ignorant, barbarous people, incapable of sound reasoning, let us bear in mind that the Greeks and Romans, as well as the Persians, worshipped similar gods and goddesses at the period of their highest civilization, while producing those immortal works which have been regarded as models of excellence for thousands of years, and which the most highly-cultivated and nobly-gifted at the present day cannot pretend to equal, much less to surpass.

But before we say any more on this subject, let us give a brief specimen or two of the work which has excited more bitter controversy than Macpherson's Ossian, or any other work recently found, and for which a high antiquity has been claimed. Passing over the part of Sanchoniathon, which seems more like a series of fables than a faithful narrative of events that really took place, we come to that in which the colonizing expeditions of the Phœnicians are recorded. No student of ancient history of the present day would venture to deny that that adventurous people extended their commerce to India; it is generally deemed probable, if not certain, that they established factories near the present sites of Madras and Bombay. Be this as it may, we have an account in Sanchoniathon of an expedition to the Island of Rachius, which is believed to mean the Island of Ceylon. The arrival of the Tyrians, the manner in which they were received by the inhabitants and their king, and the general characteristics of the country, are described as follows

"Their landing-place was a low shore covered with high trees. After a night of storm and danger they found a good anchorage. The interior of the country contained many populous villages, whose inhabitants came to visit them, and led them to the chief or governor; he entertained them sumptuously for seven days, while a messenger was sent to the king to apprise him of their arrival. On the messenger's return, the governor conducted his guests to the king, who lived in the populous city of Rochapatta, in the interior of the island.

"They set out with a large force of spearmen in front, to do them honor and keep off the numerous elephants that greatly alarmed the travellers. The Tyrians marched next, then the villagers bearing presents; and the governor brought up the rear, mounted on an elephant and surrounded by his body-guard. On their journey they came to a river where there were many crocodiles that devoured some of the party.

"In three days they saw Rochapatta, surrounded by high mountains. As they approached it they were met by a multitude of people, some on elephants, some on asses, many in litters and palankeens (p. 675), but the majority on foot. They were presented in due form to King Rachius, and offered their gifts; horses, purple cloths, and seats (Sitzen) of cedar. The king's presents in return consisted of pearls, gold, two thousand elephants' teeth, and much cinnamon. He entertained them thirty days—ten in the chase.

"This island is surrounded by the sea, but on the northwest faces other land. It is six days' journey in breadth, and twelve in length; fruitful and well inhabited. The sea supplies stores of fish; the woods are full of animals; the cinnamon-tree plentiful; the elephants larger than elsewhere. Gold and precious stones are found in the rivers, pearls on the coast. It is governed by four kings, all tributaries, however, to one—the Great King—who receives cinnamon, elephants, pearls, and gold from them in tribute. The southern king rules the land of elephants; the second king rules the west, or cinnamon country, where the Tyrians landed; the third, the north or pearl district; the fourth, the east, or jewel tract. They are all brothers of the Great King.

"The latter possesses one thousand black elephants, and five of a lighter color, which are rare here, and found nowhere else. When one of these last is found, he is taken to the king at Rochapatta, and the discoverer is considered fortunate.

"The crocodiles are caught in pits or traps, or slain by arrows; but they are not the only pests of the island, for the winged insects (Fliegen) are so numerous and blood-thirsty that the royal messengers, in their journey through the woods, are often killed by them.

"These particulars were on their return engraved by Joram on a pillar in the court of the temple of Melikertes. This was overthrown by an earthquake (*εν τῳ πέρυσι σεισμῳ της γης*), but remains, and the inscription is still legible."

Because there are some remarks in this account which are not true of the island at the present day, certain critics do not hesitate to condemn the whole as spurious.* For a

* There is abundant testimony in all the principal languages of the world that the Phœnicians had settlements in India:

"Lorsque le commerce des phéniciens, dont la marche est clairement symbolisée par les exploits de l'Hercule Tyrien," says M. Le Bas, "eut pris la route de l'Inde, il leur fallut des colonies de ce côté, et ils se firent céder par les juifs deux ports sur la mer Rouge. Plus tard ils en établirent sur les rivages de l'océan Indien et dans le golfe Persique, où l'on retrouvait, dans les îles de Bahréin, les noms *d'Aradus* et de *Tyr*, ou *Tyros*."—*Précis d'Histoire Ancienne*, p. 150.

similar reason it is asserted that Sanchoniathon could not have spoken as he does of the Greeks in the following passage:

"But the Greeks, beyond all nations the most polished and mentally refined, at first, in truth, assumed several of these correct details as their own; till, wishing to charm ears and intellects by the graces of fable, they subsequently exaggerated them beyond measure by novel and multifarious additions and an accession of ornaments. Hence Hesiod and the cyclic poets, turning everything into fable, claimed for Greece the wars, &c., of Giants and Titans, overwhelming the truth itself everywhere by their boastings. Our ears, accustomed from infancy to their fictions and preoccupied by notions existing through many centuries, once imbued with the falsehood, retain, as I have already said, what from that time gathers strength and fortifies itself in the mind; so that to expel it becomes extremely difficult, and fact itself of no avail, while spurious and fabricated narratives obtain its place and estimation."

There is nothing n this that is inconsistent with its having been written by a Phœnician of the time in which Sanchoniathon is said to have lived, seeing that all historians agree in admitting that there was a close intercourse between the Phœnicians and the Greeks for many centuries; it is by no means necessary to our purpose, however, to prove that Sanchoniathon is the real author of the remarks just quoted. Had no such work as that translated by Philo-Biblius ever been written there would still have been abundant evidence of the high civilization of the Phœnicians. Before we take leave of Sanchoniathon, however, we will extract another passage or two from the works that bear his name. We wish to show those of our readers who may not have devoted any attention to the subject that there is poetry as well as prose in Sanchoniathon; but our limited space requires that we select what is brief rather than what is beautiful. For the same reason we have to omit explanatory remarks which would assist the reader in appreciating the beauty of the quotation; but did we pursue a different course we should fill our whole article with observations on Sanchoniathon alone. It must suffice, therefore, to snatch a fragment here and there from the volume before us, allowing the author to speak for himself. The following lamentation for a brother who has been slain by a rival in love is imbued with true pathos:

"The wood rings with the voice of him who bewails the fate of his brother. The heights of the mountains hear the wailing, and the rocks re-echo it. Brother, arise, this is not the time for slumber; let us go, that we may comfort our mother. But he neither hears me calling nor beholds my tears. A youth came to me, saying, 'Thy brother has been devoured by wild beasts on the mountains;' but, hastening hither, I find

on thy face a wound inflicted by a sword; and well I know him who slew thee. It is thou, Caranus, that hast killed him with the sword; but me shalt thou find armed!"

Elsewhere we have a beautiful episode in which two brothers—Melitherbes and Isroas—differ about a maiden whom the latter had taken prisoner. Demaroon, the father of the young men, allowed the captive lady to choose the one she preferred, and her choice was not her captor, who, it seems, had a hideous countenance, but his brother, who was handsome and prepossessing. The rejected suitor became enraged and declared war against his rival. The latter, instead of assailing him with deadly weapons, tried to soften his resentment with poetry, of which the following fragment may serve as a specimen:

"Hawk may slay hawk, and the falling cedar of the mountain smite her sister to the ground. Wherefore art thou desirous of strife? Wherefore encampest thou against thy brother? Thou knowest me as a warrior, yet will I not engage against thee in battle. Are we not two streams, O brother, poured out from the same source? Wherefore, then, seekest thou, O Isroas! war and battle against me?"

We take a somewhat similar passage from the Book of Sons, embraced in the same work—a portion of that in which Balmachanes mourns for his banishment:

"Ammisus drove me forth; my servants mocked me. But my servants would I scourge, and slay even Ammisus. Once I sat on Tyrian purple, and my garment was of the silk of Babylon; now is the rock my house, and my garment is the desert. But think ye that I shudder when darkness sinks afar, and the storm rushes through the trees (*περιέρχεται τὰ δένδρα*) as a roaring beast? or that I shrink from the light of moonshine on the mountains, or from the yellow gleams (*ὑπο τῶν πελιδνων προς ὑπων*) that dart forth from every cloud? Is the lion heartless in the darkness of his lair, or have ye seen the boar in dismay? The wild boar wanders fearless through the mountain cliffs, and the roaring of the lion makes every foe to quake!"

This is much in the spirit of the Book of Job, which is also believed by critics like Adelung and Benson to be the work of a Phœnician. But we must give one extract more from Sanchoniathon—a fragment of the *Song of Sidon*. This is compared by Dr. Grotefend with the lament of Ezekiel over Tyre: in order to afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself he places the two passages side by side; and we will do the same. The Song of Sidon is as follows:

"1. Hath the sea rolled thee as a pearl to the shore? or hast thou descended from heaven as a shooting star?

"2. The earth shines in thy lustre, and thy beauty is reflected from the waves of the sea. When thou, O queen of the waters! lookest

round upon thy ships, thou rejoicest as a fortunate mother at the sight of her children.

"8. But lift up thine eyes afar. Tears shall roll down thy cheeks to water the land; and the sea shall resound with the voice of thy wailing.

"4. For thy ships are broken to pieces in Tartessus, and the best of thy sons are laid on a foreign shore, a prey to the vulture and the fishes!"

The verses quoted by the Doctor from Ezekiel (chap. xxvii.) are the following:

"3, 4. O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty.

"9, 10. The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy caulkers: all the ships of the seas, with their mariners, were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. They of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut were in thine army, thy men of war: they hanged the shield and helmet in thee; they set forth thy comeliness.

"26. Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters: the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas.

"27. Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin."

No doubt the Prophet of Israel is more truthful than Sanchoniathon, for the latter makes no pretension to divine inspiration; but in our opinion there is more poetry in the Song of Sidon than in the Lament over Tyre. The second verse of the former is in the true spirit of the Oriental muse. Even the Persian poets have nothing finer. Those who deny the authenticity of Sanchoniathon must needs criticize it, however; but it suffers little at their hands. This will be sufficiently understood from the fact that one of their most formidable criticisms is that which declares some of the imagery of the song as "erroneous and impossible," on the ground that it was the *oyster*, and not the *pearl*, which rolled to the shore. The poet should have stated it thus, and what an improvement it would have been! That is, if he had said, "Hath the sea rolled thee as an *oyster* to the shore?"

According to the same critics the poet dared not to have predicted such a fate for Sidon in the presence of her king; he would infallibly have been imprisoned, we are informed, most probably put to death. True, the Prophet of Israel denounces the fall of Tyre, and does not seem to have any fear of prison or death, although one is a Phœnician city as well as the other. Tyre had its king as well as Sidon. But we are told that Ezekiel spoke thus boldly because he was inspired; Sanchoniathon did not speak as he is represented, because he was not inspired! But are none fear-

less in the expression of their opinions but those who are inspired by the Holy Ghost? Have not some modern poets spoken quite as boldly, even in the presence of their king, as the author of the Song of Sidon? Nay, have they not done so at the risk of being put to death, not to mention imprisonment or banishment?

We do not notice these criticisms, however, because they possess any force; we refer to them only as specimens of the sort of logic made use of for the purpose of proving that there never existed in the Phœnician language any such works as those attributed to Sanchoniathon; that the manuscript of Philo-Biblius was an imposture; that Grotefend and Wagenfeld, and the several learned Germans who aided them in their labors, were unprincipled characters, &c., &c. But assuming all this to be true, what would it show against the Phœnicians? Would their renown throughout the civilized world be a whit less great than it is?

Does not even Ezekiel, while denouncing Tyre, bear the most emphatic testimony to its greatness? Nowhere does Sanchoniathon praise the Phœnicians more highly; if the words of the Hebrew Prophet are carefully examined it will be found that he fully justifies the highest claims for Phœnician civilization. If great skill had not been attained in architecture it would not have been correct to say, "thy builders have perfected thy beauty." A similar remark will apply to the expression, "the ancients of Gebal, and the wise men thereof," which shows that not only did the Tyrians give employment to their own learned men, but also to those of foreign countries. And we learn from the same passage that even the Persians, who, at the time, made the nearest approach to the Phœnicians themselves, were employed in the Phœnician army.*

Even so early as the time of Moses, Sidon had become a famous city; the great lawgiver takes occasion to inform us that it had been built by Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan. On the other hand, there is nothing in the whole Pentateuch from which we could infer that there was any city in Egypt of greater splendor. Then, again, we have the testimony of Joshua, who tells us (chap. ii. 8) that Sidon had become

* Still higher, if possible, is the glory which Isaiah awards to the same city: "Who," he asks, "hath taken this counsel against Tyre, *the crowning city*, whose *merchants are princes*, whose traffickers are *the honorable of the earth*."—Isaiah xxiii, 8.

rich and powerful before the Israelites took possession of the land of Canaan. Some idea may be formed of the antiquity of Sidonian civilization from the fact that Sidon had begun to decline in the time of Solomon, for Tyre had now attained the ascendency. Thus we see that the Song of Sidon in Sanchoniathon is more ancient than the lamentation of Ezekiel over Tyre. We have evidence of this in many forms: thus, for example, we learn from many sources that Sidon was subject to Tyre in 1015 B. C., when Solomon induced Hiram, the Tyrian king, to order the Sidonians to procure from Libanus the wood which he wanted for the temple of Jerusalem. This supremacy was maintained by Tyre for at least three centuries, for it was not until 720 B. C. that the Sidonians threw off the Tyrian yoke. Once more Sidon was free; but although there is many a brilliant event in her subsequent history, she never recovered her ancient power and prestige. This we shall see more particularly as we proceed; but we shall also see that even in her fall she was great and glorious.

The account given by the Greeks of the origin of the Phœnicians is very different from that given by either Moses or Sanchoniathon; and those who read it will not be much disposed to question the truth of the charge of turning everything into fable made against the Greeks in one of the extracts we have given from Sanchoniathon. The Grecian account is that Agenor was the first king of Phœnicia. He was an Egyptian and no less a personage than the son of Neptune. We are told that he emigrated into Phœnicia in 1497 B. C., and in due time became the father of a numerous family. The most famous of these were his two daughters, Isaea and Melia, who married their cousins, Egyptus and Danaus. Agenor was so good and wise a man that he was but a short time in his adopted country when he was declared king. After a long and happy reign he was succeeded by his son Phœnix, in honor of whom the country was called *Phœnice*. We are informed that Agenor had several other sons, each of whom had become a king in due time. According to Herodotus, it was the immediate successor of Phœnix who occupied the throne in the time of the Trojan war. He was an ally of the Greeks, and as such did all in his power to induce Sarpedon, king of the Lycians, to withdraw from the Trojans and join his side. Further than this nothing is known of him, except that he is said to be the Phalis, king of Sidon, whom Homer honors with the title of "most illustrious."

Undoubtedly fabulous as this account is, at least in part, it shows the high opinion entertained by the most enlightened people in the world in their time of the ancient Phœnicians. We see evidence of this feeling, which often amounts to the most profound veneration, in a thousand forms. Thus, for example, what higher respect could any people show for another than to attempt to trace their origin to them; for be it remembered that Cadmus, the Phœnician, is regarded as the founder of Athens; and he has also the credit of having contributed more than any other individual to enlighten and improve the Athenian people. Danaus, another Phœnician, son of Agenor, has the credit of having in every respect greatly improved the intellectual and social condition of the kingdom of Argos. In short, nothing is clearer than that the Greeks derived the chief elements of their civilization from the Phœnicians.*

If it be denied that it was the Phœnicians who originally colonized Greece, the fact cannot be demonstrated at the present day, although nearly all the testimony we have adduced to show the high civilization of the Phœnicians has a strong tendency to that point. But it is different with the relation of Carthage to Phœnicia; that the former was originally but a colony of the latter is beyond dispute. The Carthaginians were as much Phœnicians as the Sidonians and Tyrians. Let us bear in mind, then, that if the Greeks derived the most important elements of their civilization from the Phœnicians it is equally true that the Romans derived the most important elements of their civilization from the Greeks. Thus the Carthaginians, in their wars with the Romans, had to contend with a nation that had derived its knowledge from the same source they did themselves. This was well understood by the Romans of the Augustan age, and hence it is that Virgil has sought to prove his countrymen the descendants, not of the Phœnicians or Greeks, but of the Trojans. But famous as the Trojans had been rendered by Homer, the Roman poet did not venture to depend exclusively on that fame as the foundation of his epic; hence he introduces Dido, not as a Phœnician princess, but as the founder of Carthage; and it is admitted by all who have read the poem that the fourth book, which relates her history, is the most highly poetical and attractive part of the whole.

* See V. Cousin's Introduction to History of Philosophy, second Lecture; Bailly *Sur l'Origine des Sciences;* Schöll Hist. Lit. Gr., lib. iii, c. 3; also Renandot *Sur l'Origine des Lettres Grecques*, &c.

Without proceeding any farther in this direction for the present, may we not then ask what people of the ancient or modern world has had a more brilliant destiny than the Phœnicians, since they are celebrated in the most ancient records, sacred and profane, now extant, of the human race—first in the books of Moses and again in the two greatest epic poems ever written?

If any of their chief intellectual productions had survived in a complete form, no further testimony would have been needed to show what a high degree of civilization that wonderful people had attained. Hence it is that the most imperfect or inferior work that could be proved to have a Phœnician origin would be of the greatest value; hence, also, the controversy as to the authenticity of Sanchoniathon, which, under different circumstances, would have attracted little attention; for although, as we have said, it contains some beautiful fragments, it affords by no means a fair specimen of what the Phœnicians were capable of at the period of their highest culture. It should be perfectly understood, then, that there is nothing worthy of Phœnicia, of all her great works, now extant. Her literature may be regarded as having entirely perished. As we have remarked already, nothing remains of it save a few passages accidentally preserved in a few foreign works, and some inscriptions found on monuments, in different parts of the world that once owned her sway, together with a few more found on coins.

Before we take any notice of these inscriptions, let us pause for a moment to answer the general query—If Phœnicia had an extensive literature, if she attained to any eminence in the arts, sciences, &c., could all have been lost? In reply, we will ask another question: How did the literature of the Carthaginians perish? Does any intelligent person doubt that they had such? Their enemies never attempted to deny the fact; on the contrary, they admitted that Hamilcar, Hanno, and Hannibal were authors as well as generals; they also bear testimony to the genius of Theodotus, Heracles, Hiempsal, and Hypsicrates. These and hundreds of others wrote valuable works, but it was the policy of the Romans to destroy every vestige of Punic civilization. The sentence *Delenda est Carthago* was not confined to the doomed city, which for so many centuries was the only one on earth capable of rivalling Rome; it extended to everything that was Punic. Even works formerly translated from the Carthaginian into Latin were either totally destroyed or means were adopted to cause their origin

to be forgotten. But every student of history is so familiar with the fate of Carthage that it is needless to say more of her here than that, in spite of her heroic resistance, she and all her productions were completely blotted out of existence.

The fate of Sidon was but little, if anything, better than that of Carthage. Josephus informs us, in his Antiquities, that about 150 years after Sidon cast off the yoke of Tyre, Apires, king of Egypt, invaded Phœnicia with a powerful army and captured Sidon. It was subsequently taken by Cyrus; but this prince had too much respect for the productions of the intellect to suffer them to be destroyed. On the contrary, in consideration of what the Sidonians had done for civilization, he generously allowed them to retain their own king; and we learn from Diodorus Siculus (l. xxiv.) that in the war of Xerxes, Tetramæstes, the king of Sidon, commanded a fleet of forty-eight ships, which were chiefly instrumental in securing the victory gained by that prince over the Lacedæmonians. Soon after, however, the Persians commenced a system of oppression which the Sidonians found intolerable; they rose in rebellion, and, with the assistance of Nactanetus, king of Egypt, succeeded in expelling the Persians from their territory. But the latter had now grown too proud to submit to this. Darius Ochus raised a large army for the purpose of reducing the Phœnicians to obedience and invading Egypt. The commander of the Egyptian auxiliaries entered into a plot with the Persian king by which he placed the king of Sidon in his power and induced him to betray his own people. When the Persian army approached, the Sidonians, true to their ancient spirit and valor, prepared for a vigorous resistance. Hermes, their king, under pretence of carrying out their wishes, marched out of the city with a large army, taking with him a hundred of the principal citizens, who, he said, were to take part in a general assembly of the Phœnician States. But instead of attacking the enemy or holding any assembly, he marched directly to the Persian camp and delivered up the hundred citizens to Ochus, who caused them to be immediately put to death. The terrified Sidonians, finding themselves thus betrayed on all sides, sent a deputation consisting of five hundred citizens of the first rank to implore the mercy of the conqueror; but Ochus put them all to death, as he had the first hundred. No hope was now left them, for they had previously burned all their ships so as to prevent any more treachery. Rather than give so unprincipled an enemy the

satisfaction of subduing them, they shut themselves up, with their wives and children and most valuable effects, in their houses, and, setting fire to them, perished, to the number of forty thousand souls. Nor did the traitor-king escape the general destruction; for Darius Ochus, either exasperated at the ruin of the city, or detesting the traitor, who could render him no further service, ordered his throat to be cut. Whatever was capable of being destroyed by fire perished; nothing was left to the conqueror but gold and silver melted into large lumps, which were afterwards found among the ruins. This catastrophe took place 351 B. C. Now, need we add a word to show that there is nothing strange in the fact that no Phœnician books or specimens of Phœnician art have reached our time?

It will be admitted that it is no reflection on Phœnician civilization to say that a passage of some sixteen lines in the first scene of the second act of the Pœnulus of Plautus is the longest specimen of the Phœnician literature and language now extant. Of these lines the first ten are Carthaginian and the remaining six are Lybico-Phœnician. The whole has been rendered differently by different orientalists; although all competent to undertake so difficult a task agree as to the general sense of the passage. The scholars who have devoted most attention to it are Bochart and Gesenius. The former, whose interpretation agrees pretty closely with that of Plautus, is of opinion that the Phœnician is to be read in Roman characters as follows:

"1. N'yth alonim valonuth siccorath jismacon sith
2. Chy-mlachai jythmu mitslia mittebarūm ischi
3. Liphorcaneth yth beni ith jad adi ubinuthai
4. Birua rob syllohom alonim ubymisyrlohom
5. Bythlym moth ynoth othi helech Antidamarchon
6. Ys sideli: brim tyfel yth chili schontem liphul
7. Uth bin imys dibur thim nocuth nu' Agorastocles
8. Ythem aneti hy chyr saely choc, sith naso.
9. Binni id chi lu hilli gubylim lasibit thym
10. Body aly thera yun' yanu yss' immoncor lu sim."

The following is Bochart's Latin version:

"Rogo deos et deas, qui hanc urbem tuentur, ut consilia mea compleantur: prosperum sit ex ductu eorum negotium meum. Ad liberationem filii mei a manu praedonis et filiarum mearum.

"Dii (inquam id praestant) per spiritum multum qui est in ipsis et per providentiam suam.

"Ante obitum diversari apud me solebat Antidamarchus. Vir mihi familiaris: sed is eorum coetibus iunctus est quorum habitatio est in caligine (i.e. mortuus est). Filium ejus constans fama est ibi fixisse, Agoras-

toclem (nomine). Sigillum hospitii mei est tabula sculpta, cujus sculptura est deus meus: id fero.

"Indicavit mihi testis eum habitare in his finibus.

"Venit aliquis per portam hanc: ecce eum: rogabo nunquid noverit nomen (Agorastoclis)."

This shows that the author was not an atheist, but that his religion was pretty much the same as that of the Greeks and Romans, for it commences with an invocation to the gods and goddesses who had charge of the city that they would liberate the sons and daughters of the person who addresses them from the hand of the robber. Then it proceeds to speak of the superior gods, their divine spirit, their providence, &c. Then the writer says: "Antidamarchus, who was a particular acquaintance of mine, was in the habit of lodging with me before his death, but he is now joined in the meetings of those whose habitation is in darkness" (eorum cœtibus junctus est, quorum habitatio est in caligine). But it is sufficient to say that the passage contains a continued discourse, and is very sententious; and there is no other specimen of the Phœnician language known to exist of which the same can be said. Gesenius admits that the version of Bochart is very nearly correct according to the manner in which he has arranged the original. He makes a different arrangement himself, which is as follows:

"1. Yth alonim valonuth'	siccarthi simacom syth
2. Chym lacchu yth tummy	'sthyal mytthibarūm ischi
3. Liphocaneth ytl' byn achi	iadidi ubynuthū
4. Birna reb ayllohom	alonim ubymysyrthohom
5. Bythlym moth ynn	ochoth li velech Antidamaschon
6. Ys sid dobrim thyfel	yth chylys choa them liful
7. Yth binu ys	dibburt hinu ocutnu Agorastocles
8. Yth emanethi hy chyr saely	choe syth naso; Bynni
9. Id chi llu hily gubulim	lasibit thym
10. Body aly thera ynnynnu ysl ym	moncor lu sim."

We also give his Latin version, which, it will be seen, differs little from that of Bochart:

"1. Superos Superasque celebro huius loci,
2. ut, ubi abstulerunt prosperitatem meam impleatur iussu eorum desiderium meum
3. servandi filium fratris mei e manu praedonum et filias meas
4. virtute magna quae diis (est) et imperio eorum.
5. Ante mortem ecce amicitia (erat) mihi tecum, o Antidama:
6. (qui erat) vir contemnens loquentes fatua, strenuus robore, integer in agendo:
7. Filium eius est fama hic (esse) cognatum nostrum Agorastoclem:
8. Foedus meum (i. e. tesseram foederis), imaginem numinis mei pro more fero, indicavit
9. testis, quod hae regiones ei (sunt) ad habitandum ibi.
10. Servi ad ianuam: ecce hunc interrogabo, num cognitum ei sit nomen."

It will be seen that the principal difference is that while Bochart speaks of the departed friend as a man (Antidamarchus), Gesenius does so as of a woman (Antidama). Another discrepancy is that while Bochart translates "the liberation of my son," Gesenius renders the same phrase "preserving the son of *my brother* (servandi filium *fratris mei*)."

So complete was the destruction of Phœnician civilization that in Phœnicia Proper there are very few inscriptions to be found. None at all on monuments; and the few found on coins are not more ancient than the second century of our era. Those found in Cilicia, upon the other hand, date back as far as the epoch of Persian domination in Phœnicia. It is remarkable that more are found in the island of Cyprus than anywhere else. Near the site of Citium, on the southern coast of the island, thirty-three pieces of sculptured marble were found by Pocoke in 1738, each containing an inscription in the Phœnician language. One of these marbles was subsequently brought to England by Dr. Porter, and is now regarded as one of the most valuable archæological specimens in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in which it was deposited at the time. It is a striking peculiarity of the inscriptions of the Phœnicians that the majority of those now extant are bilingual. Sometimes the second language is the Libian, sometimes the Persian, and sometimes the Greek. Thus we learn what language besides the Phœnician was generally spoken in the countries in which the inscriptions are found. It is, therefore, a highly interesting fact that none of the inscriptions found at Cilicia or Cyprus are bilingual; all are pure Phœnician, which shows that when they were engraved this was the only language generally used in those places. Even at Athens several Phœnician inscriptions have been found; but all are bilingual—Phœnician and Greek. Three of these are of great value. One may be seen at the Louvre in Paris; another at the United Service Museum in London, and the third at the Royal Library in Leipzig. Each is on an elegant tombstone of Pentelic marble, and all are in memory of Sidonian or Tyrian merchants who had died at Athens. The translation of the Phœnician part of the inscription on the marble in the United Service Museum is as follows:

"The tomb for remembrance among the living of Abd-Tanith, the son of Abd-Shemesh, the Sidonian."

Nowhere in Europe have more Phœnician inscriptions

been found than in the island of Malta; but most of them are in so bad a condition as to be utterly unintelligible. Among those that are legible two are highly prized. They are the bases of two candelabra, each of which contains a bilingual inscription; one is preserved in the Public Library at Malta, and the other at the Museum of Antiquities at Paris, having been presented to Louis XVI. by Rohan, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. The inscription on this has puzzled the most eminent archæologists; of some fifty translations that have been given of it by as many orientalists only two or three have the negative recommendation of not being absurd; the majority are utterly unintelligible. But the version of Gesenius is admitted by the best judges to be as nearly correct as it was possible for any modern scholar to render it: we transcribe his Latin interpretation, but it is the last inscription we can notice in the present article:

"Domino nostro Melcarto, domino Tyri. Vir vovens (est) servus tuus (i. e. sum ego) Abd-Osir cum fratre meo Osirschamar, ambo filii Osirschamari, filii Abdosiri. Ubi audiverit vocem eorum, benedicat iis."

The inscription may be freely rendered into English as follows: "To our lord Melcartus, lord, or god, of Tyre. I, thy servant Abd-Osir, am a pious man, as is also my brother Osirschamar, both sons of Osirchamarus, son of Abdosoris. When he (Melcartus) hears the voice of these, let him bless them."

Although, as we have seen, there are but few specimens preserved of the Phœnician language, there is but little doubt among orientalists as to its character. The most ancient specimen known is that on a Cilico-Phœnician medal supposed to have been struck in celebration of the naval victory of the Persians at Cnidus, in the third year of the ninety-eighth Olympiad, or 394 B. C.; and the most modern is that found on a triumphal arch at Tripoli, which was erected in the reign of the Emperor Septimus Severus, A. D. 203. That the language had been spoken and written centuries anterior to the former period is not to be doubted; and it is still more certain that it was in use for at least two centuries after the time of Severus, although it began to degenerate a century before our era, and from this time forward its sphere was gradually diminishing. But assuming that it was spoken generally only during the period the boundaries of which are indicated by the two inscriptions just alluded to, this would embrace nearly six hundred years. During this time it was spoken not only in Phœnicia

Proper and Carthage, but more or less also along the whole coast of the Mediterranean, in all the islands of the Mediterranean, and in all the trading parts of India and Persia. There are learned philologists who have no doubt that it was once spoken in all the British islands; nay, some respectable authorities, including Vallancey, O'Connor, and Sir W. Betham, go so far as to maintain that the Irish, if not identical with the Phœnician, makes the nearest approach to it of all other dialects; and their opinion is considerably strengthened by the researches of Pritchard and Adelung.

The more general opinion, however, is that the Phœnician was more like the Hebrew than any other known language. The best ancient authorities that are quoted in support of this view are Jerome and Augustin, the latter of whom lived at a time when the Punic tongue still flourished in Africa, and was himself a native of Carthage.* In several parts of his writings he gives expression to the same opinion. But one instance will suffice. In his commentaries on John (ch. 15), he says: "These languages (the Hebrew, Punic, and Syriac) are cognate." The testimony of Jerome is equally clear: "Tyre and Sidon," he says, "are the principal cities of the Phœnician seacoast; whence, also, the Pœni are corruptly called *Phœni*. Their language, in a great measure, resembles the Hebrew."† Many eminent modern philologists adopt these views. But it is fair to add that not one of them adduces any evidence which conflicts in the least with the theory of Vallancey, O'Connor, and Betham, although certain critics who know nothing of the subject have affected to be very witty at the expense of the latter gentlemen, forgetting, in their ridicule, that a language may have a very close affinity with the Hebrew and still be cognate with so ancient a dialect as that of the ancient Celts.

But whatever doubt there may be as to the peculiar character of the Phœnician language, there is no doubt as to its having once been as universal, at least among commercial nations, as the French is at the present day. Indeed, its sphere was wider than that of the French, although perhaps it was not spoken or understood by so large a number as the latter language is. But the French is confined to Europe and America, whereas there was no important state in any part of the Old World, in Asia, Africa, or Europe, in which the Phœnicians had not colonies.

It is equally undisputed that wherever they went they

* Contra Jul., 3, 17. † Jer. Comment., 5, 25.

brought the arts and sciences with them; and they everywhere encouraged the cultivation of both. History fails to show that any people, not excepting the Chaldeans, Egyptians, or Hindoos, were acquainted with the mathematics, astronomy, and the mechanic arts before the Phœnicians, who not only cultivated them extensively, but brought them to perfection. Many of the discoveries and inventions claimed by the moderns as original had been known to the Phœnicians thousands of years previously. Moderns, like Kepler and Laplace, give them the credit of having been acquainted with the mariner's compass. That they must have been acquainted with some such instrument is certain; without it they could not have performed the long voyages they did. That they were the inventors of glass nearly all agree; and there is equal unanimity as to their having been the first "workers in metals" and the first chemists.* It is true that others may have been acquainted with those sciences before them; but we find no account of them anterior to their time. Nor is it from Sanchoniathon, or any other Phœnician, we have this fact; like almost every other fact relating to the same people, we have it from foreign nations—those who were frequently if not always their enemies, namely, the Persians, the Babylonians, and the Greeks.

If we had no other records of the Phœnicians but those on the most ancient of the monuments of Egypt, they would be sufficient to show that they must have been a highly enlightened and cultivated people; for they are described with singular minuteness in the mural paintings so finely copied by Champollion. In these paintings we see their modes of dress as plainly as if we had lived in their time. Even their complexion, color of hair, style of features, size, &c., are plainly shown. This fact is of great importance, because it entirely sets aside the thoughtless representation of certain fanatics that the Phœnicians were black. On these monuments, where all races are represented, the Phœnicians have the decided European cast of features. Far from being black or curly, their hair is long and flaxen; their complexion decidedly florid; their eyes are blue; they are tall in stature and well developed.

* "Inventeurs ingénieux, ouvriers habiles, ils découvrirent la manière de préparer la laine, de travailler le verre, de donner aux étoffes cette précieuse teinture de poupre si renommée chez les anciens, de fabriquer toutes sortes d'objets de parure, et d'utensiles de luxe."—*Précis d'Histoire Ancienne* de M. Ph. Le Bas, p. 129.

Their general dress was a short cloak, thrown gracefully over the shoulders, reaching to the elbows, and confined at the waist by a golden girdle. The under garment was of the finest linen; this, too, was fastened to the waist, and it extended to the ankles. Another favorite garment was the flowing mantle. The predominant colors among the higher ranks were scarlet and purple. In some of the paintings the different classes or orders are plainly distinguished by their styles of dress. Thus the statesman has one style wherever he appears, the philosopher has another, the merchant another, the soldier another, &c.; and each is further distinguished by the manner in which his hair and beard are dressed. But it is the arms and accoutrements that show most; this is particularly true of the helmets and shields. None competent for the task can examine these without admitting that when Homer speaks of "Sidonian art" as of the highest order, he is correctly informed on the subject.

Long before the paintings giving the above curious information were discovered, the Greeks and others had spoken in terms of the highest admiration of the productions of Phœnician art. In speaking of the temple of Hierapolis, Lucian makes the following remarks:

"There are here majestic statues, in which one almost believes he sees the gods breathing in person: they perspire: they move and deliver their own oracles. Voices have often been heard in the temple by many people when it was closed. I have seen nothing elsewhere so rich in my life. Immense presents were sent to it from Arabia, Babylon, Cappadocia, &c. Cilicia and Assyria also make it their offerings. I have seen a large quantity of clothing there disposed in secret places, besides all that is observed in gold and silver. Nowhere else in the world are *fêtes* so frequent and so numerous."

We have already seen why it is that so few even of the names of illustrious Phœnicians have reached our time. It is easy to understand that those whose works are lost are soon forgotten, especially when no fellow-countrymen survive to bear testimony to their genius. Yet, as already remarked, there are still some Phœnician names that rank among those of the greatest of mankind. Thus we learn from the best authorities of different nations—Hebrew, Greek, and Persian—that Moschus, a native of Sidon, taught the doctrine of atoms, before the era of the Trojan war; and Diodorus Siculus tells us that it was a fragment of the work of this philosopher that suggested to Lucretius the idea of his famous poem *Rerum Natura*.

There are a few others who have bid defiance to the ravages of time, but we can only allude to one or two. We mention these in order to show that even in her degenerate days, and while bearing a foreign yoke Phœnicia gave occasional proof of the intellectual vigor of her sons. Thus, be it remembered that Terence, undoubtedly the best dramatic author that ever wrote in the Latin language, was a native of Carthage and had once been a slave. His Roman master, who had purchased him in the usual way, soon discovered that he was a person of fine talents, and not only gave him his liberty, but had him thoroughly educated. Even Virgil or Horace does not surpass Terence in elegance or purity of style; the comedies of the latter being universally regarded as the finest specimens of the Latin language.

Porphory, another great thinker, was born at Tyre towards the middle of the third century A. D. First he studied under the Christian Father Origen. Subsequently he went to Athens, where he became a pupil of the celebrated philosopher and critic Lonignus. He wrote several philosophical works; but the best of them have perished. Yet another illustrious Phœnician was Heliodorus, who flourished towards the close of the fourth century. He was only nineteen years when he wrote a Greek romance entitled "Æthiopica; or, The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea," which is universally regarded by competent judges as one of the best performances of its kind ever written. This may seem exaggerated praise; but we are sustained in our estimate of this romance by the opinions of the most competent critics of several centuries and of the most enlightened countries. We need only mention a few facts in order to render it needless to refer to any direct testimony as to the merits of "Æthiopica." Thus, had it not been a great work, is it likely that a poet like Tasso would have borrowed so largely from it as he has? for be it remembered that the circumstances of the birth and early life of Clorinda are introduced into the twelfth canto of the *Gerusalemme*, with scarcely any alteration, from the story of the infancy of Chariclea. Nor is Tasso the only Italian of eminence who has deigned to borrow from Heliodorus. Guarini, the author of the *Pastor Fido*, owes many of his finest scenes to the same romance. Were we to mention the number of French, English, and Spanish authors who have drawn their principal incidents from "The Last of the Tyrians," we should seem to indulge in Eastern hyperbole. But none acquainted with his "Æthiopica" would wonder at the

influence it has exercised. In the first place, it is written with great elegance and perspicuity, and is a model of unaffected simplicity. Then it contains the fullest and truest account we possess of the manners and customs of the Egyptians of the author's time. In no other work are the pirates of the Mediterranean so faithfully portrayed. Indeed, its chief defect is that its leading incidents are those in which outlaws take a prominent part, and that their conduct excites little aversion, but is regarded as a matter of course. There are not many who know that Byron is indebted to the descriptions of these robbers for some of the best passages in his "Corsair;" but such is the fact.

Few would have thought that the author of so amusing and ingenious a story would become a minister of religion. But Heliodorus carefully studied theology and was duly ordained a priest; he officiated for many years as such and when it was thought that he had fully proved his qualifications, he was made Bishop of Thessaly,* as a reward at once for his piety, his genius and his learning. Heliodorus wrote several other works, including an iambic poem on Alchymy.† But he was the last of his countrymen who distinguished himself as a great and good man. Long before his time Phœnicia had ceased to be numbered among the nations of the earth; she had passed under the yoke of several conquerors and had in turn paid them taxes.

Among the various vicissitudes which the country had undergone was that of its being relinquished by Mark Antony to Cleopatra; and the greater part of it was soon after bestowed on Herod by the Emperor Augustus. But little more remained at this time than the soil. Not only had the people disappeared in hundreds of thousands; most of their cities had met with a similar fate; and those that still remained were but the wretched skeletons of what they once had been. All agree that no people of all antiquity were so tenacious of life as the Phœnicians. While constantly sending colonists in large numbers to all parts of the world, they were as constantly increasing at home. More than once Tyre and Sidon were utterly destroyed and their citizens put to death in incredible numbers by the combined scourges of famine and war; but again and again were they rebuilt. Even

* Socrates, Hist. Eccles.

† *Περὶ τῆς τῶν φιλοσόφων μυστικῆς τέχνης*, "On the occult science of the philosophers."

at the present day Tyre and Sidon, unlike Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Memphis, and many other ancient cities, have some vestiges left to attest their former glory. But Tyre, now *Soor*, is but a desolate, repulsive village. Its splendid harbor is choked up, yet it is visited by hundreds on account of the broken columns of granite, marble, and porphyry which mark the outlines of the ancient city.

The walls of Sidon, now *Saide*, are still standing, though in a dilapidated state, but its harbor has been filled up, so as to be only fit for small boats. The present inhabitants of both cities are chiefly fishermen; and a more degraded race is nowhere seen. It is hardly necessary to remark that they are not Phœnicians, but the descendants of the lowest class of the Egyptian, Persian, and Roman soldiery who captured and pillaged the Phœnicians at different times. That noble people no longer exists. It was once thought by philosophers throughout the world that a catastrophe like this could never occur; they felt persuaded that whatever might be the fate of the mother country, then grown old, her vigorous and flourishing colonies would render it impossible to destroy the Phœnician race. But Carthage, the greatest and most powerful of all, was the first to perish, literally disappearing from the face of the earth.

So much for the pride and power of nations! For several centuries Carthage despised all nations save Rome; even the boasted Mistress of the World she began to despise towards the end; nor can we wonder at this, seeing that Hannibal continued to occupy large portions of Roman territory in the heart of Italy for nearly nineteen years, fighting many great battles during this time and gaining signal victories over the chosen legions of Rome. Few thought at this time that Carthage would perish before her rival; but the Romans were still young as a nation, while the Phœnicians were rapidly becoming effete in spite of their colonial empires.

ART. II.—1. *American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States.* By ALEXANDER WILSON. 9 vols. Phila.

2. *Birds of America: Ornithological Biography.* By J. J. AUDUBON. Edinburgh.

3. *A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada.* By THOMAS NUTTALL, A. M., F. L. S.

4. *The Architecture of Birds.* By JAMES RENNIE, A. M., A. L. S. Chas. Knight: London.

IN the early days of spring, the birds—her blithe and welcome messengers—returning from their Southern hibernation, fill the air with life and melody. Many of the fraternity return with eager attachment to their last year's nesting-places, seeking their haunts in leafless coverts, chill with the winds of March; some, still faithful to their former union, hovering about their mates with tender twitterings, or soaring high above them in an ecstasy of song; others, gorgeously plumed sultans, attended by a throng of favorites —all making the young season vocal with their presence. If, from the myriads who enliven the earth, we would select the most brilliant and striking combination of colors, we need scarcely outstep the bounds of our own forests; from the minute gem, the ruby-throated humming-bird (*trochilidæ*), to the enormous black-winged condor (*cathartes*), who broods like a gloomy cloud upon our northern borders, an endless variety of formation presents itself. To delineate fully the manifold genera, their character, voice, architecture, and mode of life, would require volumes instead of the pages we here devote to that purpose; even in the former a complete and accurate account of their peculiarities could not be afforded. It is only the dweller in the woods and fields, the lover and student of nature, who hears the first song of the skylark, and who listens to the nightingale in his covert of rose-laurels through the beauty of the southern night, that can learn the secrets of their haunts. We are charmed with the brown-coated songster of the woods, that shy and distant voice of nature, who has by heart the whole repertoire of forest opera, the soul of the music that is in the falling of the leaves and the soft dropping of the summer rain; but we must not fail to notice at some length those species which form the legitimate quarry of the sportsman.

Hunting and shooting have been favorite diversions since the earliest ages, when every royal seat had its

paradise—a term synonymous with hunting-close—down through the later classic times and the reigns of Saxon and Norman kings, when even the egg of a heron, a bittern, or a hawk was worth a body full of plebeian blood, to the present day, when every country-boy has shot his lark or his yellow-hammer. To the true sportsman who scents the fragrant morning gales upon the uplands, or the salt sea air in the reedy haunts of the wild-duck and teal, the bodily recreation and the exercise of skill and patience are only equalled by the pleasure of tracing the hidden beauties of nature in her secret places; for nowhere are her harmonies more apparent than in the structures, the peculiarities, and the habits of birds. All these departments afford the widest field for study.

The anatomical frame is organized to afford the greatest possible extent of energy and buoyancy, the muscular system is fine and strong, and the respiratory function most highly developed. The wings, the chief organ of power, are of the frailest materials; yet they strike the air with astonishing force; and their plumage, soft and delicate, of non-conducting down and imbricated feathers, while it protects the body from sudden atmospheric changes, in no way detracts from the necessary qualities of action. The bones are light and thin, the lungs placed near the backbone and ribs; the air inhaled is not confined to the lungs, but passes through various parts of the body by means of membranous cells; the bones of the wings and thighs are penetrated by these cells, and many of the capillaries are submitted to atmospheric influence; this confined air, besides promoting the ease with which a bird sustains itself on the wing, seems to be necessary to respiration, as a rapid flight, causing resistance of the atmosphere, would otherwise retard it. A greater degree of heat is also probably due to this aëration of the vital fluid. In those species where the superficial development of the wings does not enable them to act upon the atmosphere in a degree sufficient to overcome the force of gravity, they assist the posterior extremities in the process of locomotion; as in the ostrich (*struthio camelus*), beating the air while the body is propelled by powerful leg action, and the penguin, acting after the manner of fins. Very seldom is the wing reduced to the position of a mere weapon, and never does it afford support or prehension.

Birds, as a class, are geographically distributed from pole to pole, but, as families, are confined within certain limits;

and many of the inhabitants of one portion of the world find their counterparts, with a trivial difference, in those of another. These laws of distribution are modified by habits of migration, and the passage of different genera takes place at different seasons and under widely opposite circumstances.

The ornithological kingdom may be divided into two great classes, Granivorous and Carnivorous; and some exceptional genera combine the two. The former have longer intestines and two stomachs; the food after entering the first of these is acted upon by a glandular secretion exuding from its surface; from thence it passes into a second digestive organ and finally into the gizzard, which is formed of two strong muscles, connected externally with tendinous substance and lined with a thick membrane of remarkable power and strength; it is here thoroughly triturated and prepared for the operation of the gastric juices. The disposition of this order is gentle; they live wholly on the defensive, rear their offspring with great care and tenderness, and rid the earth of insects and worms injurious to vegetation. This genus includes the many useful domestic species, such as the hen, peafowl, and pheasant, originally from India; the goose, duck, and pigeon, from Europe; the guinea-hen from Africa; the American turkey; the Chinese, Canada, and Muscovy duck, and the graceful and elegant swan of Europe and Australia. Deserts are avoided by this class, and but few are found in deep forest recesses; they fly only from severe winter storms, and return with early spring. Among them the diurnal migrators are wrens, creepers, blue-birds, swallows, larks, cross-bills, and several others; owls, butcher-birds, king-fishers, thrushes, night-hawks, and a number of aquatic birds are nocturnal travellers; while some species, such as herons, motacillas, plovers, wild-geese, cranes, and swans, fly southward both day and night; they all fly high, and in flocks, with a leader whose calls are promptly and cheerfully obeyed. Some of the water birds, coots, rails, penguins, divers, and guillemots, make their journeys by swimming, as their gait on land is slow and heavy. All these generally migrate southwest in autumn and northeast in spring; the habits of passage are not confined to the inhabitants of the northern and temperate regions; the tropical birds pass from one part of their range to another in certain seasons—for instance, the campanero, (*marhynchos carunculata*), whose voice is clear and sooorous like the prolonged tolling of a bell, is rare in Demerara at

the breeding season; then its solemn note is heard pealing through the forests of Brazil.

The members of the second class are particularized by long wings, powerful muscles, strong hooked bills, sharp claws, large heads, short necks, and strong muscular thighs; their sight keen and far, piercing beyond the range of human vision; their talons retractile, and admirably adapted to their system of aggressive warfare. Fierce and unsociable, they often drive their unfledged young from the nest, which is formed in gloomy forest depths and mountain solitudes.

The *raptores*, or birds of prey, who live mostly on flesh, mount high in the air, except when they descend in search of food; they are provided with a peculiar skeleton, the sternum being broad and ossified to afford an extensive insertion of the muscles; the fourchette is semi-circular and widely separated to resist the violent motions of the humerus in rapid flight. Their intestines are smaller in proportion than those of the first class; bills short and robust, compressed at the sides and curved at the end; the upper mandible is coated at the base with the thick fleshy substance of the cere, and in this the nostrils are generally placed. The feet are strong and short, with a rough sole and four toes, placed three in front and one behind, all equally touching the ground. The female is larger than her mate, taking the sole charge of the brood, sometimes being compelled to defend them from the attacks of the male. Their fierce and contentious dispositions and their ravenous appetites predispose them to solitude; their prey is usually entirely devoured, and the indigestible parts, such as hair, feathers, or bones, are ejected from the stomach in pellets.

Of this order are the vultures, ignoble gregarious birds, usually confined to warm climates; they feed on carrion, small animals, reptiles, and birds' eggs. They are of an indolent, disgusting figure, fœtid scent, and heavy gait; the feet and claws are destitute of the powerful armature of those birds of prey which attack large animals. Their manner of flight is slow and steady, and their sight and scent excessively keen. The American species embraces the condor (*cathartes gryphus*), who inhabits the Andes of South America and sometimes the Rocky Mountains. Its disposition is cowardly, but it has been known to attack large animals until by repeated wounds they fall and die; it then gorges itself upon the flesh. The female nests upon a few sticks laid together on

a rocky ledge and produces two eggs; the young are of a dull uniform brown, which gradually changes into dusky black, varied with white upon the wings; the latter do not extend beyond the tail. The neck is furnished with a white collar, and the male has a fleshy crest. The king vulture (*cathartes papa*) is of a reddish white color, with black wings and tail; the flesh tints of the head and neck being red, orange, and purple, and the collar bluish-gray; the whole under-parts are dusky white. It is found in America from the 30° north latitude to the 32° south, and is most numerous in the torrid zone. It derives its name of king vulture from its habit of driving off from their prey the common vultures or turkey buzzards of the Southern States. The female is somewhat smaller than the male, of a brownish black, and destitute of caruncles; the young are dark-blue, with white under-parts. Its food is snakes, lizards, rats, and carrion. The turkey buzzard (*cathartes aura*) inhabits from north latitude 41° to far south. Its plumage is dusky black, the neck feathered, and the wings not extending beyond the tail; the young are dark-brown, spotted with white; the eggs two in number, and hatched in some swampy solitude in the hollow of a decayed log.

This species congregate about settlements in search of food, and roost at night in trees, and in the winter season upon the tops of houses near the chimneys for warmth. In fine clear weather they amuse themselves by rising rapidly into the air in wide gyrations, until they reach the higher regions beyond the thin clouds. The carrion-eater most common in the north is the carrion crow (*corvus corone*). It is wholly black, with the neck feathered, and the wings and tail equal; the young are brown. It abides near settlements and farms in quest of food, and is strongly scented with a musky odor.

The falconinæ have the head well feathered, the bill hooked and commonly curved, with the lower mandible rounded, and both sometimes notched; the nostrils, round or ovoid, are open and situated in the cere. The tarsi are clothed either with feathers or scales, the toes placed three in front and one behind, and the nails are retractile, sharp, and hooked. These are the noble birds of prey; they are possessed of great strength and temerity, and sometimes employ stratagem to capture their quarry, which consists of fish, reptiles, birds, and small quadrupeds. Their vision is acute and their flight long-continued and rapid; the females are larger

than the males. Their voice is harsh and wailing, except, perhaps, the *falco musicus* of Caffraria, which chants a succession of notes, clear and sweet, at early morning and night.* Of this family are the gyrfalcon, pigeon-hawk, merlin, American sparrow-hawk, &c.

The aquilæ have a strong elongated bill, straight at the base; the feet are robust, toes stout, and armed with long, in curved nails, the tarsus fully feathered, and the wings long. They are among the most powerful birds of prey; they pursue their food with rapid flight, and birds and sometimes large animals are carried to their nests entire. Their sight is keen, but their sense of smell imperfect; sometimes when impelled by hunger they feed on carrion. Their habitations are fixed in mountainous places. Of this family are the royal or golden eagle, the bird of Washington, a bold and vigorous fisher, and the bald eagle of the sea and lake coasts of Europe, Asia, and America. Their food is fish, obtained by stratagem and rapine, fowls, and the young of sheep, deer, and pigs.

In the genus astur the bill is strong, with the upper mandible well defined, the tarsus long and scaled, the middle toe longer than those at the side, and the nails long and sharp; the wings are short and full, the flight rapid, but not high; they wheel in large circles, pouncing down upon their prey. In this class are placed the various hawks and kites.

The owl family (*strigidæ*) resemble the feline race in countenance, and, like the members of it, see best in twilights; but few of this family can endure the full light of day, these exceptions being known by the absence of the long, ear-like tufts of head-feathers and the emarginated tail. They frequent ruins and dark places, and hunt their prey by night; their sense of hearing is exquisite, and their flight soft and muffled, owing to the downy nature of their feathers; their feet are armed with powerful talons. They feed on bats, mice, and small birds, which they wholly devour; the indigestible matter is afterwards ejected from the stomach in pellets.

The omnivorous birds have strong bills of moderate size, edged at the sides, with the upper mandible notched at the point; the feet are small but strong, the toes placed three in front and one behind, the wings moderate in size and strength. Birds of this order are usually monogamous, and associate

* *Vide* Latham and Daudin.

in bands; they nest in trees, the male alternating with his mate in the labors of incubation and the rearing of the young. Their food is insects, worms, grain, and fruits, and their flesh is hard and unpalatable, with the exception of the rice-bird. Of this order are starlings, orioles, black-birds, ravens, crows, magpies, jays, titmice, cedar-birds, bob-o-links, &c.

The black-capped titmouse (*parus atricapillus*) is a noisy, restless little fellow, braving the cold of Hudson's Bay without any diminution of his liveliness. He is a visitor o orchards in search of insects and their larvæ; in length five and a half inches, with yellow plumage, tipped on the head and throat with black.

The blue jay (*corvus cristatus*) is eleven inches long, with a crest of light-blue feathers, erected at will, a narrow line of black upon the frontlet rising higher than the eye, and the back and upper parts a deep purplish blue; a collar of black runs from the hind-head, forming a crescent upon the breast; the chin, cheeks, and throat are bluish-white, and the wings rich blue, with black crescents tipped with white; the tail is long and cuniform, of twelve light blue feathers, with transverse curves of black, tipped with white; and the breast and underwing white, tinged with purple. He is a universal inhabitant of woods and settlements, and possesses a variety of notes, from a clear loud trumpet-call to the harsh chatter of ducks; when alarmed he raises such a vehement outcry that one might well think a dozen birds were in their last extremity. His gesticulations are as numberless as a courtier's, and his mimicry is almost inimitable; he can be tamed like a parrot and is very sagacious and full of tricks. This species nest in apple and cedar trees, and line their habitations with dry fibrous roots; the eggs are five, of a dull white with brown spots; the male visits the nest secretly and silently. The food consists of chestnuts, acorns, Indian corn, and sometimes bugs and caterpillars; the same saucy thief also plunders cherry rows and potato patches. He will enter the nests of other birds, break their eggs, and even devour their callow young; he is very voracious in winter, and will eat carrion when he can find no better food. The jays are determined enemies to owls; whole flocks of them sometimes attack one of the latter, and cease not to assail him with repeated assaults until he is driven from their territory; while engaged in one of these battles their screaming and chattering may be heard for nearly a mile. Occasionally a

number of these tormentors will surround a hawk, teasing and mimicking him until one of their company is caught and devoured; and then their lamentations are heard afar off. This species collect in large bodies, except in the months of September and October; then they form into parties of thirty or forty to search for acorns. They are seen as far north as the 58° of latitude, and west longitude 141°.*

The Baltimore oriole (*icterus Baltimore*) arrives in Pennsylvania early in May and leaves for the south in September. He receives his name from his colors of black and orange, the livery of Lord Baltimore; and is also known as hang-nest, fire-bird, and golden robin. His length is seven inches, his bill straight and strong, tapering to a sharp point, and colored black or dark gray; the head, back, throat, and wings are jet black; the lower back and under-part bright orange, with vermilion breast; the tail forked, with black centre feathers and orange extremities, and the feet and legs blue or lead-color. Three years are necessary to produce full plumage; the females are duller colored, and are mistaken by Buffon and Latham for the bastard Baltimore (*oriolus spurius*). The nest is built in an apple, walnut, or tulip tree, constructed with remarkable convenience and warmth; it is pensile from the extremities of two branches, corresponding in distance with the width of the nest, and bound to them with strong threads of hemp or flax; the pouch is six or seven inches long, woven with hemp and loose tow, mixed with hair, and lined with some soft substance; it is protected from sun and rain by a penthouse of leaves. The bird when building sometimes steals thread put to bleach, and the strings from young grafts, in order to complete its nest. The eggs are five in number—white, tinged with flesh-color, and marked at the larger end with purple dots; the other parts with intersecting hair-lines. Food, caterpillars and bugs. The song is clear and mellow, and plaintively deliberate, changing to a rapid chirrup when the bird is alarmed. The species inhabit America from Canada to Mexico, and appear as far south as Brazil.

The bob-o-link, or rice-bird, is seven and a half inches in length, has a strong, thick, pointed bill of bluish-black color; in the female pale flesh-tint, with smooth margins, and the upper mandible ridged at the base; the palate is marked with a tubercle, the iris hazel, the wings long, tarsi

* See McKenzie's Voyage West from Montreal.

robust, and the plumage of the sexes distinct. The male in his spring dress has a black head, the hindpart tinged with a yellowish-white; and the scapulars, rump, and tail coverts are white and ash. The female, young, and male in winter dress are brownish-black and yellow, with the under-parts dull yellow. These birds are lively songsters, frequenting fields and meadows; they are pleasant, sociable companions, and their song is constant until mid-July. They are abundant from Labrador to Mexico and in the great Antilles; they appear here in March and April in flocks, the males sometimes preceding the females. Their food at this season is insects and their larvæ, which they find in wet places; in summer their repasts are the seeds of grass, dock, and dandelion, and crickets and grasshoppers. They nest on the ground, on a loose bedding of dry, fine grass; the eggs are five or six, of a dull olive or white, spotted with lilac brown. In the middle of August they flock southward, feeding on wild rice (*zizama*), from which they receive the name of rice-birds; the flesh is now fat and succulent, and they become favorite game. As the season progresses they change their plumage and begin to frequent the picturesque, reedy shores of the Delaware; here they are known as reed-birds. In the cool nights of October the reed-birds leave New Jersey and Pennsylvania and swarm to the southern rice-fields. They next appear in Jamaica and Cuba, where they feed on the seeds of the guinea-grass (*sorghum*); here their prime condition for the table obtains for them the name of butter-birds.

Insectivorous birds have the bill short and straight pointed at the end, with the upper mandible curved and notched, and provided with stiff basal hairs; the toes are three in front and one behind, placed on a level; their food is insects and berries; the voice is harmonious and agreeable; they nest in woods, thickets, and reedy marshes, and breed several times in a year. Of this species are fly-catchers, pee-wees, king-birds, phebe-birds, redstarts, vireos, cat-birds, thrushes, mocking-birds, robins, yellow-birds, wrens, blue-birds, &c. The yellow-breasted cat-bird (*pipra polyglotta*) arrives in Pennsylvania in the middle of May, and returns south in August, as soon as the young are able to travel. He takes up his abode in a thicket of hazel brambles, vines, or thick underwood; he is very jealous of his possession, and scolds at intruders in odd, unmusical monosyllables; some of his short notes are like the whistling of

wings, the barking of young puppies, the mewing of cats, and a repetition of hollow guttural sounds; all these notes are uttered with great vehemence and peculiar modulations. In early summer he gabbles all night, if the air be mild and serene, and calls to the passing females. His nest is of dry leaves, inlaid with fibres of vine and lined with fine grass; the eggs are four, flesh-colored, and spotted with red; these birds exhibit great affection for the mate and young. Their food is beetles and berries. The length is seven inches; the whole upper part is a rich olive green, with wings and tail tipped with dusky brown; the throat, breast, and inside of wings are a brilliant yellow, and the legs and feet light-blue. The female is of duller hues.

The wood thrush (*turdus melodus*) is one of the sweetest musicians of nature. As early as April he flits through our moist woods, where, from the top of some tall tree, he fills the morning air with notes as clear and musical as a flute; nor does the falling night subdue his melody; even in days of rain his clear notes pierce the stillness of the dripping leaves. He haunts the inner woods,

"Where level rays of westward light slant under thick-wove forest boughs,
Within the many-voicèd woods, the sweetest solitude, remote
By narrow-winding, devious paths, where slight Arachne nightly throws
Her swaying nets of gossamer, the brown-winged wild bird, half afraid,
Upstarteth from his sunless nest; and, least of all soft creeping streams,
A small brook breaks the mosses underfoot, upon its shining way
To meadow lands, and pastures green and fair, uplit with golden gleams
Of fennel buds, and daisies white, and crimson clover broidery gay."

His nest is built in woody hollows, by running waters, in a laurel or alder bush. The lower layer is of last year's beech-leaves, then knotty stalks and withered grass, and lined with fine fibrous roots; the eggs are four or five, light-blue, without blemish. The bird is shy and solitary, loving woodland loneliness, and is most found near some shady brook; its food is berries, lichen, and caterpillars. It is eight inches long, with bill slight, the upper mandible brown, bent at the point and slightly notched, and the lower a pale flesh-color; the legs are long and pale pink. The whole upper parts are of a brown, fulvous color, glowing into red upon the head and declining into olive on the rump and tail; the chin is white, and the throat and breast white, tinged with buff and beautifully marked with spots of black or dusk running in lines; a narrow strip of white lies about the eye, which is large and full with a black pupil set in a chocolate-colored iris. The bird possesses the power of

erecting the head feathers into a crest; the male and female dress is nearly identical.

The American robin (*turdus migratorius*) is too well known to require a minute description; it is a species of thrush, a clear and mellow songster, so dear and familiar that every farmer's child has some favorite robin's nest to watch. These birds rove from one region to another, during the fall and winter, through the whole Atlantic States; they have been seen as far north as the 67th parallel.* In the early spring even our large cities are visited by these welcome wanderers. They are easily tamed, and lose neither their song nor their cheerfulness when caged. They nest in close proximity to dwellings, plaster their domicile with mud, and line it with hay and grass; the eggs are five, of a beautiful sea-green. They feed on berries, worms, and caterpillars, and when fat are much esteemed for the table; indeed, they are equal to the *turdii* of the ancients, which were fed and fattened with such excessive care. They are very fond of the berries of the sour-gum (*nyora sylvatia*) and the bead-tree (*melia azedarach*); the latter are eaten by the birds so freely that they have been observed to fall to the ground apparently lifeless; not, however, from any deleterious quality of the fruit, for it produces only a kind of intoxication. The poke-berry (*phylolacca decandra*), mellowed by the frost, affords a favorite repast; its juice, of a beautiful crimson, taken freely into the stomachs of the birds, tinges them with its vivid color. In the midst of a season of unusual devastation among these birds, in 1807, some humane person took advantage of this circumstance to arrest the general slaughter; the papers announced that the flesh of the birds was unwholesome from the quantities of berries they had devoured, and that several people had been injured by using them for food; the peculiar condition of the birds' stomachs seemed to confirm this statement; the demand for them ceased, and thus motives of self-preservation affected what the pleadings of humanity had been impotent to produce.†

The yellow-bird (*fringilla tristis*) is four and a half inches long, and in summer dress the body is a rich lemon-color, with wings and tail black, tipped with white, the feet and legs bright cinnamon; the winter dress is brownish olive, and is doffed in April and May. The nest is small and deli-

* Richardson's Northern Zoology, ii., p. 177. † Wilson, i., p. 87.

cate, composed of lichen from fences, old wood, &c., glued together with the bird's saliva, and lined with downy material; the eggs are five, of a dull white, and two broods are hatched in one season. The song is weak, like that of the British goldfinch; they are readily tamed and are very fond of garden seeds. Their flight is an alternate rising and sinking, twittering with each impulse of the wings. They arrive in Pennsylvania in February, and leave for the south the last of November; although now and then one is seen in the winter, flitting lonely and restlessly about the scenes of his summer pleasure. They were found by McKenzie 54° north; are very numerous in the Atlantic States and in Mexico and Guiana.

The blue-bird (*sylvia sialis*) is one of the earliest heralds of the spring; he appears about his old haunts early in February, and if storms or deep snows succeed, he disappears for a while, but soon returns accompanied by his mate, and the box in the garden or the hole in the old apple-tree witnesses as charming a scene of courtship as nature affords. The eggs are five or six, of a pale blue, and the broods are two or three in a season, the male sharing the care of the offspring. His summer song is a soft and constant warble, uttered with open, quivering wings; but later it changes to a single plaintive note, as he haunts the fading glories of the autumn woods. His cheerful song and daily service in the destruction of injurious insects make him a guest as welcome as the spring with which he comes. His length is six and a half inches, the whole upper part is a deep sky-blue, with purple reflections; the wings are full and broad, with black feather shafts; the bill and legs black, with the inside of the mouth and the soles of the feet the color of a ripe persimmon; the throat, neck, breast, and under-wings are chestnut. The plumage of the female is duller in hue. This beautiful species is found all over the United States; it winters in the Bahama Islands, Mexico, Guiana, and Brazil.

Granivorous birds have a strong, short, thick bill, more or less conic in shape, with the upper mandible somewhat flattened and generally without notch; the wings of moderate size, the feet strong, with toes disposed three in front and one behind. They live in pairs and migrate in search of food, which consists of seeds and grain, except during the breeding season; they then subsist partly on insects. They are easily tamed and docile in education. The males have

brilliant plumage in summer, and the females in winter. Their song is full of melody. Of this family are larks, finches, buntings, tanagras, sparrows, snow-birds, cardinals, grosbeaks, linnets, ground-robins, etc.

The song-sparrow (*fringilla melodia*) accompanies the blue-bird in his early return to his summer haunts. A few of this species remain north in the winter, and seek shelter in low-lying swamps and near the borders of marshy streams, until storms inundate them. They arrive from the south about the 4th of March, fluttering around gardens and barn-yards, seeking spots for nidification. They are six and a half inches long, of a dusky chestnut color, varied with gray; the under-parts are white, the legs flesh-colored, and the bill dusky purple. They are very fond of bathing, and frequent the banks of streams; they run nimbly on the open ground. They breed from Canada to the Southern States, nesting on the ground under a tuft of grass, or in a low bush four or five feet from the ground. The nest is of fine dry grass, lined with horse-hair; the eggs are four or five, bluish-white, spotted with brown; two or three broods are hatched in a season, and the young are zealously cared for. The nest is kept dry and very clean, but never used more than once. Their song is somewhat similar to the canary's, and constantly repeated; in the early spring it is a low and tender whisper, breathing the delight of the coming season of love and enjoyment; it swells louder and clearer in the warm days of July, but dies away as the chill November days fall upon the woods and fields.

The cardinal bird (*loxia cardinalis*) is found from New York to Florida, and winters in the south. Its song is clear and exquisite, a loud mellow whistle, delivered from the top of some lofty branch; it sometimes imitates other birds and has many of the notes of the human voice. It nests remotely, in holly, laurel, and evergreen thickets; the nest is formed of dry twigs, weeds, and vine bark, and lined with grass; the eggs are four or five, of a dull white, with olive spots; two broods are raised in a season, and the young are easily tamed. The length is eight inches, the upper parts of a dusky red, the sides of the head and neck and the lower parts a bright vermilion; the chin, frontlet, and lores black; the crest high and pointed, the bill coral red, the iris hazel, and the legs and feet pale flesh color.

The American linnet (*fringilla purpurea*) is frequent in the evergreens of the north and the United States in summer; it

feeds upon the berries of the red cedar, juniper, and tulip tree, and is fond of sunflower and other oily garden-seeds. It arrives north in March and April, breeds high up, and returns in October. Its song is finer than that of the canary, clear and mellow, and thrillingly sweet; its opening notes are low and tender, and swell as the singer grows impassioned into an ecstacy of rapture, a brilliant and well contrasted harmony. The bird can be tamed, but it loses its beautiful color and sweetest song. The eggs are five, pale green, with brown and purple spots. The bird is eight inches long, the bill dark horn-color, the head and chin bright cinnamon, the breast and rump rose-color, the back, wings, and tail dusky red, and the feet and legs flesh-color.

The zygodactyli, or birds with toes disposed in opposite pairs, have the bill more or less curved and much hooked, often quite angular; the toes are placed two in front and two behind, with the exterior member reversible, thus allowing clinging to branches and ready prehension. The European and North American genera feed upon worms, caterpillars, and the larvæ of insects; the tropical orders have thick curved bills for devouring soft, pulpy fruits, and strong hooked ones for breaking nuts and kernels. They nest mostly in the cavities of decayed trees. Of this family are parrots, paroquets, cuckoos, and woodpeckers.

The Carolina parrot (*psittacus Carolinensis*) is the only species found in the United States; it is rarely seen north of Virginia, except, perhaps, in the Western States. It is gregarious, and lives and breeds in the luxuriant southern forests; the members of this species fly, alight, and scream, in concert; they feed on beech, hack, and mulberry, and are fond of nuts. They nest in hollow trees, with two eggs of whitish-green; their flight is swift and easy; and one may readily be tamed and taught its name, but cannot mimic the human voice. The bird is fourteen inches long, with white cream-tinted bill, hazel iris, orange knees, and feet a pale flesh-color, with black claws; the forehead, cheeks, shoulders, and bend of neck are orange red; the head and neck a rich yellow, and the upper parts of yellow-green with bluish tints; the tail is long and graduated. The flesh of this bird is tough and unpalatable.

The American cuckoo (*cuculus carblinensis*) arrives north in April and May, and winters in Louisiana and Mexico. It is fond of shady forest depths, where it hides from view. Its nest is slovenly, and hastily constructed, a mere flooring of

weeds and grass; however, it is very affectionate to its young, and guards its nest vigilantly; it raises two broods in a season. Its food is berries, insects, and the eggs of small birds. It sometimes lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, like the European species, but it is far less mischievous and malicious than the latter.

The woodpeckers (*picidæ*) are among the most beautiful of American birds, and their variety is great. The golden-winged woodpecker (*picus auratus*) is well known to farmers and youthful sportsmen; the former destroy him for his supposed trespasses in the cornfields and the latter delight to bring down such a choice-plumed victim. His back and wings are dark amber, transversed with black, the upper head iron gray, the cheeks fine cinnamon, and the side throat black; the hind-head is a vivid blood-red, the breast crescented with black, the under parts yellowish-white, spotted with black; the inner side of wings and tail and all the large feather shafts are a beautiful golden yellow when expanded; the feet and legs are light-blue. Length, twelve inches. The female has less brilliant plumage than the male. This species is migratory from Hudson's Bay to Georgia. The nest is built in a decayed tree, from six to twenty feet from the ground; the material used being the chips and dust from the cavity. The eggs are six, white and almost transparent. The food consists of berries, fruit, Indian corn, and insects. The bills of woodpeckers are grooved and channelled, wedge-shaped, and compressed to a thin edge at the end, well formed to penetrate the hardest wood; that of this species is long, slightly bent, ridged at the top, and tapering, yet still wedge-shaped, and admirably adapted to destroy the hillocks of the ants, which form a chief article of food. The tongue is supplied with a viscid fluid, secreted by two glands lying under the ears, five times larger in this species than in any other bird of its size; with this fluid the tongue is so well moistened that the smallest insect adheres to it.

The red-headed woodpecker (*picus erythrocephalus*), with his tri-colored plumage of red, white, and blue-black, is striking in appearance, and has predatory habits in orchards and cornfields; he is so marked that almost every country child knows him well. He is a connoisseur in fruit; the finest flavored cherries, the juiciest apples and pears are broached by the audacious intruder, and he feeds voraciously on the Indian corn in its milky state. In fact, so decided are his vicious propensities that in

early colony times some of our legislatures set a premium of twopence per head for his destruction; but he is not without redeeming traits, for he destroys immense numbers of insects and grain-devouring bugs. He inhabits from Canada to Mexico, builds in hollow trees, using no foreign material, and lays six pure white eggs.

The yellow-breasted woodpecker (*picus varius*) is a resident bird, eight and a half inches long, with a crown of deep scarlet, bordered with black, and capable of erection; hairy nostrils, scarlet throat, with the back dull yellow, and the wings black with oblong spots of white; the under parts are bright yellow, and the legs and feet greenish-blue; the tongue is flat, horny for a half inch at the tip, pointed, and armed at the sides with reflected barbs. The female is less brilliant than the male. The hairy woodpecker (*picus villosus*) is a haunter of orchards, borer of trees, and an eager foe to all insects; the peculiarity of this species is the loose unwebbed feather resembling hair. The downy woodpecker (*picus pubescens*) is smaller than the last-named species, but otherwise resembles it closely; it is one of the most active destroyers of insects. The California woodpecker (*picus Californiensis*) is the most brilliant of its class; its plumage is a fine glossy black; the back, tail, and lower wing bright cinnamon; the front and neck crescent, bright yellow, and the crest vivid crimson.

The slender-billed birds have the bill long and moderately extended, arched and awl-shaped, entire and acute; sometimes wedge-shaped at the extremity. They have three toes in front and one behind, with the nails extended and curved; they are related to the climbers, and cling to and vertically ascend trees, rocks, &c. They are nearly all insectivorous, and obtain their food like the *picidæ*; their tongues are pointed, or divided at the end, and capable of extension. They build in hollow trees and clefts of rocks. Their voice is quaint and unpleasant; their manners incautious, but shy and retiring. Of this family are the creepers, nut-hatches, and *trochilidæ*.*

* Of the *trochilidæ*, Cuvier (*Règne Animal*, edition of 1829) says: "These little birds, so celebrated for the metallic splendor of their plumage, and especially for the discs (*plaques*), as brilliant as the precious gems, which are formed on the head and throat by means of scale-like feathers of a peculiar construction, have long and slender bills enclosing a tongue capable of extension, almost like that of the woodpecker, and by means of an analogous mechanism. The tongue is divided, almost from its base, into two filaments, which the bird uses, it is said, to suck up the nectar of flowers; nevertheless, the hum-

Their sense of sight is almost microscopic; their taste extremely delicate; their tongue is their most sensitive organ, for with it they search for food in the deep interiors of bell-like flowers. The humming noise which accompanies their flight is caused by rapid and repeated vibrations of the wings; their voice has no melody, but is a sharp, shrill cry uttered on the wing. Some of this species are no longer than a bee; they are restricted to America and the adjacent islands, and in warm weather are found north as far as Hudson's Bay. According to Audubon, their migration is nocturnal. Their nests are peculiarly beautiful, about an inch in diameter, and of the same depth, built of the most delicate and filmy moss, glued with the bird's saliva, and lined with down and the soft petals of flowers; they are of various shapes, conical, cup-shaped, and pensile. The eggs are two pure white ovals; the young are fed with nectar and insects from the crops of the parent birds. In Mexico, where these beautiful little gems are very abundant, the Aztecs named their capital Tzingunzan from the flocks which surrounded it.* And one of their ancient traditions makes Torgamique, the spouse of their god of war, convey the souls of slain warriors to the mansions of the sun and there transform them into humming-birds.† This idea is exquisitely spiritual, and can be fully appreciated only by those who have seen these meteor-like birds flashing through their native sunlight. One of the Aztec names may be translated "*roses steeped in liquid fire.*" Buffon calls them "*cheveux de l'astre du jour.*"

The northern humming-bird (*trochilus colubris*) has been obtained as far north as the fifty-seventh parallel, on the plains of Saskachewan, and also near the sources of the Elk river. In this species the wings are large in proportion to the body, the tail powerful, and the feet small and delicate, with large claws, hooked and very sharp. The tongue is of similar formation with the woodpecker's, the os hyiodes passing around

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ming-birds live also on small insects, of which we have found their stomachs full. Their very small feet, ample tail and wings, excessively long and narrow, from the rapid and successive abbreviation of the quills, their short humerus, and large sternum without a notch, constitute an apparatus of flight very closely resembling that of the swifts. They are capable of balancing themselves in the air almost as easily as flies; thus they buzz around flowering plants, and they fly more rapidly in proportion than any other bird. Their gizzard is small, and the intestinal canal is destitute of a cæcal appendage, in which particular also they resemble the woodpeckers. They live isolated, defend their nests with courage, and fight desperately with each other."

* Ward's Mexico in 1827. † Baron Von Humboldt.

the back part of the skull, its extremities joined on the top of the head just forward of the line of the eyes. The bird arrives in Pennsylvania about the 25th of April and begins its nidification about the 10th of May; the eggs are two—pure white—and two broods are sometimes raised in a season. The note is a single chirp, scarcely louder than a grasshopper's; the length is three and a half inches; the back, upper parts, neck, sides, and under wing, the tail coverts, with the two centre feathers of the tail, are all of a rich golden green; the tail and wings a deep brownish purple; the abdomen dusky white mixed with green; the throat feathers, of brilliant ruby and of singular strength and texture, lying as closely as scales and varying from a deep black to fiery crimson and burning orange. The females and young lack the last-named beauty.

The trochilus anna was discovered in California by Dr. Botta, in 1829; it is three inches long, with wings equal in length with tail, of deep purplish brown; the tail forked and brown, with green centre feathers of metallic lustre; a cowl covering the head, cheeks, and throat, of a rich changeable amethystine red; the upper neck, back, and wing coverts golden-green; the lower throat and abdomen greenish-gray. Perhaps the most brilliant and striking of all these innumerable winged gems is Gould's humming-bird (*trochilus Gouldii*). Its native locality is unknown, and its splendid specimens are rare. The forehead, throat, and upper parts are of brilliant green scaled feathers; the crest, long and capable of erection or depression at will, is a bright chestnut; the back golden-green, crossed on the rump with whitish bands; the wings and tail brownish purple, with green-tinged centre feathers. Its striking peculiarity is the neck-tuft of narrow white feathers, tipped with emerald green and surrounded by a dark border; the shorter feathers spring from the base, their vivid green tips relieved against the spotless white of the longer upper ones. When extended these tufts take the form of a butterfly's wing, and are equal in extent with the wings. Their effect is strikingly beautiful.

The hirundinæ (swallows) have a short bill, much depressed at the base, and wide, with the upper mandible curved at the point; the feet are short and slender, with three toes in front and one behind, the latter often reversible; the nails much hooked, the tail forked, and the wings long and acute. They feed on insects, which they swallow flying, and migrate in winter to the tropics. Their flight is rapid and long-

continued, their vision perfect, and their voice feeble and twittering. Of this order are swallows, martins, and swifts.

The goat-suckers (*caprimulgæ*) are a curious order of birds, shy and solitary, who remain concealed by day and in fair weather, like the *striginæ*. Their vision is acute only in cloudy days and twilights; then they fly rapidly and silently on account of the softness of their feathers; they hunt for moths with the mouth open, uttering a quaint monotonous cry. They lay one or two eggs on the ground, and have a plumage of dull blended colors. The chuck-will's-widow has the mouth-bristles shorter than the bill; it utters its low harsh monotone after sunset and in the early morning. The whip-poor-will flies near the ground at night, seeking for food, with a low chatter; it flutters about domestic animals in search of the insects which rest upon them; hence its vulgar name of goat-sucker. The night-hawk is nearly allied to this order, and has many habits and peculiarities in common with it.

The columbinæ have the bill moderate, compressed at the sides, vaulted, and turgid at the tip, which is also curved; the base of the upper mandible is covered with a soft skin, protuberant, in which the nostrils are situated; the tongue is acute and entire; the feet short and robust, with the tarsus reticulated and the toes well divided; the wings are moderate, and the plumage similar in both sexes. The family are gregarious, living in woods; its domesticated members about buildings and farms. Their food is grain and seeds, and rarely insects; the eggs are two and the broods numerous. During the season of courtship the male is assiduous in his attentions, fluttering about his mate, cooing, rustling, and drooping his wings; and after an encounter between two rivals the conqueror struts pompously about, uttering a prolonged note of triumph. The members of this family inhabit all countries, but mostly the warm climates; and it includes the turtle-dove, passenger-pigeon, partridge-pigeon, and all our familiar species.

Gallinaceous birds have the bill short and convex, with the upper mandible vaulted, and curved from the point; the nostrils are lateral and half covered with a rigid arched membrane; the feet are stout, tarsi long; the toes three in front and one behind, the latter highly articulated, the tip just touching the ground; sometimes this hind toe is short or wanting. The nails are not retractile; the wings are short and rounded, concave, with quills rigid and curved. The

female has dull plumage, and the young are covered with down. The body is large and fleshy and the head small; they live much on the ground, bask and wallow in the dust, and scratch for food, which consists of worms, grain, seeds, and the larger insects. They are provided with a muscular crop for preparatory digestion, for which purpose they swallow gravel. They are polygamous, the female rearing the young, which are very abundant and run about and feed as soon as they are hatched; they run swiftly and take wing with difficulty, their flight being low and limited and accompanied by a sharp whirr, produced by the rapid vibration of the wings. Very few of them migrate; their voice is a harsh, unpleasant cackle or crow, their flesh much esteemed for food; the domestic species are termed poultry and the wild game.

The peacocks (*pavoninæ*) have the head and neck garnished with pendant wattles of naked skin, or the cheeks and lores unfeathered; the wings are ample and concave, the tail horizontal and capable of fan-like erection; the tarsi robust and scutellated, in the male furnished with sharp spurs; the plumage of metallic lustre, and sometimes oscillated. Turkeys, barn-door fowls, quail, grouse, and ptarmigan are thus classified.

The wild turkey was once prevalent from Canada to Mexico, and is now found in the wooded and uncultivated tracts of the Western States; it is neither gregarious nor migratory, unless in search of food. It is prolific in proportion to its natural resources; it breeds in the United States once a year, but in the West India Islands two or three times. Early in October these birds herd together in quest of mast, which is a chief article of food; the males are apart from the females, the latter accompanied by their brood. They journey on foot until impeded by water, and are very fleet; on river banks they ascend high trees and launch themselves for the opposite shore, which they rarely fail to reach. In countries new to them they are easily bewildered and offer a ready prey to the hunter. The males fight fiercely in the season of propagation, dealing blows at the head which sometimes kill. They approach farms in cold weather and when food is scarce: their flesh is so lean and dry in warm weather as to have given rise to the Indian proverb, "As lean as a turkey in summer." The male, when fat, weighs from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. These birds were first sent from Mexico to Spain in

the sixteenth century; in the reign of Henry VIII. they were introduced into England, and soon after they were spread over the rest of Europe.

The quail (*ortyx*) has a bill short and thick, and of greater height than width; the upper mandible is curved from the base, in which the nostrils are placed; the tarsus is destitute of spur or tubercle, the fore-toes united by a membranous structure to the first articulation, and the nails are acute; the wings are rounded. These birds sometimes alight on low bushes, but they are ground-dwellers, both by night and day; they are usually monogamous, the male protecting the young. They are peculiar to America, and exceedingly prolific from New England to Mexico. In Jamaica they are called partridge. They seldom migrate, except in search of food; their habits are sedentary, and they are much attached to breeding-places; indeed, a sportsman may always be sure of finding game in these spots if he spares a sufficient number of the birds for the purposes of reproduction.

The name *ortyx*, applied by Stevens, is the original appellation of the quail; or, *perdix coturnix*, as known to the ancient Greeks. This species bears some resemblance to the European bird, although its habits and instincts are different. The latter is the true bird of passage, leaving Europe for Asia at the early approach of winter, and returning in spring in such numbers that thousands of them have been taken in nets in a single day near Naples. The American bird is not migratory, it is much attached to its young, and very sociable, except during the breeding season, while his European brother is vagrant, quarrelsome, selfish, and solitary. Their food is principally rye, buckwheat, Indian corn, and insects. In the winter they perch on rising ground under a low bush, in a close circle, with heads outward, huddling together for warmth; coveys thus placed have been found frozen under snow upon which a heavy crust has formed. From late August to March they are a favorite and delicate food. In May they nest in cavities of the ground upon dry grass and weeds; the eggs are from fifteen to twenty, and two broods are raised in the season; the young shelter under the wings like chickens. If the brood is in danger from the near approach of an intruder, the parents simulate great distress, and flutter along the path as if wounded or unable to fly, until the young have time to hide, or the danger is passed. In September the brood is nearly full grown, and assemble in families. The call of the male is often heard—a clear,

mellow whistle, sounding through the rustling fields. It seems to syllable the words "bob-white, bob-white;" in cloudy weather it is said to call "more-wet, more-wet." In consequence of the short concave wings, a loud whirring noise is heard during flight; this action is laborious, steady, and not long continued; and the birds rise in twos and threes, thus affording an excellent shot; when they alight, if they are not directly flushed, they run into cover under low bushes and fallen leaves, from whence it is difficult to dislodge them, or even to discover them, because of their russet coats. In the West, where the quail is exceedingly prolific, large fences of bush are formed in converging lines, the opening being some half a mile wide, and gradually narrowing to a point leading to a *cul-de-sac;* bait is placed along the extent of these lines, and the birds, naturally following it, are led into the final trap, where they are quite at the mercy of the hunter. In these "*fences*" the quail are taken by hundreds and forwarded to the Eastern market, where they are in great demand. The length of the bird is nine inches; a line over the eye and down the neck, chin, and throat is white; in the full-grown bird the latter is bounded by a full crescent of black; the crown, neck, and upper breast are reddish brown; the back and wing-coverts brown and ash, pointed with black, and the wings edged with yellowish white, like the lower breast; in the latter each feather is marked with a black arrow-head; the tail is ash, with rufous spots; the legs and feet ashen or blue, the bill black, and the irids hazel. The crested-quail of California and Mexico has a narrower bill, more hooked at the top, and with the dorsal ridge more distinct; the wings are shorter and the tail rounded and elongated. The males have a plumed crest of from two to twelve feathers elegantly pencilled; the neck feathers are lanceolate, and the back unspotted; the female has duller tints. Blue quail are found in abundance near the Gila river, 4,347 feet above the level of the sea.* The Massina partridge, rare in Europe and the Atlantic States, abounds in Texas; its head and throat are black, with white stripes; the crest of buff, the under parts a bright chestnut, crossed with black bars; the middle breast deep chestnut, and the sides and flanks sooty black, with white circular spots. Its call is gentle and peculiar and it assembles in coveys of from eight to twelve.

In the grouse the bill is short, entire, and naked at the

* Col. Emory's Notes of a Mil. Reccon. from Ft. Leavenworth to Cal., 1846-7.

base, with the upper mandible vaulted and curved from its origin; the nostrils are basal and hidden by the front feathers; the tongue short, fleshy, and acuminate; the eyebrows naked and scattered with red papillæ; the wings are short and rounded; the tail from eighteen to twenty feathers; the toes four, the three forward ones being united to the first articulation. The plumage of the female of the larger species differs from that of the male; the smaller birds are similar; this bird inhabits the woody parts of mountains and high plains. The white grouse, or ptarmigan, is most confined to the glacial regions; it is common in Siberia, Greenland, the Scottish Highlands, and about Mellville and Churchill Rivers. It is polygamous, living in families and feeding on berries, leaves, and seeds; its call is clear and sonorous, peculiar during the season of reproduction. Its flesh is considered superior to almost any other game, and in cold countries it is dried, or smoked, and packed away in large quantities for future consumption. The ruffled grouse, called pheasant in the Middle and Western States and partridge in New England, is abundant and excellent game. The pinnated grouse, or prairie hen, formerly very common in the Atlantic states, is now frequent on the Western plains; the full-grown bird weighs about three pounds. It was formerly so common about the ancient bushy site of Boston that laborers and servants stipulated that it should not be served at table oftener than twice in one week.*

The cock of the plains is a large and beautiful bird, but indifferent food on account of its habit of feeding on bitter herbs. In imitation of a peculiar habit of the sharp-tailed grouse, the Indians of Missouri had a partridge dance among their old men; the birds met in a level spot, fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, where, by constant strutting and crossing, the ground was worn quite bare; this continued from early spring until the season of reproduction had passed, and seemed to the aborigines so striking that they commemorated it with a festival.

In the aquatic tribes the toes are connected by a broad membranous tissue, which enables them to propel themselves through the water with ease; while the long legs and necks and the sensitive bills of the waders are admirably adapted to diving and searching for food. The legs are bare to the knee, and here the connecting membrane between the toes is very thin, only calculated to support their passage

* Lieut. Gov. Winthrop.

over mud and marshy ground. The plumage is more abundant in these birds, and also in the species that inhabit far north.

All water-birds are provided with posterior glands containing oil for anointing the feathers in order to facilitate the shedding of moisture; these glands are not so conspicuous in the land inhabitants, except, perhaps, the fishers, who dip into the water. Some of the most delicate and favorite game occurs among the waders. Their bills are mostly straight and long, and compressed or conic; the legs and feet are long and slender, the toes placed sometimes equally. Their habits are nocturnal, and they feed on fish, reptiles, and land and water insects; they breed but once in the season, and migrate in search of food. Some of this order run swiftly and fly with feet extended behind them, crying out in a loud, harsh voice; some are merely waders on watery margins, while others swim and dive.

The various plovers breed in the remote north, but descend in autumn plump and fat, affording a delicate morsel of food; they remain in numerous flocks all along the sea-coasts south of New Jersey throughout the winter. Cranes are among the largest United States birds; herons are constant inhabitants of the Atlantic States, experienced fishers, and tall, elegant birds with beautiful plumage, sometimes snow-white; some species are excellent food. The red flamingo of the tropics, with his gorgeous coat of black and crimson, is sometimes seen in the United States; his flesh is only tolerable food, although it was esteemed a great dainty by the ancients. The scarlet ibis migrates in the summer to the Southern states; its feathers are of a brilliant red, its habits courageous, and it affords a good article of food. The white ibis is without a single spot to mar the purity of its plumage. The bay ibis, with a bright purplish chestnut coat and metallic green reflections, is occasionally seen about the marshes of Long Island and New Jersey. From their supposed utility in destroying noxious reptiles, these birds were held sacred by the ancient Egyptians, kept about the temples of the gods, and embalmed after death; they were also the emblem of the country. Bird-pits full of embalmed skeletons are scattered over the plains of Saccara. They constructed their nests in the fronds of the date-palm, and laid four eggs; the period of incubation lasted, according to the fanciful calculation of Ælian, throughout the time necessary for the star Ibis to perform the revolution of its

phases. No longer venerated in the place of its ancient glory, the bird is snared and shot in autumn by the Arabs for food.

The curlews, like the plovers, breed in the north, and descend in the fall fat and delicious. The various sand-pipers are also favorite game. The genus totanus (*chevaliers* of the French) associate in flocks on water borders; they wade deeply, feed on small shell-fish, &c., and migrate periodically; they inhabit more temperate regions than the sand-pipers, breed in marshes, and are cosmopolitan; they are common throughout the United States, and their flesh is fat and well flavored, not unlike that of the snipe.

The latter is the earliest field-game of the United States. As soon as the frost is out of the ground and the spring grass tender and succulent, their brown wings are seen among the bogs and marshes, where they feed on worms and insects. They seek their food by probing the mud and porous soil with their long, slender, sensitive bills, which they also use in turning over the wet and decayed leaves, the hiding-places of innumerable insect tribes. At this season they are shy and lean, and require a dexterous sportsman. When pursued they run close to the ground; or, if suddenly flushed, fly out with great rapidity; in wild windy weather they often rise in knots of eighteen or twenty and fly wild and high, often soaring out of sight. The best shooting days are mild and warm, with a soft southerly wind; as the bird invariably flies up the wind he should be flushed down, for then he will zigzag off to the right or left, affording an excellent shot. The flesh is superior to almost any other game. The best known American species is the brownsnipe, which appears the second week in March in low marshes. Here, as in Northern Europe, after sunset, in their haunts is heard a singular tremulous or wailing murmur as the birds rise high in the air; it is perhaps expressive of tender amatory feeling, as it is heard only in the breeding season; it is probably produced by an undulation of air in the throat, and appears more distinct as the bird descends. It is here less loud than in European birds; like the latter, the brown snipe is not gregarious, and associates only accidentally where food is abundant. The feathers on the head of the European bird are black, spotted with brown, the tail broader and browner, even when outspread, and the breast and flanks less dark than in the American species; the bill and legs are alike in both and the size nearly the same.

Woodcocks have a bill similar to the snipe, but more robust, and the eyes are set far back in the head; the legs are short and feathered to the knee, the female larger than the male, and the plumage of both an intimate mixture of black and rufous brown. They are solitary dwellers in woods, swamps, and thickets, and are seldom seen in the open ground, associating only in the breeding season; the young are reared and cared for assiduously, the parents conveying them from danger in their claws or upon their backs. Their flight is slow, direct, and labored, with a whizzing sound. Only two or three species are known. but they are spread over the whole earth. The American bird is peculiar, having a shorter wing and many habits unknown to the European; it is more retiring than the latter, less capable of continued flight, attached to breeding places, and migrating only short distances in severe cold weather. The size varies according to the abundance of food and the breeding season. When flushed the birds rise hurriedly to the tops of the bushes which form their covert, and then drop and run; in open woods they fly out swiftly and vigorously, but with much muscular action They pair in April and nest on the ground; the note of the male ascending above the nest is a quick and feeble warble; descending, the tones increase, until, near the ground, they pass into a sweet tumultous song, which is constant during incubation. The European bird is caught in traps, set in the places most frequented for food. The birds approach the sea side as food fails in autumn; they have no note at this season, when they begin to migrate nocturnally, and are found in their resting-places morning and evening.

Rails, or mud-hens, are solitary birds, living in reeds and sedges, near still, fresh waters, in deep coverts; they run or skim over the water when surprised, but do not swim from choice; they dive when wounded, and can remain under water for some time; their flight is low and limited, with neck outstretched, but their walk is easy and rapid. They alight only on the ground, and their habits are nocturnal, save during the breeding season; they are monogamous, gregarious, and cosmopolitan, feeding on worms, insects, and vegetables, and migrating in October. On their first arrival they are lean, but as the wild rice ripens they fatten, and are eagerly sought for by sportsmen. During the season of rail shooting on the Delaware the sportsman stands in the bow of a boat, propelled through the reeds by a pole, and

shoots the birds as they spring up singly; each one, as it falls, is picked up by the boatman while the gunner reloads. The sport continues some two hours, when the falling tide compels a return.

Coots are nocturnal water-birds, somewhat resembling ducks; the young only are fit for food; they subsist on vegetables. Of the same family are terns, gulls, gluttonous and cowardly birds, save when defending their young; the stormy petrel, with his inky coat, whom the ignorant superstition of ancient mariners has stigmatized as the infallible harbinger of the storm and called devil's bird, and Mother Cary's chicken, because he follows in the wake of a storm-tossed ship, when he seems only to seek safety in the vicinity of men; his food is the gelatinous spora of the seaweed, small fishes, &c.; and he is called petrel, according to Buffon, because the Apostle Peter, his namesake, is said to have walked upon the waves. The albatross, largest of the web-footed tribes, sometimes visits the Atlantic coasts; it flies far out at sea, and in storms mounts to the clear upper air; it is gluttonous and cowardly, and often attacked by the gulls; its voice is harsh and its flesh unsavory, the eggs only being eatable. Only one of the four known species visits the Atlantic.

The genus anser includes birds terrestial and vigilant, living in flocks in low, marshy grounds; their flight is high and long-sustained, the flocks being marshalled in long, converging lines; they swim but little, sit deep in the water, and seldom dive. Their habits are diurnal, their sight and hearing excellent; and, sleeping or feeding, they station sentinels; they pasture abroad by day and retire at night to the water with a great clamor; they are polygamous, nest on the ground, have a numerous progeny, and are of a courageous and resentful disposition. Their food is seeds, vegetables, fishes, and small aquatic animals. Many species are common to all countries, but are most frequent in cold and temperate regions; their flesh is well flavored but strong. In winter the brant is a great delicacy, and is found along the Jersey coast.

The duck tribe are aquatic and migratory, and flock to the seacoast in winter. They frequent fresh, shallow waters with sedgy borders, swim well, and walk easily, but awkwardly; their flight light, swift, high, and whistling; their habits somewhat nocturnal, and their food vegetable matter and small aquatic animals. They are polygamous and

breed in the grass near the water, the young being many and cared for by the female. The species are numerous and widely extended; the breeding-places generally far north; and the flesh fat and tender—a great winter delicacy. Of this family are the mallard, the progenitor of our common duck; the widgeon; the wood duck, with showy and elegant plumage; teal, muscovy, and spirit duck (so named by the Indians from the impunity with which it escapes the hunter), and other favorite game. The kind most highly esteemed is the canvas-back duck, peculiar to the bays and estuaries of the southern coasts; it is in good condition for the table in November, a fat bird weighing from three to four pounds. The plumage is bright-reddish chestnut, varied with violet and purple reflections, the under parts white. The eider duck, of Labrador and the north, furnishes the soft and delicate eider down; this the bird plucks from its breast to line its nest and protect the eggs and young from the cold. After the nest is prepared and the eggs laid, the gatherers of the down strip it two or three times in succession towards the end of the season, sparing one brood in order to ensure the return of the bird in the following season. When the female's breast is quite bare, the male contributes his down for building purposes; each nest yields about a hat-full of the down when cleansed from all impurities; when the female leaves the nest she covers the eggs with this soft warm material.

Nor is this bird the only one which employs similar devices to prevent the animal heat from being dissipated during the process of incubation and to protect the newly fledged young from the cold. The carrion crow lines her nest with wool and rabbits' fur, and always covers the eggs on leaving them.

Again, several birds of very different habits, such as the wood-wren and the hay-bird, construct a permanent arch of moss or grass over their nests, leaving only an entrance at the side. Many of our native birds thus cover their nests at the top, and all display an amount of care and premeditation in the construction of shelters and abiding places, which is almost amazing. The masons, carpenters, and weavers of human society have their prototypes in the bird world. The mason birds are the bank-swallow, the window-swallow, the chimney-swallow, and the nuthatch. The bank-swallow has the chief instrument in his bill, which is small and short and tapers to a point; he works with it

shut, clinging to the face of a bank with his sharp claws, and pegging his bill into the soil like a pick-axe. The excavations are circular and complete, but sometimes irregular, from the crumbling nature of the material; the galleries are more or less tortuous, and terminate at the depth of two or three feet in beds of loose grass and feathers. The place chosen for nesting is usually a bed of hard alluvial sand, facing a river, quarry, or sandpit, from ten to thirty feet high; the habitations are changed every two or three years. On the high banks of the Irtish they fill the air like swarms of flies;* and Aristotle says the birds were common in the mountain passes of Greece.† Communities of three or four hundred, their holes being within a few inches of each other, sometimes extend along the face of a precipice eighty or a hundred yards.‡ The following is Pliny's remarkable tale of the earthwork constructed by the swallows of the Nile to resist the inundation of that river. We give it unaltered from the quaint old translation of Philip Hollande:

"In the mouth of Nilus, neere Heraclea in Egypt, there is a mightie banke, or causey, raised only of a continualle ranke and course of swallows' nests, piled one upon the other, thicke, for almost halfe a quarter of a mile; wh. is so firme and stronge that being opposed against the inundations of Nilus, it is able to breake the force of that river when it swelleth, and is itselfe impregnable; a piece of worke no man is able to set his hand unto. In the same Egypt, neere unto the town Captoo, there is an iland, consecrated to the goddess Isis, where every yeare the swallows do rampier and fortifie for fear lest the same Nilus should eat the bankes thereof, and breake over into it. In the beginning of the spring, for three nights together, they bring to the cape of that iland, straw, chaffe, and such like stuffe, to strengthen the front thereof; and for the time they plie their businesse so hard, that for certaine it is known manie of them have died with taking such pains and moiling about their worke. And verilie every yeare they goe as daily to this taske again as the spring is sure to come about; and they fail not no more than souldiers that by vertue of their militarie oth do goe forth to service and warfare."

The nest of the cliff-swallow is hemispherical, some six inches at its truncated junction with the wall, and projecting the same distance; it is formed of a mixture of sand and clay and pellets of mud; the entrance is near the top, turning downward. The bird is so industrious that this commodious structure is finished in three or four days; the clay of which it is built is moistened with saliva secreted in glands about his mouth. The nest of the swallow of the

* Prof. Pallas' Travels in Russia. † Aristotle, *Hist. Anim.*, viii., 16.
‡ Wilson's American Ornithology.

Indian seas is formed entirely of glutinous fibres from the mouth and throat of the bird, interlaced and twined together and hardened in the air; the nests, boiled in soups, are considered a great delicacy by the Chinese. The nest of the window-swallow is somewhat similar to that of the cliff-bird, but with larger opening at the top. It is this familiar bird to whom our great poet alludes in one of those sweet and gentle episodes that steal upon us in the midst of the tumultuous whirl of crime and passion, like summer sunshine after a tempest has swept over the earth:

> "This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
> By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' breath
> Swells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
> Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
> Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
> Where they do most breed and haunt I have observed
> The air is delicate."

The burrowers, or diggers, are auks, razor-bills, puffins, and penguins; the burrowing owl (*strix cunicularia*) is a native of the warm climates of the United States west of the Mississippi. It lives in the villages of the prairie dogs, or marmots, whose holes are large enough for both; these towns are of great extent, and each habitation has a vertical descent of two feet; the passage then slants off obliquely to a cell containing a globe of dry grass firmly compacted and open at the top; this is the nest.

Jackdaws have been said to burrow in rabbit warrens. The flamingo is a mud-builder, according to Dampier, Catesby, and Penrose; the nest is a truncated cone, about two feet high, of slimy earth mixed with a little grass; a small hollow at the apex contains the eggs, which are two and very long; the birds sit astride of the nest, the male bearing his share of the labor of incubation. The nest of the penguin is of similar form, and also that of the American crocodile; the latter is formed of successive layers of mud and grass, and eggs, which are from one to two hundred. The carpenters are the tom-tit, the wry-neck, and the woodpeckers. The toucan is said by the Peruvians to be a carpenter; its bill is of enormous size compared to the body of the bird, but formed of light bony substance as thin as paper and full of reticular cells, over which the nasal nerves are expanded;* it is sensitive, like

* Dr. Traill, of Liverpool.

that of the snipe, and well fitted to feed on juicy fruits, although it may possibly pierce rotten wood.

The various eagles, herons, cranes, storks, and pigeons are platform-builders, making their nests on flat rocks and the tops of houses and ruins. Thus we learn from Juvenal that a stork's nest was built on the Temple of Concord at Rome,* a circumstance of sufficient importance to be commemorated on the medals of Adrian. In Seville and Bagdad, and among the ruins of Persepolis, these nests are frequent.

The basket-birds are the jays, mocking-birds, thrushes, rooks, ravens, warblers, grosbeaks, etc. The Bengal grosbeak builds a pensile nest of grass in the form of a large bottle; it has two or three chambers, said to be lighted by fireflies,† as these insects are sometimes found netted into the material of the interior; they are probably food for the young.

The sociable grosbeak of the Cape of Good Hope is a dome-builder, roofing over trees with a heavy thatch, covering seven or eight hundred nests, with many entrances. Wrens, house-sparrows, towhe-buntings, and pies are also dome-builders; their nests are nearly oval and placed so that the opening is sheltered from the rain. The weavers are the various orioles who generally build pensile nests, the tailor bird, who weaves and sews leaves together, the yellow-hammer, &c. The parasites, or robbers, are those which deposit their eggs in the nests of other birds, or take forcible possession of them; they also build in marten-houses, gourds, &c.; they are the cuckoo, blue-bird, purple-marten, and cow-bunting. We cannot close without giving the following curious and fanciful description of a robin's nest from Turner, an English naturalist of the sixteenth century:

"The robinet, which hath a red breast both in winter and summer, nesteth as far as possible from towns and cities, in the thickest copses and orchards, after this manner: When she hath found manie oke-leaves she constructeth a nest, and when it is built, covereth it with arch-work, leaving only one way for entrance; for which purpose she builds with leaves a long porch before the doorway, the which, when she goeth out to feed, she covereth up with leaves."

Although there is much difference in the relative beauty and convenience of the habitations of various species, still they never change their particular modes of building; and the rough nest of the wood pigeon—a few sticks on a bare

* Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,
Quæque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.—*Satir.* i., 115–6.

† Nuttall, i., p. 17.

platform—never approaches the perfection of the elegant little shelter of the humming-bird or the imposing structure of the sociable grosbeak. The savage may become civilized; but the inferior animals, whatever may be their industry, their perseverance, or their precision, must confine their labors to the limited sphere of instinct. Their faculties are stationary as man's are progressive.

ART. III.—1. *Essay on the Hieroglyphic System of M. Champollion, &c.* Translated by J. STUART. London.

2. *Origin and Progress of Writing.* ASTLE. London.

3. *De primâ scribendi origine.* HERMAN HUGO. Treves.

4. *Essai sur le Système hiéroglyphique de Champollion.* Paris.

Leviores haustus avocant a Deo; pleniores ad Deum reducunt.—BACON.

WHEN Lord Bacon wrote the above remarkable words, which we translate thus—"A superficial knowledge (of philosophy) leads us from God, whereas a profound, thorough knowledge of it brings us back again to Him," we doubt much whether he himself fully comprehended the profound truth he was enunciating. Be this as it may, it cannot be doubted that, when well considered, these words are eminently suggestive, and at the same time applicable to many departments of knowledge. Pope must undoubtedly have had one of the ideas they embody, if not the very words themselves, present to his mind when he penned the well-known lines on learning:

> "Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking largely sobers us again."

It will hereafter be seen that the words of Bacon are eminently applicable to the subject we have undertaken to discuss in this article.

Have we ever reflected on what may have been the origin of the truly amazing art which enables us to render thought, as it were, visible? Whence has it come? Was it communicated to man by the omnipotent Creator, or was it merely a human invention? The claims of these questions to investigation have been well and eloquently set forth by a modern orator as follows: "And while we investigate the wonderful properties of matter, developed

in the phenomena of the physical world, shall we not, my friends, deem a portion of our time and attention well bestowed upon the miracle of the WORD *written* and *spoken*, the phenomena of language which lie at the foundation of all our intellectual improvement, of all our literature and science, in a word, of all rational communication of man with man."

The invention of the alphabet, that is to say, of characters for writing, or simply of writing, has been in our handbooks and general literature so commonly ascribed to the Phœnicians and Egyptians, and especially to Cadmus, that the matter is gravely taken for granted, and left unquestioned, but with what justice we will endeavor to show. However, before proceeding to do so we will present some preliminary considerations that will aid us in our investigation.

Man, in coming into existence surrounded by wonders, a real wonder himself, admires much less that which is marvellous than that which appears new. Let an ingenious person only invent a steam-engine or a sewing-machine, and we become enraptured at the progress of the arts and the genius of man; but few will be found who reflect on the marvellous art of giving figure, color, and a body to thought. This art, the mere announcement of which presents the most astonishing contradiction which the mind can perceive between two objects, becomes confounded in our recollections and in our habits with the puerile occupations of early youth, and the most common occupations of life; because we learned it in early life, and because all men, even those of the most limited capacity, are capable of acquiring the knowledge of it. The art of multiplying writing by printing has attracted much more attention than that of fixing language by writing; or, as a French poet has said, of "painting language and speaking to the eyes:"

"De peindre la parole et de parler aux yeux."

However, the art of writing presents to our meditation something still more incomprehensible than the art of speech. Language only expresses thought and becomes confounded with it. Man does not resort to means outside of himself to make himself understood; it is solely with his own organs, and with nothing ascessory or foreign, that he renders his intellectual operations sensible, and his language is himself, his expression, and his image. But writing expresses at the same time *thought and language;* it stamps both of them on insensible things, and it is by means of

these deaf and dumb interpreters that man renders visible and palpable (for the blind read by the tips of the fingers) that which is the most invisible and impalpable in us, and even in the whole world, namely, thought; that he renders fixed, permanent, transportable, that which is most variable and fugitive, to wit, speech; and that he renews in some manner the prodigy of the creation, which is, in a certain sense, a vast thought rendered visible, as it were, by the handwriting of an omnipotent WORD.

So the chief of Roman philosophers, as of Roman orators, reflecting on this marvellous art, exclaims, in a transport of admiration: "He undoubtedly did not belong to our terrestrial and mortal nature who was the first to embrace in a few characters the infinite combinations of articulate sounds which can be formed by the human voice."*

We now proceed to examine—1st, whether man could invent the art of writing; 2d, whether the art of writing was necessary for him, or whether he is such as that he cannot exist without writing; and, lastly, what philosophers have thought of its having been invented, and what history and mythology have said of the supposed inventor. But before penetrating further into the mystery of the art, we ought to notice the difference there is between the writing of sounds, which is ours, and hieroglyphic writing, from which some savants would have it derived.

Hieroglyphic writing, which was in use in the primitive ages of society, was composed of figures of sensible objects, images of material facts, or emblems of moral truths. Thus, an army was represented by a buckler and a long-bow, the Supreme Being by an eye, a conqueror by a sword, &c. We ourselves write in hieroglyphics when we represent hope under the figure of a woman supported on an anchor, and when we give to justice, personified in the form of a virgin, a sword and a balance. But this representation by images is what is most remote from our decomposition of sounds by written alphabetic characters. This designing by images is to the writing of sounds precisely what gesture is to language, and one may say that it is the writing of gestures inasmuch as gestures only imitate sensible objects. "Writing," says Duclos, speaking of that of the Egyptians and of the Chinese, "was in that state that it had no relation with our present writing."

* "Ex hâcne tibi terrenâ mortalique naturâ concretus is videtur, qui sonos vocis, qui infiniti videbuntur, paucis litterarum notis terminavit?"

Certainly we perceive a co-relation between arms and warriors, between an eye always open and the Divinity who sees everything, and who watches incessantly over his work; between a sword and the man who submits everything to the empire of force; between the sword and the balance and the eminent function of weighing the interests of individuals and avenging society; and the anchor, which holds fast the ship against the surges of the waves, is an ingenious and just emblem of hope, which sustains man in the sufferings of life. But what is there in the words, *army*, *divinity*, *conquering*, *hope*, *justice*, or in their synonyms in any language whatever, that represents in any manner the objects they express? Again we will let Duclos speak: "Writing, that marvellous invention of composing with twenty or thirty sounds that infinite variety of words which, having in themselves nothing that is like what passes in the mind and still less like the objects they express, still disclose to others the whole secret."

The art of imitating sensible objects presents itself naturally to man, because the models are everywhere before his eyes, and because he has a natural inclination to copy them. He who sees the shadow of a body projected on a plane surface has only to follow its outlines in order to have the first notions, and even the first rules, of the art of designing or of drawing. In reality, in the early ages of our race, the art of design consisted only in outlines and lineaments without shade, and it is not to be wondered at that the human race, during its infancy, should have practised what is still the amusement of children and of savages.

The first peoples, then, wrote their histories with altars, tombs, and stony pillars, which they elevated in the deserts. But when, more advanced in intelligence and incited by their interests and events, they wished to transmit to posterity memorials more distinct and circumstantial, they were undoubtedly stopped by the impossibility of copying to nature the facts and the emblems of truths, the memorials of which they wished to perpetuate and the tradition of which they wished to have preserved. They contented themselves with designing the principal features; accordingly, they represented a whole army by a long bow and a buckler, necessary things for war; agriculture by a farming implement; the Divine Being by an eye, an appropriate symbol of foreknowledge and providence, &c. Hence it will be seen that theirs was an abbreviated mode of designing.

It was thus that, even after alphabetical characters were adopted in ancient inscriptions, we find in the words the greater number of the letters omitted, and most frequently they have only the first and the last letters of the word, often only the initial letter. The hieroglyphic figures on stone and marble are preserved; but the memorials and the knowledge they were intended to perpetuate, for the most part perished with the institutions of ancient Egypt, and it is to be feared that the praiseworthy investigations of Champollion will fail in throwing light on the far greater number of them. These hieroglyphics, in the course of time, became enigmas for the common people; and as they are naturally prone to see mysterious things in all those they do not comprehend, and as they knew by tradition that the priests were the depositaries of the secret, and saw the walls of the temples covered with hieroglyphic characters, these characters became for them a kind of sacred writing; these fantastic figures appeared to them as so many emblems and characters of supernatural beings, and eventually a superstitious ignorance saw in them as many divinities as there were different emblems.

But the art of representing objects or even moral subjects by emblems or by physical attributes has nothing in common with the art of expressing ideas by the decomposition or decompounding of sounds. So, children and savages, who possess some gross notions of drawing, have never imagined anything that would approach the art of writing. In China some millions of lettered persons have not been able in some thousands of years to make their writing of words, or at most of syllables, advance a single step, and like us decompose sounds; and this discovery, which we regard so simple and easy, has yet to be called into existence among a people who have preceded us in the invention of several arts, and to whom nothing was wanting to bring them to perfection but an instrument of thought more practical and expeditious—We mean another form of writing their language. The aboriginal populous nations of our own continent were still less advanced, and they were obliged to use knots and to string their *quipos* to preserve and transmit to posterity the remembrance of memorable events and to mark the epochs and divisions of time.

The problem of writing—and under the term *writing* we include printing, which is only a form of it—consists in reducing the infinite number of articulate sounds the human

voice may form alone, or modified by the tongue, lips, &c., to a determinate number of simple or compound sounds, which are called *vowels* and *consonants*. The number in the different languages commonly varies from twenty to thirty, which may be reduced to a medium number, as is nearly the case with our own, and sometimes writing under the same characters some compound sounds peculiar to certain languages.

But it should be well remarked that the value and kind of these elementary sounds disappear either wholly or partly in the pronunciation, and are marked and possible to be distinguished only in writing and by the signs or letters that characterize them

This is one of the strongest objections that can be urged against the opinion of writing being an invention; and if it be true that the decomposition or analysis of sounds, which is the whole secret of our writing, could not have been made but from the sight of written language, and not by merely hearing spoken language, it is evident that writing would have been almost indispensably necessary to establish the use of writing. In fact, vowels, which are simple emissions of the voice, signify nothing, only as far as they are joined to consonants that sound with them. But consonants themselves alone, and considered individually, cannot either be pronounced without vowels which *sound* with them; and it is in order to render this sound less sensible that in our alphabet we pronounce several of our consonants with an *e*, the most mute of our vowels. Thus b, c, d, g, p, t, v, z, take each a vowel, and are pronounced *be*, *ce*, *de*, &c.; and some, as h, j, k, q, take two vowels, and are pronounced *aitch*, *kay*, *cue*, &c. With us sometime ago Z was pronounced with a vowel and another consonant, *zed;* and though we take our examples only from our English alphabet, the same will be found in all languages and in a still more marked manner. Thus in Greek the letters are sounded *alpha*, *beta*, *gamma*, *delta*, &c.; in German *ah*, *bay*, *tsay*, *day*, &c.; but more than all in Hebrew, where the letters sound *aleph*, *beth*, *ghimel*, *daleth*, &c., and in Irish, or Hiberno-Celtic, where they sound *aibm*, *beth*, *coll*, *duir*, &c.

Hence it follows that consonants are indecomposible to pronunciation, since they are inseparable from vowels, and some from other consonants, and that it is at the same time impossible to pronounce them alone as they are written, or to write them compounded as they are pronounced. So "in

the orthography of Hebrew words, the vowels are suppressed, which are sometimes replaced by points, because the consonants wholly alone force the vowels to reappear in their train in reading or in pronunciation, and the dispute between Hebraists turns on the kind and the number of vowels that are joined to such or such a consonant. It is known, besides, that vowels are very indifferent in etymologies; they vary in the same words and under the influence of the same language, transferred from one country to another; and the different dialects of the same language differ among themselves in the vowels as the different languages do in regard to the consonants."*

While on this subject, we may remark that a sad mistake has occurred among us in regard to the letter *a*. It was pronounced by our forefathers *ah*, but in the last century England adopted the fashion of calling that vowel *aye*, a sound which it very seldom has, whereas the sound of *ah*, long, short, or broad, is heard in almost every syllable into which it enters. But the great misfortune was that our English fathers and cousins, backed by the University of Cambridge (the University of Oxford remaining hostile to the innovation), carried this fashion into the pronunciation of Latin, thus making *amo*, *ayemo*, in place of *awmo*. Chiefly to this cause is to be attributed the difficulty English-speaking students experience in pronouncing, and, therefore, in learning the modern languages of Europe, in none of which does that vowel ever have the sound of *aye*.

But to return from our slight digression. In the actual state of our knowledge, how can we imagine the process the pretended inventor of the art of writing would have followed to decompose or decompound the sounds of a language which he knew only by hearing—those sounds which are confounded in the pronunciation and which take in the word a compound sound which often presents none of the elementary sounds of which it is composed. How, for example, in articulating the words, *they*, *you*, not to speak of more complicated ones, could he discover that they were formed of the four letters, *t*, *h*, *e*, *y*, or of the three, *y*, *o*, *u*, if he had not known already; that is, named and distinguished one from the other, each of these elementary sounds? And how could he have named and distinguised them if he had not already read them and seen them distinguished by the characters or let-

* De Bonald.

ters which give each one its value and its name. Let an American who knows only the English language try to write French, German, Spanish, or Polish words pronounced before him, and with their peculiar pronunciation, and undoubtedly he never could succeed in writing them correctly, because his hearing would never seize the exact sounds the knowledge of which would have been necessary.

A pronounced word or monosyllable is a complete sound, an indivisible sound, the elements of which disappear in the pronunciation, and are not distinguished from each other but by the signs or letters that characterize them. So, to decompose sounds is nothing else but to name them; and how name them if one does not know the particular name of each?

The art of writing may be compared to that of printing, which is only a more expeditious mode of writing. Now, it would have been impossible that the art of printing could have commenced with a people who were ignorant of writing, and it is easy to judge by analogy that writing could not have been invented by a people who until then knew only a spoken language. The only manner of writing, the invention of which was possible, was the writing of the Chinese, who give a particular character to each word, who write by words in place of letters, a kind of hieroglyphic writing which substitutes conventional signs for figures drawn from natural or artificial objects—a mode of writing which M. De Bonald thinks is "perhaps only an alteration or a vague and confused recollection of writing by the decomposition of sounds," and which is probably the chief cause of the little progress the Chinese have made in the arts, and the remarkable dulness of their intellect, because these people employ in the study of the instrument of thought the time we employ in studying thought itself. Truly, then, this mode of writing has little or no connection with ours.

Again, if writing had been solely invented by hearing spoken language, homonymous words, or those of the same pronunciation, would have been written alike. What difference, for instance, could be detected by the ear between the words *hair* and *hare*, or between *reign*, *rain*, and *rein*, &c.? And such, no doubt, would be the case in other languages, though there is some reason for believing that homonymous words are found only in derived languages.

Undoubtedly, we, who possess characters that serve to note the decomposition, or analysis, of sounds in all languages,

could apply them to the words of those we hear for the first time, and write them, if not such as they are in themselves, at least such as they sound to our ears. It would be like a song which he who knows music could note in hearing it. But the question is to know whether men could have been able to distinguish and name before they were represented by characters those same sounds which we combine together when we learn to read, which we do not distinguish from each other when we write, but by the character that represents them and the name they bear; the question, in a word, is to know if writing was not necessary to invent writing, and if men not being able to speak without thinking, nor to think without speaking interiorl y, could at any time write their thoughts before having read them, as they could not read them without having written them; for, as one cannot think but in speaking to himself, so he cannot write without reading in himself the characters he traces on the paper.

It is easy to say men observe, reflect, judge, &c., because we ourselves, treating of written languages, as we do of spoken ones, possess all the qualifications for observation, reflexion, and judgment. But let us transport ourselves in thought to the times that preceded writing, and let us judge of all the vagueness and void that must have been caused in the mind by the absence of characters that would serve to distinguish sounds among each other and note their decomposition; and whether it was not necessary to have already the names and the characters to be able to distinguish the sounds, in place of distinguishing the sounds to assign them names and characters.

There is no language in which we may not remark more or less difference between the spelling and the pronounciation of some words, and in some languages part of the orthography is scarcely articulated, and the sounds vary according to the words. For instance, in our own language the vowels in many words take the sounds of almost all the other vowels, and it may justly be said that the exceptions to the rules of orthography are more numerous than the rules themselves.

All the arts have had their origin or reason in our wants, their matter in nature, and their form in our industry, and are always awakened by something anterior to their discovery, and which is, as it were, the germ which our minds only fecundate; but what image of physical nature, what accident, what chance could have been able to put men on

the way of making the marvellous discovery of the art of writing, and make them imagine that it was possible to read the articulations of the voice and to write thoughts? What analogy could this art have with any object in nature, or among the arts? In what needs, in what necessities of our individual nature could have been the germ and the occasion?

We see in the rude sketches which children draw, and in the gross figures with which the savage ornaments his bow or his cup, the first draughts of painting and sculpture. Architecture, with its columns, its entablatures, and frontons, is but the development of a cabin with its posts, its girders, and its roofs. We see every day men without any knowledge of arithmetic, without even the knowledge of reading, form systems of counting for themselves; others without any knowledge of surveying measure with great exactness their own lands. Rustic songs preluded, in all nations, the accents of poetry; but never has it been heard that any person without having learned it was able to imagine any method of making known his thoughts that would at all approach the art of decomposing sounds and writing them; for signs, symbols, and generally all emblematic or real images, ought naturally present themselves to the minds of men, and are really only abridged signs.

That a syllabic system of writing was invented by an unlettered Cherokee Indian for his own language is not incredible, we readily grant. We can easily admit it without considering that it militates against the views we have taken in regard to the decompounding of the letters of words. But even in this case the ingenious Indian had previously heard from the missionaries the uses of the letters of their books. Had he never seen or heard of alphabetical characters, how would the case have stood?

It would be a mistake to compare alphabetic writing to the gamut or chanted music to language. Music considers and notes the intensity and the movement of sounds and the intervals between them; writing, the articulations of sounds. Music measures and counts the tones, strong or weak, accelerated or slow, grave or acute; it is not an expression of thoughts, but rather an arithmetic of sounds; and hence it is that its theory can be submitted to calculation. In the gamut, in fact, an octave of cyphers may be, and sometimes is, substituted for the octave of notes. The cyphers would mark by their denomination the elevation or the lowering of the tone, as the notes express it by their position in the

musical scale. If music expresses something more to the imagination; if it expresses with some truth the passions, both tender and violent, it is wholly on account of the natural disposition we have of employing in the ones softer and slower movements of voice and gesture, and in the others sharper and louder movements. But although language and writing express thought, the sound we hear or read has no necessary and natural connection with the objects of our thoughts and of our words (if it be not in the imitation of some physical accidents); such, in a word, is the difference between the art of music and that of language and writing that it becomes necessary, notwithstanding what the lovers of music may say to the contrary, that music must aid itself with language—that is to say, must speak, if it desires to be understood.

But when was there the necessity, or even the want, of the art of writing for man? for one cannot help thinking that so marvellous an art could not have been invented without necessity. If man, considered as a simple individual and isolated from all society, could live without talking, the family could much more exist without the knowledge of writing. In our own times, even in the midst of civilized society, the art of writing is not known by a large number of persons and families, and language suffices for their duties as well as for their wants. "In ancient times this art," as De Bonald justly observes, "was not necessary for the public requirements of society; religious worship consisted in chants or hymns committed to memory. Laws were customs from time immemorial, and legal decisions were given *viva voce* by old men. War was carried on without art, and commerce by simple exchanges of commodities. Political transactions were confided to messengers or heralds, who repeated them word for word and in the same order they received them—the propositions they were charged with transmitting—a usage of which frequent examples are found in Homer, and in the sacred Scriptures, and which prove the ignorance in which men were in those times of the art of writing."

Writing, which, in a certain sense, may be regarded as public language, inasmuch as it generalizes language in extending it to all times, and in transporting it to all places, and in making it heard by all men—writing, we say, was not absolutely *necessary for man*, but it was needed *against man*—we mean, to preserve society against the passions of men—in fixing and in rendering forever unalterable the divine, funda-

mental, and primitive laws which man continually tends to corrupt, in order to put in their place the laws of his own designing. Thus the art of writing, of which man availed himself for his convenience, and which he has so often abused, was not intended for the wants and the pleasures of man, but was given to society for an end worthy of a means so wonderful, to maintain the rule or the knowledge of duties against the inconstancy and inconsiderateness of man.

Upon this point the testimony of history is in perfect accordance with the inductions of reason. The first time the word *writing* appears in history it is joined to the word *law*, and the times of *written*, or positive, law succeed to the times of oral law, called, also, *natural* law. The most ancient and the most authentic monument of writing of which we have any knowledge shows us a whole people passing from the domestic state to the social or public condition, or what we understand by the term *society*, at the same time that they receive from the Author of society the written text of their fundamental laws and of social order. This same text, which this same people, always subsisting, preserve still with so unfortunate a fidelity, and which the most enlightened and intelligent nations have received from their hands with such religious veneration, is, as well as the book that contains it, called by them the *Scripture*, or the *Book supereminently*, and which is the meaning of our term *Bible*.

So, at the epoch when writing was given to society, this same book, taken as a history, informs us that *all flesh had corrupted its ways*. The knowledge of the primitive virtues became effaced from the minds of men; the belief of the unity of God had become a monstrous idolatry; the immolation of human beings had taken the place of the innocent offerings of the fruits of the earth and of animals; marriage degenerated into polygamy, and despotism and slavery were in the family. And these same disorders we see reappear under other forms and other names in all places where the written text of the divine laws had become effaced or altered.

But persons who have aspired to be called philosophers have spoken of writing being an invention and have given the supposed history, or fable, of the inventor. And after all, perhaps, we will find in what they say new motives for concluding that writing was no invention, and, therefore, that it could not have had an inventor.

One of these gentlemen, who may be considered as a fair representative of the school—namely, Duclos—speaks as

follows: "Writing did not come into existence as language did, by a slow and insensible progression. It took many ages to appear. But when it did, it was suddenly and like light. * * Writing was in that state (that of the Egyptians and of the Chinese) and had no connection with our present writing, when a rare and profound genius conceived that discourse, however varied and extended it may be for expressing ideas, is, however, composed of only a small number of sounds, and that all that was wanting was to give them representative characters." Ah! undoubtedly that was all that was wanting. But would that have been a simple idea—an idea from the depths of our nature and which would come to us apart from our sensations? Would it have been, to speak more clearly, a human idea to figure sound, to fix language, and to make thought visible?

The Greeks and the Romans, so advanced in the arts of imitation and in those of thinking, who made such admirable discoveries in geometry and obtained such grand results in mechanics, with even the art of writing and the art of engraving on wood and on stone—could not conceive an idea so simple as to color this graven or sculptured writing and draw from it, by *pressure*, exact copies. And we ourselves, more advanced as we were in the arts, and who, at the time of the discovery of the art of printing, had carried the graphic art to such a point of perfection that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the last efforts of writing from the first impressions of printing, did not, until the fifteenth century, conceive or avail ourselves of a process at once so easy and so near at home. And yet persons would honor primeval times—those times that approached nearest to what is called the state of *pure nature* and which were in the most extreme barbarity—with the invention of writing!

Discourse, undoubtedly, when it is once written, appears to the eye to be *composed only of a small number of sounds, however varied and extended it may be for expressing ideas;* but spoken discourse (and it must not be forgotten that the question is in regard to the times that preceded the art of printing) seems to the ear as varied and extended as regards sounds as it does as regards ideas, and comprised of as many different sounds as of different ideas, since each idea appears to differ from another idea only by the difference of sound or of the word that expresses it; and the genius who could judge of it only by the ear, however *rare* and *profound* he may be, could not perceive, that is to say, receive by the

ear, the sensation of the fewness of the number of sounds which he could perceive only by the eye.

Far from being able to decompose the sounds so as to reduce them to a small number and represent them by so few characters, all the supposed genius could do would be to give a representative character to each word, to multiply thus almost to infinity the number of characters, in place of reducing them. Genius has gone no farther with a people who are the most numerous on earth, and who have been from the most ancient times organized into society, and this manner of serving themselves with the instrument of thought, has, as De Bonald well remarks, "so much benumbed their intellectual faculties that a missionary fears not to say that a Chinese is not capable of understanding in a month what a Frenchman could say to him in an hour."

However, the admissions of our philosopher should not be overlooked. He acknowledged that the writing of sounds has no connexion with hieroglyphic, symbolic, or emblematic characters, or the writings of the Egyptians, or of the Chinese; that, consequently, it could not have been derived from them, and that its origin must be sought elsewhere. He thinks writing must have come into existence many ages after language, and thereby he confirms what we have already advanced—that writing was given for the benefit of society when families were sufficiently multiplied to form peoples. And surely one cannot fail being struck with the comparison of writing to light, and the analogy between them, with which the instinct of truth inspires Duclos, a comparison of which he himself does not seem to feel the force, and which rather seems to refer this luminous art to the author of all light, and its instantaneous existence to the will of Him who could say to writing, as He did to light: "*Fiat—et erat.*"

But this rare and profound genius, this benefactor of society, must have been, no doubt, known by men; and the art he invented, that art which transmits to us so many obscure, so many culpable names, useful for its its inventor, would assuredly have consecrated his memory to the eternal gratitude of the human race. Here commence other uncertainties. We have seen the doubts of philosophers on the manner of the invention, and we will next see the doubts of history with regard to the person of the inventor.

Historic and fabulous traditions have, as we have already

noticed, attributed the art of writing to the Phœnicians and Egyptians, and the only doubt with them is as regards the particular inventor. But what reason is there for attributing all the genius of the invention to one part of the world rather than to another? Why limit it to the far East alone? To speak only of savages: do they not live in domestic society, and do they not have, as occasion may require, some form of public government? Do they not have neighbors, allies, and enemies? Do they not wage war and make peace? Have they not their needs and enjoyments, duties and passions, virtues and vices, that is to say, everything that would arouse the mind, stimulate industry, and awaken the genius of invention? They carve the figures of the objects they have beneath their eyes; why not also engrave the sounds they have on their lips? They express thought by emblems; why do they not go further and express oral language by its elementary sounds? It is, then, in Oriental countries, among the Phœnicians or the Egyptians, that, according to fabulous history, we have to seek the origin of writing.

"Phœnices primum, fami si creditur, ausi
Mansurum rudibus vocem signare figuris." *

Other traditions give the origin of writing to the Egyptians, and attribute its invention to a secretary or minister of an Egyptian king named *Thot*, the son of *Hermes*, *Mercury*, or *Trismegistus*, the latter a commodious personage, to whom fabulous antiquity was pleased to attribute every invention the inventor of which was unknown.

But the Phœnicians, better known in the political and literary world than their neighbors, on account of their commerce, their colonies, and their navigations, have almost always been confounded with the Hebrews. Their country was bordering on Palestine, their alphabet was the Hebrew alphabet, and their language a dialect of the Hebrew language. But the Egyptians had the Hebrews for a long time in the midst of them, and, according to an ancient author cited by Eusebius, owed to a famous personage of that nation (the patriarch Joseph) the wisest rules of administration and many of their most celebrated monuments.

Now, according to Hebraists, *Thot* and *Hermes* signify in Hebrew *letters* and *signs*, and *Thot* or *Hermes*, the pretended secretary or minister of the king of Egypt, the declared

* Lucan.

inventor of alphabetic letters and the son of Mercury Trismegistus, who from Egypt passed into Greek and Latin mythology with the title of god of eloquence and of letters, bears, at least, an extraordinary resemblance to Moses, who was raised at the court of Pharaoh, and who transmitted to the people of God the writing of the law. And all that the Greeks, who are well known to be addicted to ahe fobulous, have said of the institutions, the mysteries, and the government of ancient Egypt ought probably to be, in a great measure, referred to the books, the laws, and the government of the Hebrews.

Thus, through the Phœnicians and Egyptians, the supposed inventors of the art of writing, we equally ascend to the Hebrew people, the first depositaries of the written law; and we perceive through the veil which mythology has thrown over the history of primitive times the Hebrew nation, the chosen people of God, to be the oldest society on earth. And we find among all civilized nations some traces of their language, of their books, of their traditions, and of their history, as we find God himself at the head of the human family. Thus, God himself constituted the first society in promulgating and fixing, by writing, positive law, as He had constituted the first family in teaching it its natural duties by oral language.

Now, if we consider in their *ensemble* both the reasons deduced from the very nature of the art of writing, which do not permit the belief that it was possible to invent alphabetical writing, the opinions of philosophers in regard to the mode of its invention, the traditions of fabulous history with respect to the place and the inventor, and the belief of the most enlightened peoples regarding the promulgation of the *written* law still subsisting among us, we cannot but be struck with the support these different reasons or motives mutually lend to each other, and the strong probability, or, may we not rather say, the entire certainty, which results from them in favor of the divine origin we have ascribed to alphabetic writing, and that the latter was by no means, and could not have been, a human invention.

Further, it is evident that the art of alphabetic writing must have been originally either a human invention or a divine endowment or communication. No intermediate agency can reasonably be conceived, except that of an angelic one, unless, indeed, we choose to ascribe it to a diabolic one. But of an angelic agency in the matter we have

no satisfactory testimony; and as we hope none of our readers will feel disposed to give the honor of inventing so noble an art to so ignoble a sire as Satan, we will pass by the thought, or view, without honoring it with a comment, much less with a refutation.

We would now appeal to the candor of our readers whether we have not shown that alphabetic writing could not possibly have been an invention or even a discovery of men unless in the case of his having been specially and immediately enlightened and aided by the Almighty, in which case it would have been a miracle, and the honor should justly have reverted to the divine Author.* From

* We insert this article with pleasure in accordance with our rule of excluding no ingenious and able discussion which is not at variance with religion or morality—merely because the views which it advocates differ from our own. We do not agree with our contributor, that the art of writing, noble and useful as it is, can be regarded as a Divine invention any more than several other arts which are scarcely less useful, or less obstruse. If we believe that the art of writing was miraculously communicated to man by the Deity, there is no reason why we should not ascribe a similar origin to painting, sculpture, music, &c. We should rather remember that in the early stages of society it has ever been the habit to attribute to the Gods whatever was great or useful, but whose discoverer, or inventor, was not known; nor has the custom become altogether obsolete at the present day. We also know from both history and experience, that whatever is the prevalent belief in any particular country cannot be safely opposed even by the greatest thinkers of that country; hence it is that our contributor might have quoted Plato as well as Cicero in support of his views.

But the Greek philosopher qualifies his opinion on the subject; he tells us that the art of writing must have had for its author either a God, or a man divinely inspired. The latter was the opinion of most of the ancients. Thus, for example, Philo, the Hebrew Platonist, gives Abraham the honor of being the inspired man who communicated the miraculous gift to the rest of mankind. Josephus who claims to know the history of the Jews better than any other writer, denies the honor to Abraham, but does not hesitate to confer it on Seth. Other Jewish writers, who claim to be more learned and more trustworthy, assert that neither Abraham nor Seth had anything to do with the matter; but these, like the rest, differ with each other, one party conferring the honor on Moses, the other conferring it on Enoch. Then, again, the Persians ascribe the invention to Zoroaster, the Scandinavians to Odin, &c., &c.

We see then that it is not modern piety that has invested the art of writing with the character of a miracle; on the contrary, only a few Christian writers have adopted the Pagan idea; and that these few are by no means the most reliable of their class will hardly be denied when it is remembered that the most acute and erudite of them are the Rev. Dr. Adam Clark, author of "Commentaries on the Bible," and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Warburton, author of "The Divine Legation of Moses." The most learned of the early Christian writers regarded writing as they did any other useful art, which man, by means of the intellect bestowed upon him by the Creator, first invented it under the influence of necessity, and gradually improved it as he became more enlightened. It is in accordance with this view of the case that St. Augustin expresses the opinion that the art of writing had been known to the Antediluvians; and who will deny that he has reason and analogy on his side.

Those who have spent their lives in investigating the secrets of

the reasons we have adduced, then, does it not follow that the wonderful art we have been considering is a miraculous, if not a divine, one, and that it is entitled to the designation of *divine*, not by courtesy or by a figure of speech, as was the case with the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, but by a just and legitimate right, by right divine? It is therefore to be hoped that no scholar, no philosopher, no true man, much less a Christian, will henceforward attribute its authorship to any less worthy and noble a personage than Him of whom it is written: *Ipse dixit, et facta sunt; ipse mandavit, et creata sunt.*

ART. IV.—1. *The Æneid of Virgil*, translated into English Verse. By JOHN CONINGTON, M. A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. 12mo., pp. 482. New York: W. J. Windleton, 1867.

2. *The Æneis of Virgil.* Translated by CHARLES SYMMONS D. D., of Jesus College, Oxford. Chiswick: 1820.

3. *Virgil. The Eclogues* translated by WRANGHAM, the *Georgics* by SOTHEBY, and the *Æneid* by DRYDEN, in 2 vols. London: 1830.

4. *The Æneid*, by C. PITT, and *The Bucolics* and *Georgics*, by JOSEPH WARTON. London: 1783.

5. *P. Virgilii Maronis Opera. Interpretatione et Notis*, illustravit C. G. HEYNE. Lips.: 1834.

FEWER critics have done justice to Virgil than to any other poet of antiquity whose works have reached us. The chief reason of this is that in comparing him with Homer, nearly all praise or condemn him according as he is like or unlike the author of the Iliad. But little allowance is made for the very different circumstances in which the two poets were placed. It is too much the habit to forget that the

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antiquity, remind us that there never has existed a language which was not exceedingly imperfect in its origin. Need we say that had it come from the Divine hand, ready-made, this would not have been the case. But no; the structure and genius of a language are as much the result of natural causes, as different styles of architecture and different schools of painting. "Les doctrines politiques ou religieuses," say the two most eminent Egyptologists of modern times (Figeas and Champollion), "créèrent des alphabets comme elles créèrent des polices et des liturgies." (Vide Introduction to M. Silvestre's *Paleographie universelle.*) The great Leibnitz has said in a similar spirit, "Donnez-moi un bon alphabet et je vous donnerai une langue bien faite." Another savant, who has treated the subject learnedly and ably is M. Léon Vaïsse, of the French Academy. This gentleman is, we believe, as good a Christian as any of his studious investigating brethren, and the conclusions which he arrives at are the following: "Mais c'est ni sous l'influence d'une inspiration surnaturelle, ni par une création spontanée, que le grand art d'écrire la penseé a été formé. Il n'est arrivé au point où nous le trouvons aujourd'hui chez les

Romans of the time of Virgil were as much unlike the Greeks of the time of Homer as any civilized or half-civilized people could be unlike another. They were dissimilar in their modes of thought, in their manners and customs, in their religious and political faith. Still more dissimilar, if possible, were their traditions. Those of the Greeks were the most brilliant of all antiquity; the fame of the heroes of the Trojan war were not confined to Greece; they formed the subjects of fine poems in all parts of the East, from the Red Sea to the Indus, before ever Homer wrote. The Romans of Virgil's time had no such traditions, no such heroes. It is not too much to say that he had to create both; and he had to do so in a manner that would flatter at once the people and their sovereign. The Romans had indeed had wars before his time; but their ancient wars could be regarded as little more than the fitful contentions of petty tribes, and those of a more dignified character were of too recent a date to furnish materials for an epic poem. The final destruction of Carthage by Scipio was a great event; but it could not so soon be forgotten that Hannibal had threatened Rome with destruction for nineteen years, destroying thousands of her best troops and ablest generals in their fruitless efforts to expel him from the country. But had the Punic wars been much more glorious than they were, both in their progress and results, Virgil had to bear in mind that they were republican, not monarchical; that they were the works of consuls and senates, not of kings and emperors; and it was the latter, not the former, whom he had to celebrate in order to give satisfaction.

The early kings of Italy, if there were any worthy of the name, were so obscure that it seemed a hopeless task to invest their actions with interest. To commence an epic poem with such materials as they afforded would have put the genius of Homer himself to a severe test; certainly even the Prince of poets could not have constructed such a work as the Iliad on so weak a foundation. Accordingly Virgil had to seek a portion of his materials elsewhere. He chooses characters, events and incidents, to commence with, which had already become famous throughout the world:

nations les plus civilizés, qu'a la suite d'essais et de modifications successives, dont le *souvenir*, en conséquence de la *nature* même du sujet, n'a pu être exactement gardé par l'histoire; car comment retrouvent historiquement l'origine d'un art avant l'invention duquel il n'a pas pu y avoir d'historians." This is the almost universal opinion at the present day; but we have not read the article of our contributor with the less interest on this account, and we have no doubt that most of our readers will regard it in a light equally favorable.—EDITOR.

the names of Hector, Ajax, Ulysses, Achilles, Diomede were each illustrative of greatness in one form or other; and scarcely less interesting or less poetical were Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen. But he has to make such use of all as will comport best with his main object, namely to flatter both his countrymen and the Emperor, to whose friendship he owed so much. Thus he represents the Romans as the descendants of the ancient Trojans; he traces the pedigree of Augustus back to the most illustrious of the Trojan kings. But this is not sufficient; he has also to represent him in the twofold character of a founder and lawgiver of a great nation. With this view he could not have chosen any of the more prominent personages of Homer for his hero; he must content himself with one of the most obscure of all. Then if Æneas has certain defects we are bound to remember that Augustus, whom he is undoubtedly designed to symbolize in his most prominent characteristics, had certain ideas of right and wrong which some even of his own courtiers regarded as vanities. He always affected the greatest reverence for the gods; accordingly Æneas is everywhere "pius." If Augustus was not strictly moral in practice, he was so at least in theory, and thus it is that of all the heroes of antiquity Æneas is the most exemplary in his morals. All the biographers of Augustus agree that he was a great admirer of the sex; that he would fall in love with the pretty women and allow them to fall in love with him without much thought of the consequences to himself or others; accordingly Æneas is by no means blind to the charms of Dido. After the first interview he would conceal nothing from her; what causes him unutterable woe to mention he will relate in full to her; nor does he hesitate to wed her. When the gods require him to leave her, however, he is equally ready to obey; for, in order to do justice to his imperial descendant, his love for his wife or mistress must be subservient to his piety towards the gods. Hence it is that he abandons Dido with so little ceremony. Finally we are told, in regard to Augustus, that in his youth he always wept at tales of woe, and that even when wearing the imperial purple he could never read the lamentations of Andromache, Helen, and Hecuba over the dead body of Hector without being affected to tears. This trait, also, we find in the character of Æneas; it is the reason why in reading the Æneid we so often meet with the phrase, "*Sic fatur lacrymans.*"

It is only by bearing these facts in mind that the best judges can duly appreciate the great poem of Virgil. We

are no admirers of the character of Æneas, but, on the contrary, regard him as a very indifferent hero. One who is almost always either weeping or praying, and who scarcely ever attempts anything bold or daring, may be an excellent sovereign, but a much more dramatic personage is needed as the chief actor in an epic. But it has been seen that it is not to the genius of Virgil we are to attribute this defect, but to his desire to gratify his great patron. The poet was well aware himself that Æneas was a defective character; it has been the opinion of the most intelligent critics, from Donatus and Quintilian down to Heyne and Forbiger, that it was chiefly, if not solely, on account of the defects in the character of his hero that the poet requested at his death that the whole poem should be burned. It is not the less true, however, that no competent judge of any age or country has ever denied that at least the six first books are noble performances; still greater has been the unanimity, wherever literature is admired, as to the superior excellence of the second, fourth, and sixth books. These could not be surpassed; it may be doubted whether Homer himself, had he lived in the time of Virgil and been under similar restraint, could have combined in the same space more sublimity, beauty, grace, and pathos.

Yet they must not be compared with any three books of the Iliad; for the reasons already given, such a comparison would be unjust. We might as well pass sentence on Milton according as he differs from Dante; for the authors of Paradise Lost and the *Inferno* are certainly not more unlike in their genius than the authors of the Iliad and the Æneid; nor were the English of Milton's time more unlike the Italians of Dante's time in their manners and customs, political and religious faith, social condition, &c., than the Romans of Virgil's time were unlike the Greeks of the time of Homer. It is true that the Roman poet has imitated the Greek poet; he has done more than this—he has borrowed largely from him; but so have all other great poets since his time. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides have in turn drawn their chief materials from the great intellectual storehouse of the Iliad; and who will deny the indebtedness of Milton, Dante, and Tasso to the same source, not to mention Racine, Klopstock, Camoens, and a host of others. But who has turned his borrowed materials to such excellent account as Virgil? Not one of all we have mentioned has equalled him; it may be said now as truly as it was in the time of

Quintilian that he is second only to Homer, and that he is nearer to the first than he is to the third.*

If Virgil should be disparaged because he has thus borrowed, so should Milton, Dante, and Tasso, each of whom has borrowed largely from the Æneid, as well as from the Iliad; and on the same principle we must condemn Shakespeare, who is the most extensive borrower of all. But in order to appreciate Virgil it is not sufficient to be aware of the manner in which he availed himself of the treasures of the Homeric poems; it is also necessary to understand that there was not one of the Greek poets or historians whose works were still extant in his time whom he did not carefully study in the original, and in none did he meet with a good or beautiful passage without profiting by it in one form or other. Even the comic poets he has imitated wherever he has found them worthy of it; he has frequently availed himself of the happy thoughts of Menander and Aristophanes; nor has he disdained to cull a beautiful flower, here and there, from the Odes of Pindar.† As to Apollonius, the author of the Argonautics, he makes him contribute to the beauty and pathos of some of his noblest passages.‡ With all that was good in the works of his own countrymen, including Varius, Lucretius, and Tibullus, he made equally free, but he improved on all.

Although scarcely any of the Latin writers is more easily read than Virgil, no translator can do justice to his Æneid without being acquainted with these facts. It is also necessary to have an idea of the character of his education. Thus, for example, there are many of his most sublime thoughts which cannot be fully appreciated without more or less acquaintance with the epicurian philosophy which he studied thoroughly under the tuition of Syro, one of the most celebrated philosophers of his time. He was also well acquainted with the mathematical sciences, and had studied medicine for several years. Thus it is that even those who have accused him of having

* Inst. Orator, lib. x., 85.

† See Pindar's fourth Pythian and compare Virgil's description of the Harpies in the third book of the Æneid. Compare Virgil's description also of Mount Ætna in the same book, with that in Pindar's first Pythian. The Greek poet is undoubtedly grand; but the Roman poet vastly grander.

‡ The best illustration of this may be found in the beautiful description of a calm still night in the fourth book of the Æneid, said to have been imitated from the Argonautics. The student of the classics may compare Argon. iii., 743, &c., with Æneid iv., 522, &c. Each is sublime, but Virgil's must be awarded the palm of superiority.

appropriated the whole of the second book of the Æneid from the Greek poet, Pisander, give him credit for the highest mental discipline and the most extensive learning.*

Thus we see that Virgil had the most excellent materials for his first six books, and no one who has studied the subject will deny that he has made the best possible use of them. But it is urged that he owes their chief attraction to Homer. That he owes much of it to him may be readily admitted; but that he was capable of attaining excellence altogether independently of the Iliad is sufficiently shown by the story of Dido in the fourth book, which is wholly his own, and which is not excelled in beauty, sublimity, and pathos, even by that of the destruction of Troy in the second book. It is, in a word, a perfect gem; neither ancient nor modern literature—not the Iliad itself—contains any piece of equal length so unique in the highest attributes of the epopee.

There is a falling off, however, in the last six books; this cannot be denied. But is there not ample reason for it? The reason we have already adverted to: in the first six books Virgil made use of the Homeric characters, each of which might be said to be highly poetical, even as names. But how different are the circumstances in the six last books Admirable as the first six books are, they do not render the Æneid a national poem. This has yet to be done; it has, in fact, to be commenced. The poet has now to depend mainly on personages scarcely ever heard of before, and who are introduced solely because they are, or at least are supposed to be, natives of Italy. And as already intimated all have to be chosen from the royal or princely caste; no republicans are to be admitted. Accordingly the poet has to avail himself of such names as Ufens, Messapus, Tarchon, Mezentius, Evander, &c. What a contrast do these present to Hector, Ajax, Diomede, &c.! The former were as obscure and repulsive as the latter were illustrious and poetical. None but a masterly hand could invest such names with interest, much less render them poetical. This the poet was aware of himself, and hence it is that Turnus is the only one of the Italian personages of whom he gives us a full portraiture. At the same time, whenever tradition affords him any opportunity to shed lustre on a native prince, he avails himself of it in the most judicious and happy manner. This is well illustrated by the

* Virgilius quem nullius unquam disciplinæ involuit.—Macrobius, *In Somn. Scip.* B. 8.

interest with which he invests Camilla, queen of the Volscii; Lausus, son of Mezentius, and Pallas, son of Evander.

It is evident that he did not regard even these as possessing sufficient dignity for the epic, for he bestows on them their particular claims only in an episodic manner. He introduces them only for a moment, and dismisses them as persons who, however respectable and well-meaning, should not be allowed to linger in the same temple with the most illustrious heroes and the gods themselves. This is in accordance with human nature as well as epic propriety; it is what takes place in real life as well as in heroic poetry, yet there are certain critics who condemn Virgil for it.

He is also condemned because he has not caused battles like those between the Greeks and Trojans to be fought in Italy; that is, because he has not created an Italian Achilles, an Italian Hector, &c.; whereas he was far too well acquainted with the best models to attempt what there was no foundation for, either in tradition or history. We should also remember that in portraying the character of Turnus he had to avoid making him a greater hero than Æneas, because the latter was destined to prevail ultimately. Being thus circumscribed on both sides, the poet is obliged to have recourse to subordinate personages for his most startling events.

In order that the general reader should understand this, it is necessary that we should allude, however briefly, to what may be called the national part of the plot. It is sufficient to say that Lavinia, the daughter of King Latinus and Queen Amata, is betrothed to Turnus, king of the Rutulians; but Æneas falls in love with her and claims her hand, his only pretension beyond that of his character as a hero being that he had been announced by the oracles as the husband of the young princess. Latinus receives Æneas and his countrymen with the greatest kindness and friendship, but his wife Amata espouses the cause of Turnus. Several battles are fought, in which Latinus takes no part, preferring to shut himself up in his palace and even incur the imputation of want of gallantry rather than violate the rites of hospitality and oppose what he thinks was ordained by fate. Finally Turnus is killed by Æneas, and Amata hangs herself.

The very critics who blame Virgil most for having borrowed so much from Homer censure him now because he has pursued a course so different from that of the Greek poet. They remind us that Hecuba had no idea of committing suicide when her son Hector was slain by Achilles, and they

add that Lavinia ought at once to have become a prominent character like Andromache. But are not the circumstances entirely different in each case? Still more different are the circumstances in which Lavinia is placed and those of Helen.

It is true that she, as well as the author, has caused a bloody war; but Lavinia made no elopement; she made no attempt to violate any vow that she had made, but was dutiful and obedient to her parents until the last, and equally dutiful and faithful to the husband who had now a double right to her hand. At the same time, it becomes her best to have little to say; it would have been in the worst possible taste for her to exult in the death of the man to whom she had been betrothed in her early youth and who finally died for her sake. Nor would there have been much more propriety, either poetical or moral, in openly mourning the death of Turnus; her husband might justly have reproached her had she done so. She is precisely as she ought to be; she says little, but fulfils her duty as a wife in such a manner that all the outside world knows of her is that she is beautiful, modest, and amiable. And this is the light in which she has been regarded by the best poets since Virgil's time, several of whom have availed themselves, silent as she is, of her excellent womanly characteristics.

Other personages of Virgil have been condemned in a similar manner; especially his women. We need only mention Camilla, the warrior queen of the Volscii, who is not the less modest and chaste for taking the field in person when her country is in danger; and to whom, accordingly, we owe so many such noble female warriors as Clorinda, Marfisa, and Bradamanta. But it is not sufficient to know all this in order to translate the Æneid into any modern language; it is necessary to bear in mind that there is not an important incident or illustrious name in Roman history or Roman fable, from the earliest wars of the Etruscans, Samnites, and Albanians to the accession of Augustus to the imperial throne, which Virgil does not mention, or allude to in one form or other. Most frequently he confines himself to an allusion; he prefers to suggest to the mind rather than express to the ear. But even when he embodies both the facts and names he is always chary of words—never wishes to use one that can be avoided. Hence it is that, notwithstanding the splendid sonorousness and sustained majesty of his style, he is the most difficult to translate of all the classic poets, with the sole exception of Horace.

It is true that any one having a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the Latin can derive much pleasure from the perusal of the Æneid in the original; he can discover more beauties in it than he can in any other Latin poem. This has led many to believe that Virgil is more easily translated than any other classic writer, whereas the reverse is the fact, except, indeed, we are satisfied with a translation in which most of the nicer shades of thought and most poetical images are lost. This is the characteristic of Virgil that Dryden alludes to when he says: "There (in his brevity) he is like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language." This "musk" and "civet" the translator must possess in order to succeed. That is, he must be familiarly acquainted with all the sources, both poetical and historical—Greek, Roman, and Phœnician—from which Virgil has drawn materials for the adornment of his magnificent pantheon. In addition to this, he must possess not only a highly cultivated taste and a thorough knowledge of the Latin and of the language into which he translates, but he must be gifted with the poetic spirit to a greater or less extent.

Is it strange, then, that so few have succeeded in translating Virgil? Is it incredible that he has never had full justice done him in the English language? Dryden's translation is undoubtedly a noble poem; with all its faults it certainly makes the nearest approach to the spirit of the original. We have several other creditable versions, at least three or four. Any of these would impress the reader with a high idea of the genius of Virgil; but we cannot say that the one which does so best is Mr. Conington's. If only for the sake of the American publisher, it would afford us pleasure to award the palm of excellence to the new translation, for we hold that one who publishes such works as the general class of those issued by Mr. Widdleton ought to be encouraged. But while we readily acknowledge that Mr. Conington's version has many attractions and should be read by every lover of poetry, whether he is acquainted with the original or not, we cannot regard it as the genuine Æneid. If others do so, both in England and in this country, perhaps it is because they are more competent judges than we. Be this as it may, we merely give our opinion, and if we cannot show that it is correct, it is our own wish

that it be rejected. Far be it from us to deny that Mr. Conington is an accomplished scholar; indeed, his position as Professor of Latin in Oxford University might be regarded as a guarantee of the fact; he has, besides, edited several classical text-books, and we believe that his editions have been well received in England. He might also have been successful in translating Virgil had he adopted a metre suitable for the epic; although we doubt whether he possesses sufficient of the poetical spirit to do justice to the Æneid in any metre. Had it been otherwise, however; had he possessed the poetical genius of a Dryden or a Pope, he certainly would have failed with the octosyllabic measure which he has chosen. That Scott succeeded pretty well in describing border warfare in that measure was no satisfactory reason why Mr. Conington should have any success in translating one of the two greatest epic poems either the ancient or the modern world has produced in the same measure. How an Oxford professor of Latin could have made such a mistake in regard to Virgil, above all others, seems utterly unaccountable. Scott is, indeed, a good model for a novelist; but need we say that he has produced no poem which makes any pretensions to the grandeur or sublimity of the epic? But let us hear our translator on the subject. "The style of the Lay," says Mr. Conington, "is comparatively rude and unpolished; the style of the Lord of the Isles is comparatively cultivated and elaborate. I need not say that it is the latter type that *I have made my model rather* than the former."* The reader need hardly pause to compare Virgil's Æneid with Scott's "Lord of the Isles," in order to judge of the fitness of the Professor's model, and how much that is Virgilian can be expected from it. But he tells us that he has not copied all forms of the ditty style in translating Virgil. "I have sedulously eschewed," he says, "what Mr. Arnold calls the ballad slang, *even where it offered itself without the seeking;* such expressions as 'out and spoke,' 'well I wot,' 'all on Parnassus' slope,' I have left where I found them."† This shows what a severe taste the Professor has; but of course he could not exclude himself from the use of all such fine expressions. Accordingly he adds the following remark: "I have not, indeed, denied myself an occasional archaism any more than Virgil himself has done, as I cannot see that 'mote' for 'might,' and 'eyne' for 'eyes,'

* Preface, p. xiv. † *Ib.*

are more objectionable than 'faco' for 'facero,' and 'aulai' for 'aulæ.'" Such an announcement and comparison in the preface to an epic poem are not very promising; for our own part, at least, they would not lead us to expect much, and were it otherwise we should be mistaken in the present instance. Before we proceed to illustrate this we will see what those universally regarded as the best judges say on the subject of metre. We have never seen a good edition of Virgil in the original in which hexameter verse, corresponding with what is called the English heroic measure, is not expressly mentioned by the editor as one of the essential requisites of the epic. Thus, in the Delfine edition, the epic is defined as "Imitatio actionis unius illustris, completæ, certæ magnitudinis, quæ narratione et *versu hexametro*, &c." That is, the hexameter is held to appertain as much to the epic as the unity, greatness, and completeness of the action. Thus has the greatest of critics taught. "But heroic metre," says Aristotle, "*is established by experience as adapted to the epopee.* For, if any should attempt narrative imitation *in any other metre, or in many metres mingled together, the unfitness of it would be apparent;* for heroic metre is of all others the most stable and ample."*

We are aware that there are but few of our readers who need any authority on this subject, and we think that these few would be convinced by Mr. Conington himself, at least that his metre is very unsuitable to the Æneid. If they would not be satisfied on reading a few passages of his translation, without reference to any other, new or old, they would soon change their mind on comparing those passages with the corresponding ones of almost any of the other versions whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. It would not be necessary to compare Dryden; the version of Pitt or that of Symmons would answer the purpose. There is no reason why we should award the palm of superiority to one more than the other, except so far as it deserved. If Mr. Conington is an Oxford Professor, so was Symmons when he translated Virgil; but perhaps the former is more learned and more gifted than the latter. Of this, indeed, we should have no doubt did we take the word of the author of the Introductory Note to the American edition, who, referring to Dryden's translation, informs us that "it has long been felt that something more

* The Poetics of Aristotle, ch. xxiv.

might be attained in *new versions*, when the translator should bring to the work *the modern fruits of matured learning* and patient criticism, combined with the *requisite poetical faculty*."* Of course, Professor Conington has brought all this "to the work," and accordingly we are told, two or three lines farther on in the same page, that he "has by one bold step at once gained the admiration of the critics and charmed the wide, popular circle of English readers." It was certainly "a bold step," but there is a sort of boldness that degenerates into recklessness. Besides, the "wide, popular circle" is often easily charmed; although it is but rarely, if ever, it is charmed with what is really good. None despised the "popular circle" more than Virgil himself. He does not say, like Horace, that he hates the "profane vulgar," but more than once he shows plainly enough that he would as soon be disliked as admired by the class of critics which are said in the "Introductory Note" to have been charmed by Mr. Conington—those whom Virgil calls "miserabile vulgus."† At least it may be said, without any undue aristocratic pretensions, that they are not the best judges of an epic poem written in the original or in the form of a translation. But it is time now that we should allow the translator to vindicate himself, if he can, in order that neither he nor his admirers can say that we have chosen his worst passages as specimens of his version. We commence our extracts with the opening of his first book:

"Arms and the man I sing, who first,
By Fate of Ilian realm *amerced*,
To fair Italia onward bore,
And landed on Lavinium's shore:—
Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,
By violence of heaven, to sate
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate:
Much labored too in battle-field,
Striving his city's walls to build,
And give his Gods a home:
Thence come the *hardy* Latin *brood*,
The ancient sires of Alba's blood,
And lofty-rampired Rome.

Say, Muse, for godhead how disdained,
Or wherefore wroth, Heaven's queen constrained
That soul of piety so long
To turn the wheel, to cope with wrong.
Can heavenly natures nourish hate
So fierce, so blindly passionate?

* P. x. † Æn. ii., 798.

There stood a city on the sea
Manned by a Tyrian colony,
Named Carthage, fronting far to south
Italia's coast and Tiber's mouth,
Rich in all wealth, all means of rule,
And hardened in war's sternest school." (p. 3.)

Let any one who has ever read Virgil, either in the original or through the medium of a translation, ask himself, is this Virgilian? Is there anything of the epic style in it? Before we make any reply, it is proper to remark that Mr. Conington claims much credit for himself over his "rhyming predecessors in respect of closeness to the original." If this claim were well founded, it would be a recommendation, though only one of a restricted character. When a translation of a classic work is "close," it is useful to students in aiding them to render the exact sense of "difficult" words, even when it has no pretensions to poetry. But instead of affording more assistance than others in this way, Mr. Conington affords much less in too many instances; very often he entirely misrepresents the plain and obvious meaning of the original. Who will deny that he does so in the very second line of the opening passage which we have above quoted? What intelligent student would be satisfied with "*amerced*" as an equivalent for "*profugus?*" Indeed, the translator could hardly have hit on a more unsuitable word, since "amerced" means to be fined—mulcted in pecuniary damages — since "profugus" simply means *driven*, or *impelled*. And there are very few lines in which we do not find a similar instance of "closeness." If the English word used is not a pompous one like "amerced," it is in the other extreme, or a whole phrase of the latter character is used. Thus the sonorous and expressive, yet simple and natural expression "*genus Latinum*" is rendered by Mr. Conington "hardy Latin brood." How much the Romans of the time of Augustus would have been flattered by being called a "brood," as if they had descended from hens or geese, instead of from the immortal gods! Might not Augustus himself have thought that he was regarded somewhat in the light of a gander, or "rooster," since he was the head of the "brood"? We have passed over the line—

"And give his gods a home,"

as too plain to need any comment; it is sufficient to say that it is what Mr. Conington gives us for "*inferretque Deos Latio.*" There is no part of a line in Virgil more frequently

quoted than his "Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?" which our translator renders as follows:

> "Can heavenly natures *nourish* hate
> So *fierce*, so *blindly* passionate?"

Need we say that there is nothing whatever about "nourish"-ment, "fierce"-ness, or "blind"-ness in the original? All the poet asks is simply, "Are so great resentments in heavenly minds?" In his next stanza Mr. Conington speaks of Carthage as having been "*manned*" by a Tyrian colony, as if one of the greatest cities of antiquity had been merely a ship or a boat. The language of Virgil is—"*Tyrii tenuere coloni*," that is, "Tyrian husbandmen inhabited or founded." The "wide, popular circle" alluded to above may feel much "charmed" at being told that the rival of the Roman Empire was "manned," by a Tyrian colony; but, in our opinion, it is a sad specimen of what Horace calls the *sermo pedestris*. The whole story, so far as told above, only occupies fourteen lines in the original; in the translation it extends to twenty-five!

But we will give Mr. Conington full opportunity to vindicate himself. We will now proceed to some of the celebrated passages in the Æneid and see how much of their affecting tenderness and appalling sublimity is reproduced in the new translation. It matters little what book we turn to first, especially as it is our intention to allow the translator to show what he can do in different departments of the task which he has chosen; for we hold that there are those who, while they are but commonplace and tedious in narrative, are quite charming in their descriptions of natural scenery and their portraitures of character; and, again, that there are others who succeed admirably in portraying the gentler passions, but utterly fail when they attempt the stronger passions of our nature. Thus, for example, maternal or paternal affection, strong as it is, requires a very different style of mind to portray it from that required by the passion of love. It is universally admitted that there is no finer specimen of the former in ancient or modern literature than that which we find at the close of the sixth book of the Æneid. Macrobius tells us* that since it became known that Virgil was engaged on the great epic, for which he had been preparing himself for fifteen years, all who had read his Bucolics and Georgics were very anxious to have a portion of the new poem read to them. But no one was more anxious than Au-

* Satur. i. 24.

gustus, who wrote the poet several letters requesting to be shown a part of the Æneid. At length Virgil consented to read the sixth book. Only a short time previously the emperor's sister Octavia lost her beloved son Marcellus; the youth was the adopted son of the Emperor Augustus, and his amiable disposition had endeared him to all. This had nothing to do, however, with the general desire of all persons of taste to see the Æneid; it had not occurred, either to the mother or uncle, that the great epic could take any notice of so recent an occurrence. But the fact was different; the surprise, therefore, with which both Octavia and Augustus heard the lines which referred to their darling greatly enhanced the tenderness which, under any circumstances, they are so well calculated to excite. For the gratification of such as are familiar with the Latin we give the original at the bottom of the page,* transcribing here Mr. Conington's version of the same passage. His son makes some inquiries of Anchises, and the old man replies, with gushing tears, according to Mr. Conington, as follows:

"Ah son! *compel* me not to speak
The sorrows of our race!
That youth the Fates but just *display*
To earth, nor let him longer stay:
With gifts like these *for aye* to hold,
Rome's heart had e'en been overbold.
Ah! what a groan from Mars's plain
Shall o'er the city sound!
How wilt thou gaze on that long train,
Old Tiber, rolling to the main
Beside his *new-raised mound!*
No youth of Ilium's seed inspires
With hope as fair his Latian sires:
Nor Rome shall *dandle on her knee*
A *nursling* so adored as he.
O piety! O ancient faith!
O hand untamed in battle scathe!
No foe had lived before his sword,
Stemmed he on foot the war's red tide
Or with relentless rowel gored
His foaming charger's side.
Dear child of pity! shouldst thou burst
The *dungeon-bars* of Fate *accurst*,
Our own Marcellus thou!" (pp. 226, 227.)

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* "O nate, engentem luctum ne quære tuorum:
Ostendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent. Nimium vobis Romana propago
Visa potens; superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent.

We do not say that there is no pathos in this; it would be impossible to give the most meagre interpretation of the original without awakening feelings of tenderness and sympathy; but it is a meagre one Mr. Conington has given us, and we miss in it that deep, sorrowful emotion, which, as it were, struggles for utterance in every line of the original, and which causes so many to weep even at the present day. We are assured, on the best testimony, that all present at the court of Augustus were affected to tears; how the bereaved mother must have felt may be inferred from the fact that she made the poet a present of a sum equal to 10,000 *sestertia* for each line of the passage quoted below. But Virgil uses no such word in the first line as "compel;" for *quære* is a very different term; it means to inquire into, or express a wish for, which, it will be admitted, is more courteous as well as more practical than to "compel." The poet does not say "*our* race," but *thy* race, or rather *thy family*, which, it will be admitted, is a very different thing. In the same manner "ostendent," which simply means to show, is translated *display*. Virgil most pathetically says that it would seem to the gods that the Romans would be too powerful if these great gifts had been perpetual. This is what the translator attempts to express in the couplet—

> "With gifts like these for aye to hold
> Rome's heart had *been e'en overbold*."

In speaking of the sepulture of the lamented youth, Virgil uses an expression which corresponds exactly with the English expression "new-made grave"—that is, "*tumulum recentum*;" but Mr. Conington has it "new-raised *mound*." The term "*præterlabere*" used by Virgil does not mean to *roll*; it has here at least a far more poetical and pathetic

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Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cùm tumulum præterlabere recentem!
Nec puer Iliacâ quisquam de gente Latinos
In tantum spe tollet avos: nec Romula quondam
Ullo se tantùm tellus jactabit alumno.
Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! invictaque bello
Dextera! non illi quisquam se impunè tulisset
Obvius armato: seu cùm pedes iret in hostem,
Seu spumantis equi soderet cealcaribus armos.
Heu miserande puer! si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."

Æ. lib. vi. 868-83.

meaning—namely, to *glide* or *murmur*. There is a deep and touching, yet noble, sorrow in the expression—

"Nec Romula quondam
Ullo se tantum tellus jactabit alumno."

But can the same be said of the lines which purport to be a translation of it:

"Nor Rome shall *dandle on her knee*
A *nursling* so adored as he."

If this be the epic style, it is that of the nursery, certainly not that of the Æneid; at all events, it is a pretty fair specimen of the way in which, to use the words of the "Introductory Note," Mr. Conington "brings to the work the modern fruits of matured learning." It would occupy too much time to go over the whole passage, but we cannot pass over the manner in which our translator has rendered the deeply-affecting but very simple expressions—

"Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."

There is nothing forced or exaggerated in this; every word used is admirably appropriate; yet there is no appearance of art; but in Mr. Conington's translation all is changed:

"*Dear child of pity!* shouldst thou burst
The *dungeon bars* of fate *accurst*,
Our own Marcellus thou!"

Need we say that "Dear child of pity" is a very different expression from "*Heu miserande puer!*" (Alas! boy to be pitied!) but it is the perfection of translating compared to the following expressions in the same lines. There is not a word in the original about "dungeon bars," or any other "bars;" nor is anything said to be "accurst." In the concluding hemistich the poet says, without any flourish: "Thou shalt be Marcellus." Those acquainted with the character of the old Marcellus (Claudius), called *ensis Romanorum*, will readily admit that this is sufficient, but Mr. Conington utterly destroys the force and beauty of the allusion by adding the worse than superfluous words "*our own*."

Now, wishing to do justice to all concerned in seeking for a version to compare with the passage just quoted, we will not go beyond Oxford, an institution which none admire for the good it has done more than ourselves. Mr.

Symmons's translation is, indeed, not so recent as Mr. Conington's; but it is vastly more poetical as well as more faithful to the original. The following is the famous passage as rendered by Symmons:

"'Son!' cried the weeping sire, 'the wish forego
To learn what late must whelm thy house in woe.
Him shall the jealous Fates but show to earth:
A short bright flash between decease and birth.
Too high, ye gods! our Roman power had grown,
Had this your precious gift been all our own.
How shall the field of Mars lament his doom;
Its plain resounding with the groan of Rome!
Tiber! what pomps of woe shall o'er thy grave
Gloom, as it murmurs by the recent grave!
No youth of Troy, thus rich in early praise,
So high the hope of Italy shall raise:
Nor shall our Rome, 'mid all her hero-host,
A son so bright in dawning glory boast.
O piety, O faith of ancient strain!
O hand, unconquered on the martial plain!
On foot, or spurring his impetuous steed,
The foe that met him had been sure to bleed.
Ah! couldst thou, hapless boy! through fate's decree
Break into age, thou should'st Marcellus be?'"

This, indeed, does not do justice to the original; but it is a very good translation; it is vastly superior in every respect to the version of Mr. Conington; it is far closer to the original, more poetical, more condensed in thought—in a word, more Virgilian. Now, be it remembered that in the original there are but fifteen lines and a half; in Symmons's version there are twenty lines, in Mr. Conington's twenty-four. Thus, we see, that if the value of an epic poem were to be estimated according to its length that of Mr. Conington would cast all versions into the shade.

We now turn from the gentle tenderness of parental affection to the stronger passion of love. The latter we find in its most perfect state in the story of Dido; for although the Phœnician queen is a goddess, Virgil places her before us in every instance as a true woman. She has all the weaknesses and all the aspirations, as well as all the attractions of her sex. She falls passionately in love with Æneas and takes an eager interest in everything he does and says; the story of his misfortunes holds her entranced in sympathetic emotion. But passionate and impulsive as she is, Æneas must marry her—must at least acknowledge her as his lawful wife; or, hero, and goddess-born as he is, he cannot live with her. When she learns that he is about

to leave her, she uses every effort to dissuade him. For a moment she seeks refuge from her grief in female pride; anon she humbles herself to the dust and is tenderer than ever. In order to gain the sympathy of her sister to help to sustain her in her anguish she lets her know the whole secret of her passion for Æneas. Finding that all her efforts to dissuade the hero are in vain, she determines to put an end to her miserable life. Before we condemn this, let us take into account that in Virgil's time suicide, far from being a disgrace, was rather an honor. The manner in which all this is done is described by Virgil as nothing of the kind had ever been described before, or ever has been since. If Æneas acted in an unmanly manner in abandoning the beautiful Tyrian after he had gained her affections and rendered life unsupportable to her without him, the poet shows that he was fully aware of this defect in his character; and accordingly we find that when Æneas meets her in Hædes she scorns all his attemps to make amends for his conduct; not deigning even to look at him, much less make any reply, to his untimely assurances of tenderness. It is impossible to read intelligently in the original any passage in the fourth book, in which the most eventful and interesting part of Dido's story is told, without being much affected; most passages in the book have drawn tears even from those who are least sentimental. But let us see how much of this pathos has been reproduced by Mr. Conington; we will again quote from the beginning of a book, and allow room for a full specimen.

"*Not so the queen:* a deep wound drains
The *healthful current* of her veins:
Long since the unsuspected flame
Has fastened on her fevered frame:
Much dwells she on the chief divine,
Much on the glories of his line:
Each look is pictured in her breast,
Each word: nor passion lets her rest.

Soon as Aurora, *tricked anew*,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew,
Behold her thus her care impart
To the fond sister of her heart:

'What portents, Anna, sister dear,
Possess my troubled dreams!
What strange unwonted guest is here!
How hero-like he seems!
How bold his port! how fair his face!
'Tis no vain tale, his heavenly race.
Fear proves a base-born soul: but he—
What perils his from war and sea!

Were not my purpose fixed as fate
With none in wedlock's band to mate,
Since my first passion falsely played
And left me by grim death betrayed—
Were bed and bridal aught but pain,
Perchance I had been weak again.
Dear Anna! aye, I will confess,
Since that wild moment of distress
When poor Sychæus foully bled,
And brother's crime a home made red,
He, he alone has touched my heart,
And made my faltering purpose start.
E'en in those ashen embers cold
I feel the spark I felt of old.
But first for me may Earth *unseal*
The horrors of her womb,
Or Jove with awful thunderpeal
Dismiss me into gloom,
The gloom of Orcus' dim twilight,
Or deeper still, primeval night,
Ere wound I thee, my woman's fame,
Or disallow thy sacred claim.
My heart to him on whom 't was set
Has passed: and let him hold it yet,
And keep it in his tomb.'
She said, and speaking bathed her breast
With tears that would not be repressed." (pp. 109, 110.)

In the original this part of the story is embraced in thirty lines; but Mr. Conington stretches it out to forty-seven lines! This is not strange, since he introduces many things which are not to be found in Virgil; although, upon the other hand, there are many things in Virgil which he fails to reproduce. The half of Mr. Conington's first line, "Not so the queen," is an interpolation. There is nothing about "healthful current" in the original. All we have in Virgil to justify the second couplet of his translator is "*cæco carpitur igne*;" in this there is nothing about fastening anything on her "fevered frame." Nothing of its kind could be finer than the line in the original,

"Postera Phœbea lustrabat lampade terras,"

which Mr. Conington interprets as follows:

"Soon as Aurora, *tricked anew*."

Dido tells us very feelingly, that since the unhappy death of her husband Æneas alone has moved her feelings and interested her wavering mind, so that she is now reminded of her former love. But this would not do for Mr. Conington; in order to improve upon Virgil he interpolates the following line:

"*Even in these ashen embers cold*."

Not a word in the original about "ashen embers," not a word about "cold"-ness. But there are four lines in the original passage which we must copy, partly because they are universally admired and partly because they are characteristic of Dido, and, at the same time, of true female modesty.

"Sed mihi vel tellus optem priùs ima dehiscat;
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Antè, Pudor, quàm te violo, aut tua jura resolvo."—(24–7.)

Mr. Conington gives seven lines for these in the above passage—those beginning with, "But first for me," and ending with "thy sacred claim." This is the only way we can indicate them, for the verses of the new translation are not numbered like those of Symmons, Pitt, Dryden, &c.; and we think, upon the whole, that it is as well that they are not. Thus, for instance, we might go to verse 100, in the original, then we might search for what purports to be a translation of it among about 150 lines. It is true that it would be a different matter if we had not to compare the interpretation with the original; for then the numbers would be useful for pointing out particular lines in the translation, whereas that can be done now only by referring to the page, as in a novel or other prose work not divided into brief chapters. But to return to the four lines just transcribed. Need we say that the term "unseal" has no such force as "*dehiscat*," which means "may open up," or "yawn open." In none of his more pathetic passages does Virgil use the term "Jove" or "Jupiter;" nor does he in the present case, but "the omnipotent Father," which is far more expressive with the passionate feeling of the speaker. Still more tame and otherwise defective is the line—

"Dismiss me into gloom."

What a rendering for "*adigat*" is "dismiss!" as if a schoolmistress were sending some of her delinquent students into some convenient dark room, so that they might be "good" in future. Now we transcribe the same passage as rendered by Symmons, so that the reader may once more compare the versions of the two Oxford men:

"But now the wounded queen in every vein
Feels the soft fire, and thrills with secret pain.
The chief's high valor and high race from Jove
Press on her thought with power that wakens love.

His looks, his words live settled in her breast;
And throbbing cares withhold her limbs from rest.
When now the morn, in orient light arrayed,
Had chased the dewy night's incumbent shade,
Scarce knowing what she said, the royal fair
Thus to her much-loved sister breathed her care:
'Anna! my sister! ah! what dreams affright
My trembling spirits, and disturb the night?
What wondrous man is this—our stranger guest!
In form a hero, with a hero's breast!
Sprung from the gods, Fame truly speaks his birth:
For fear still taints the common sons of earth.
What wars' exhausted rage his lips relate!
How nobly has he fought with hostile fate!
If the fixed purpose of my soul could move;
If now my thought could bend to wedded love;
If, its first passion wronged by death's divorce,
My heart could feel desire's recurring force,
Not sick and shrinking from the nuptial bed,
To this one fault its weakness might be led.
For, Anna! I will own, since Heaven decreed
Sychæus by his brother's steel should bleed,
This man alone could urge my faltering will;
And wake my former flame to warm me still.
But earth engulf me, or the hand of Jove
Strike me with thunder from the realms above,
Deep—deep in darkness with the shades to lie,
Ere I will break thy laws, fair Chastity!'"

Although we have already devoted much more space and time to the new translation than we had intended, we will give one passage more from it, so that such of our readers as may not take the trouble to get the work may have an opportunity of forming an opinion of Mr. Conington's method of reproducing the terrible and grand. Virgil's description of the punishments of the guilty in hell is justly ranked among the most sublime of his efforts. His whole account of the infernal regions, including that of his descent with the Sibyl, at once fascinates and appals the reader. None who peruse it carefully will be surprised to learn that it has inspired some of the most sublime passages in the *Inferno*, Paradise Lost, and *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Indeed, the best of the three poets has not scrupled to borrow largely from it; and all who have written anything on the same subject have attempted to imitate it. We are glad to see that it has imparted to Mr. Conington a degree of eloquence which he exhibits nowhere else. Indeed, he makes a nearer approach to success in the sixth than in any other book of the Æneid. Yet, in this, too, it must be held that he has failed. Those most familiar with Virgil will have some difficulty in recognizing the following

passage as a rendering of one or two of his most famous scenes:

"There too is Tityos the accurst,
By earth's all-fostering bosom nurst:
O'er acres nine from end to end
His vast unmeasured limbs extend:
A vulture on his liver preys:
The liver fails not nor decays:
Still o'er that flesh, which breeds new pangs,
With crooked beak the torturer hangs,
Explores its depth with bloody fangs,
And searches for her food;
Still haunts the cavern of his breast,
Nor lets the filaments have rest,
To endless pain renewed.
Why should I name the Lapith race,
Pirithous and Ixion base?
A frowning rock their heads o'ertops,
Which ever nods and almost drops:
Couches where golden pillars shine
Invite them freely to recline,
And banquets smile before their eyne
With kingly splendor proud:
When lo! fell malice in her mien,
Beside them lies the Furies' queen:
From the rich fare she bars their hand,
Thrusts in their face her sulphurous brand,
And thunders hoarse and loud.
Here those who wronged a brother's love,
Assailed a sire's grey hair,
Or for a trustful client wove
A treachery and a snare,
Who wont on hoarded wealth to brood,
In sullen selfish solitude,
Nor called their friends to share the good
(The most in number they).
With those whom vengeance robbed of life
For guilty love of other's wife,
And those who drew the unnatural sword,
Or broke the bond 'twixt slave and lord,
Await the reckoning-day.
Ask not their doom, nor seek to know
What depth receives them there below.
Some roll huge rocks up rising ground,
Or hang, to whirling wheels fast bound:
There in the bottom of the pit
Sits Theseus, and will ever sit:
And Phlegyas warns the ghostly crowd,
Proclaiming through the shades aloud,
'Behold, and learn to practise right,
Nor do the blessed gods despite.'
This to a tyrant master sold
His native land for cursed gold,
Made laws for lucre and unmade:
That dared his daughter's bed to climb:
All, all essayed some monstrous crime,
And perfected the crime essayed." (pp. 213-15.

We have grown weary of criticizing Mr. Conington, and we dare say our readers have become as weary of it as ourselves. We will, therefore, confine our remarks in the present case to a verse or two. But lest we might seem to do the translator any injustice, we first copy the original:

> "Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
> Admonet, et magna testator voce per humbras:
> Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.
> Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem,
> Imposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refexit,
> Hic thalamum invasit natæ, vetitosque hymæneos.—613–623.

There is terrific grandeur in these lines. Nor do they contain a superfluous word, or one which does not contribute to heighten the startling vividness of the picture. At the same time, although the scene is laid in hell, among demons, all the circumstances are human and natural. What the poet tells us in the two first lines is "that the most miserable Phlegias admonishes all, and bears witness through the shades with a loud voice." For this Mr. Conington has,

> "And Phlegyas warns *the ghostly crowd*,
> *Proclaiming* through the shades *aloud*."

Thus of *all* (*omnes*) Mr. Conington makes "the ghostly crowd;" of testifying or bearing witness with a loud voice he makes "proclaiming aloud," which is a very different thing both in regard to sense and poetry. Virgil proceeds: "Admonished, learn *justice* and not despise the gods." It will be admitted that nothing could be more appropriate than this, as coming from one who had been unjust all his life, and was now suffering for his injustice. But the whole sense is changed by Mr. Conington in the lines—

> "Behold and learn to practise *right*
> Nor do the *blessed* gods, *despite*."

In the expression "practise right" we lose the allusion of the poet to the nature of the wrong committed. Of Virgil's one line the translator makes two; but there is more meaning, energy, and correctness in the former than in a dozen like the latter. Thus the poet only gives the pithy, awful warning, "despise not the gods." There is nothing about "blessed"-ness. "Blessed" is not only superfluous; it is vulgar; nor is "despite" a more appropriate term. "This" as applied to a person in the English language is neither poetical nor grammatical; nor does it render "*hic*," which means "this man." Those for whom we have the greatest

contempt we do not distinguish in English by the demonstrative "this," which, consequently, when used without a noun, as Mr. Conington has used it, means "thing." Even those who indulge in abuse say, "this person," "this fellow," &c. One more remark and we are done with Mr. Conington's translation. Nothing could be more expressive, yet nothing more chaste, than the hemistich of Virgil—

"Hic thalamum invasit natæ,"

which Mr. Conington renders:

"That dared his daughter's bed to *climb*."

The term *invade* in English as well as in Latin (*invadere*) implies violence by itself. But can the same be said of *climb?* May not any person climb with the most innocent and most legitimate intentions? We sometimes climb into our own trees to gather their fruit; the child climbs into its mother's arms; nay, the ivy climbs according to the best authorities; and so do many kinds of birds, including the *parrot*. No doubt Mr. Conington thinks that the beds must have been very high in the heroic times; perhaps young ladies sometimes had their beds on trees; but even in this case *climbing* to them would not of itself have implied any violence or turpitude, whereas the expression of Virgil clearly implies both. Now we transcribe Pitt's version of the same passage, only premising that while it is far from being Virgilian, it is nearly equally far superior to Mr. Conington's version:

"Near by the mighty Tityus I beheld
Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er the infernal field;
He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
While with fierce screams a vulture tore away
His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey;
Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plunged in vain,
For still the fruitful fibres spring again,
Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain.
She dwells forever in his roomy breast,
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest;
But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast.
Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
Ixion's torments, or Perithoüs' fate?
On high a tottering, rocky fragment spreads,
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
While lucid columns, glorious to behold,
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
The queen of furies, a tremendous gust,
Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,

Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears.
They that on earth had low pursuits in view,
Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,
And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,
But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor;
Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled;
Or perished in the foul adulterous bed;
Or broke the ties of faith with base deceit;
Imprisoned deep, their destined torments wait.
But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
Or the dire sentence of their endless woe.
Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;
There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
Chain'd down forever in a chair of fire.
There Phlegyas feels unutterable wo,
And roars incessant thro' the shades below;
Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,
These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.
This wretch his country to a tyrant sold,
And barter'd glorious liberty for gold.
Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,
For those same laws a bribe repeal'd again.
To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd;
All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd!"

Had we been influenced only by the value of Mr. Conington's translation we certainly would not have allowed our article to have extended to its present length; but with the task of examining the new version we have combined the pleasure of pointing out some of the beauties of Virgil. We cannot pretend, however, to have given any adequate idea of the Æneid as a whole; it is a work of far too much magnitude to be disposed of by a passing notice of a fragment here and there. Nearly all our remarks have been devoted to the third and sixth books, and there are striking incidents and sublime passages in each to which we have not been able even to allude. Whereas the second book is a perfect gem in itself, or rather a cluster of gems, all rivalling each other in brilliancy, grace, and beauty. Although the first book is by no means the best, it has never been excelled by a modern writer. Did it contain nothing but the description of the tempest on the coast of Italy and the account of the landing of the Trojans in Africa,* it would be entitled to rank among the highest similar efforts of the human mind. Then, in the third book, we have the tender and touching adieu to the ruined fatherland, and the still more

* v. 157 et seq.

affecting scene, if possible, in which we are introduced to Andromache—the model wife and matron.

After the scenes in the fourth book to which we have alluded our excited feelings are in need of repose: accordingly we are presented with those fine spectacles in the fifth book; and the obsequies of Anchises, while they please the fancy, teach us to reverence the good in their old age, to regret them in their death, and emulate their example. After the sublime scenes with which we are presented in the sixth book, the transition to the dream of Turnus in the seventh is easy and natural; and then we have in the same book the war fomented by Tisiphonus. In the eighth we have a noble picture of the hospitality of the heroic times, and the poet's still more famous description of the prophetic shield of Vulcan. But we have not space even to enumerate the beautiful and affecting incidents to be found in each book. We have to pass over the devotion of Nysa and Euryalus, the death of Pallas, and the filial heroism of Lausus; nor can we do more than mention the combat between Æneas and Darius, on the issue of which depended the fate of the Trojan race.

We have already remarked that the six last books are inferior in epic dignity and grandeur; but we have also assigned a satisfactory reason for the difference; and it is no mere theory or hypothesis, but a fact which any intelligent person may verify for himself. Even Homer could hardly have made giants of pigmies. The greatest poets must choose their principal characters either from history or popular tradition in order to succeed in the epopee; but most of the characters in the last six books of the Æneid were not to be found in one or the other, except in the vaguest and most obscure forms. Yet what a series of picturesque descriptions, noble portraitures, and startling but natural and affecting incidents are presented to us in these six inferior books!

But Virgil has not alone afforded inspiration to every great poet that has written since his time; he has done much more than this; he has exercised a favorable influence on the morality of every enlightened nation of modern times —that is, on every nation that has studied his great poem The morality of the Æneid is superior to that of the Iliad; although it would be very unjust to say that the latter is immoral. There is not a passage in the whole poem which the most modest young lady might not read aloud in the

drawing-room, with the sole exception of that describing the scene of the interview between Paris and Helen which had been brought about by Venus; even this is not more indelicate than Milton's description of what passed between Adam and Eve after they had eaten the forbidden fruit. But there is no exception in Virgil; even the passionate and impulsive Dido never makes use of an unchaste expression; never commits a lascivious act. And what modern poet worthy of the name—nay, what educated person—has not profited by the splendid diction and majestic style of the Æneid. Who that possesses a refined taste does not owe much of that refinement to the bard of Mantua?

A certain class of critics tell us that there have been much fewer translations of Virgil than of Homer, and this they present as a proof of the inferiority of the Roman poet. But the fact is the reverse; there is not a country of Europe but has more versions of the Æneid than of the Iliad. Certainly England forms no exception. But within the last twenty years Homer has been oftener translated into English than Virgil; not because the Greek poet is more generally read than the Roman poet, but because there are already better versions of the latter than of the former. It must be remembered that Dryden's translation of Virgil is much more faithful to the original than Pope's translation of Homer. The versions of Pitt and Symmons are also very good. What wonder is it, then, that so few attempt to render Virgil in recent times? and perhaps it is as little to be wondered at that those who do fail. But were it even true that Homer has been oftener translated than Virgil, the fact could prove nothing against the latter, since every intelligent person is aware that there are at least twenty who are familiar with Latin for one who is familiar with Greek; and no one who is capable of relishing the beauties of the Æneid in the original would have the patience to wade through one out of a dozen of the translations of it; nor do we think there are any who will regard that of Mr. Connington as an exception to the general rule.

Col. Jr.

ART. V.—*Reports of Proceedings against* JEFFERSON DAVIS *and other Documents.* May, 1867.

THERE are a certain class who will find fault with any public act in which they have not a hand themselves; it is only this class and those who accept their logic that have made such a noise about the release of Jefferson Davis on bail. It is none of our business to accuse them of want of sincerity in their indignation. They may be perfectly sincere, for aught we know; but if they are, they are sadly wanting in intelligence; their acquaintance with the law of nations, and particularly with the nature and duties of a constitutional governnment, must, indeed, be very limited. For our own part, we had no doubt from the day of Davis's arrest, that, sooner or later, he would be released (such was our confidence in the innate good sense of the American people); and we felt equally satisfied that under all the circumstances this was the proper course. Nor did we omit to give our reasons for our opinion; we did so fully just two years ago.* In different subsequent articles we have advocated the same views, especially in that entitled "The President's Veto—*Rights of Conquered.*"† We have shown that even despots seldom venture to proceed to extreme measures with those who rebel against them; indeed, scarcely ever when a large proportion of their subjects have taken part in the rebellion. We have shown that even Machiavelli has counselled moderation in cases of this kind.

Had we been in favor of secession at any time, it might have seemed that we put forward these views only because we sympathized with the rebels; but none were more opposed to it, none took more pains to prove that it would be a crime and a disgrace on the part of the American people to suffer the great Republic to be dismembered. This was our feeling from the beginning of the war to its close. But in none of our discussions on the subject did we forget or deny that, although the Southerners were at war with us, they possessed many noble qualities which should disarm our resentment against them in the day of victory; in every instance we reminded our readers that those with whom we were at war had not only been our fellow-citizens once but that in all human probability they would be so again,

* *Vide* article entitled "The Lessons and Results of the Rebellion," in number of this journal for June, 1865.

† National Quarterly Review for March, 1866.

if, indeed, they had in reality ever ceased to be our fellow-citizens. In a word, our feeling on the subject was this: "Prosecute the war with energy and vigour, so as to put down the rebellion as soon as possible; but indulge in no severities which are not fully sanctioned by the laws of civilized warfare." Then, as soon as the war was over, we advocated a general amnesty, and protested against all vindictive treatment of those whom our superior military resources had placed in our power. We endeavoured to show that it was in bad taste even for the newspapers to jeer at Jefferson Davis because he dressed in female apparel in order to evade his pursuers, reminding our readers that some of the world's greatest captains had not thought it beneath them to disguise themselves precisely as the rebel chief had done.

Mr. Greeley has been much censured because he has become one of the sureties for the appearance of Jefferson, should be called upon to stand his trial for high treason; but we do not think he ever did a wiser thing, or anything more to his credit, as a champion of constitutional government and liberal ideas. We confess that hitherto we had been in the habit of regarding the editor of the *Tribune* rather as a fanatic than as a philosopher; and we think that the course he had pursued, in general, fully justified us in that impression. Had Mr. Raymond become one of the sureties of Jefferson Davis we should not have wondered in the least; for he is a man of broader views than Mr. Greeley — one who reasons not only more calmly, but more profoundly. For these very reasons we have little doubt that Mr. Raymond would have become one of the sureties of Davis had he been called upon to do so; although we know nothing of his private views on the subject. We are glad, at all events, to see those who address large audiences—the majority of whom cannot think for themselves—counselling moderation and humanity. Without such counsel republicanism would soon become a byword. No republic has long survived its persecution of its citizens, under any pretence whatever. Athens was the wonder of the world in greatness and glory until its citizens became liable to be ostracised, despoiled of their property, imprisoned, or put to death for being "disloyal" or "impious." But from that moment its days as a free and independent state were numbered. And what brought eternal odium and disgrace on the Republic of Venice, once so flourishing, great, and powerful? Was it not her arbitrary and oppressive treatment of her "disloyal" citizens?

The principal objection raised against the release of Jefferson Davis is, that the impunity which he has been allowed to enjoy will embolden others to make an attempt equally treasonable, if not equally fraught with evil. But is it not beneath us, as a great and powerful people, to indulge such fears? We should rather remember that it is as true now as it was in Dido's time that fear is a mark of degeneracy, and that they make the nearest approach to the gods who exhibit most courage, especially in their patriotism.

But it is not sufficient to release Jefferson Davis; we are bound to treat all those who were lately in rebellion against us in a humane, considerate manner. This is our own interest; the interest of all who desire to maintain the Republic. We should not only recognize the rights of the Southerners; we should protect them in the exercise of those rights; we should say to them as Cyrus did to the Assyrians after he had conquered them: "Be not discouraged, you will continue to enjoy all the rights and privileges that are most dear to you; and I will punish any one who will attempt to injure you."* This, be it remembered, is the language of a "despot;" many other "despots" have spoken and acted in a manner equally statesmanlike and magnanimous. But do we, as the sovereign people of this great Republic, do so? is it not more the habit of a large class to urge on those who are most disposed to be vindictive and oppressive? It should not be forgotten that in a republic, as well as in a monarchy, despotism is apt to react on those who exercise it. Thus many of those who are so zealous "to teach the South a lesson which they cannot forget," would do well to bear in mind the case of Henry VIII. of England, who, having had a law passed declaring it high treason to predict the death of the king, so intimidated the physicians who attended him in his last illness that they dared not tell him his life was in danger, even when their doing so might have saved him.† It is familiar to all students of French literature that there were scarcely any of those who distinguished themselves by their cruel and oppresive severities during the Reign of Terror who were not ultimately oppressed, or murdered themselves according to their own teachings.

It may seem a trifling thing, for example, here in the

* Xenoph. *De Cyri Inst.* lib. iv. chap. 4, sec. 8.
† See Burnett's History of the Reformation, p. 152.

North, that a general of our army in the South has issued a decree removing the mayor of some city from his office, declaring the functions of the municipal government suspended, or closing up some newspaper office; but it is very seldom that the Czar of Russia commits a graver outrage against liberty. There is no excuse for it; it is a mockery of constitutional government, not to mention republicanism. No people have ever existed so peaceable, orderly, or dutiful to their government, but that riots have occurred amongst them. In the most enlightened countries there are occasional instances of popular violence, but nowhere, except in our Southern States, in Poland and in Ireland, are the civil laws set aside on account of such ebullitions. But even in Poland, or in Ireland, no general is permitted to act in the arbitrary manner in which some of our Republican generals are acting at the present day, in the midst of profound peace, when it is not pretended that the Southerners have the least idea of attempting an insurrection. Except in extraordinary cases, when there is good reason to expect an extensive outbreak, none but the sovereign can exercise that right. In England, even the sovereign must at least have the sanction of the Privy Council, if the case is so urgent that Parliament has not time to act upon it.

At the time that Wellington was universally regarded by the nation as the saviour of England, he dared not attempt, in his military capacity, such acts as have become quite common with our generals. Yet it is deemed a great wonder that the Southerners are not "loyal." The work of a mob is laid to the charge of a whole city, and the whole city is punished accordingly in the satrap style, as if it were inhabited, not by men who ever exercised any political rights, or knew what those rights were, but by schoolboys who were in the habit of being shut up in the "black hole" when they failed to get their lessons. Is this the way to make the Southerners loyal? Nay, is it not the most efficient plan that could be adopted to make them disloyal? One may display great ability and courage in commanding an army; he may gain twenty or fifty victories, and yet be entirely incompetent to govern a village, not to mention a large city or a State. But could it be known that he was a Solon or a Lycurgus in statesmanship, as well as an Alexander or a Napoleon in war, still he should not be invested with arbitrary power by any government that regards itself as constitutional.

As long as this state of things continues to exist—that of needlessly oppressing our fellow-citizens, the Southerners making no organized effort to overthrow the government—certain it is that we shall stand condemned by every respectable writer on the law of nations, not excepting those of our own country. It may seem an exaggerated statement that the Goths allowed the conquered Romans more liberty than this, but it is nevertheless true, according to the best authorities.* As for the Romans themselves, they could never have become the masters of the world had they been in the habit of oppressing those they conquered; and this they perfectly understood, for Livy tells us that "it is more difficult to retain provinces than to conquer them. Conquests," he pithily adds, "require but force, but *justice only* can *preserve* them."† Similar testimony is given by Tacitus‡ and Seneca.§ Grotius very justly remarks that it is not humanity alone that dictates kind treatment rather than undue severity to the conquered, but also self-interest on the part of the conqueror.‖ In discussing the same subject, Vattel warns the despots that "men of spirit, to whom life is nothing, less than nothing, unless sweetened by liberty, *will always conceive themselves at war with that oppressor*, though actual hostilities are suspended on their part *through want of ability*."¶

It may be said that all this refers to those conquered by a foreign power; but still more emphatically does it refer to subjects or citizens lately in rebellion against the rightful sovereign or government. Surely, if we ought not to oppress a foreign people whom we had conquered, we should not oppress our own fellow-citizens, our own kindred. But the great publicists do not leave any doubt on the subject, so far as the law of nations is concerned. In comparing a civil war with a foreign war Vattel justly and forcibly remarks: "They (the State and its own citizens in arms against it) stand precisely in the same predicament as two nations who engage in a contest, &c." "This being the case," he continues, "it is very evident that the common laws of war—those maxims of *humanity*, *moderation*, and *honor* which we have detailed—ought to be observed by both parties in every civil war."** But this is not all; the same publicist maintains that it becomes necessary to grant an amnesty

* See Grotius De Jure Belli et Pacis, lib. ii. c. ix.
† Hist. lib. iv. cap. lxxiv.
‡ Lib. iv. cap. xii.
§ *De Ira* lib. ii. cap. xxxiv.
‖ Lib. iii. c. iv. s. vii.
¶ Law of Nations, p. 388.
** Laws of Nations, book iii. c. xviii.

when the offenders are numerous; and that "when the amnesty is once granted *all the past must be buried in oblivion.*"* We call particular attention to this remark, because it embodies not merely the opinion of any one jurist, however eminent; but is a maxim in which all jurists who are considered authorities concur. Then the question arises—Have we buried the past in oblivion in regard to the South? Do we treat the Southerners as if they had never rebelled against us?

It is no palliation of the arbitrary severity alluded to above to say that it is no individual, but Congress, who authorizes a military commander to treat the local laws with contempt, dispose of judges and mayors as if they were burglars, and allow newspapers to be published only on condition that everything they contain meets the approval of his highness. Is an unjust or tyrannical act or system anything the less so because it is that of five hundred men instead of one or two. If it is, then, it follows that the more tyrants we have placed over us the better!

There are some who find new and unaswerable arguments in favor of a military domination in the South in the recent riot which took place at Mobile. But no arguments could be more illogical or more unjust. We have no more right to hold the citizens of Mobile responsible for what occurred, unjustifiable and much to be deplored as it was, so far as to punish them by martial law, than England had to hold the city of New York responsible when Macready was attacked in a somewhat similar manner at the Astor Place Theatre. Bad as the riot at Mobile was, had we not a much worse riot in New York only three years ago? But nobody has ever alleged, so far as we are aware, that our citizens generally sympathized with the rioters; and and still less has that riot been regarded by any candid or intelligent person as evidence that the Empire City was disloyal to the Federal government, and ought accordingly to be subjected to military rule.

But while we think that the Mobile rioters ought to be punished to the full extent of the civil law, it is by no means clear to us that Mr. Kelley pursued a prudent or judicious course. No maxim is more universally accepted than that if we leave home and address large popular audiences to whom we are strangers, we ought to use the language of courtesy, and

* Laws of Nations, book iii. c. xviii.

even flattery, rather than that of censure or offence. Still more does it become incumbent on us to do so if we attempt to addresst hose who have recently been our enemies and whom our arms have subdued. There are no circumstances in which a proud and spirited people are more sensitive than in those of this kind. But did Mr. Kelley err in this manner? In our opinion he did, and we do not know the gentleman from Adam; nor do we care what his politics are. No doubt he did not mean to be offensive; but, nevertheless, from all the reports of his speech which we have seen we should infer that he was. Nothing could have been more injudicious or in worse taste, for example, than his remark about the United States infantry. It was not merely a threat; under the circumstances it was one of the most offensive taunts that could have been used, since it recalled, with all its bitterness, the overthrow of the rebels.

Now, Mr. Greeley, as we have said, has done well in becoming one of Jefferson Davis's bailsmen; but can he reconcile it with the principles of justice or patriotism to aid in releasing the chief of the rebellion and at the same time aid in oppressing subordinate rebels? for we hold that all do the latter, however honest their intentions may be, who are in favour of governing any part of the South by martial law as long as the people at large continue peaceful. We allude to the editor of the *Tribune* in particular only because his journal is understood to be the organ of the faction who act in and out of Congress as if they thought that, not only should the late rebels be punished like children who had disobeyed their schoolmasters, but that their punishment should be nearly as perpetual as that of Theseus. It is for the interest of the Republic at large that the members of that faction should get some good advice; and who can give it to them more appropriately, or with a better chance of success, than their own organ? As for our other leading journals they are, in general, opposed to the satrap style of government in a republic; and hold that in time of peace at least the courts of justice ought to have as much authority and be as much respected as any military officer, however brilliantly he may have distinguished himself in battle.

Those disposed to treat the Southerners harshly would do well to learn a lesson from the case of the unfortunate Maximilian and his officers. We presume there are none of the former who would not place this country far above Mexico in enlightenment; but what would they think of the Mexican

government if it put the Archduke and his officers to death? Are there any of them who would think it creditable to that government to treat those prisoners harshly, without putting them to death at all? Would not all rather say: "Deal generously with them; what good will it do you or your country if you persecute them? It will rather do harm to both. Besides, you should remember that a political offence is regarded by every enlightened nation as different from all others." Now, if this be the language which we ought to address to the government of Mexico in regard to the Austrians, how illogical and unjust it would be to address the opposite language to the government of the United States in regard to our own kindred and fellow-citizens? Yet it is the latter that has hitherto been done by those who would have the world regard them as the great political reformers of modern times.

ART. VI.—1. *Fichte's Sämmtliche Werke.* (*Fichte's Complete Works.*) Berlin. 2 Bände.

2. *Fichte's Leben und Briefwechsel.* Herausgegeben von (*Fichte's Life and Correspondence.* Edited by) J. H. FICHTE. F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig. 2 Bände.

3. *Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie.* (*Outlines of the History of Philosophy.*) Von Dr. JOHANN EDUARD ERDMANN. Wilhelm Herz, Berlin. 2 Bände.

HAPPY are those periods of human development which find competent leaders to direct their movements or to solve their problems. An unusual moral elevation seems to take possession of the age which is privileged to behold strong-willed and noble men successfully carrying out the cause entrusted to them; or earnest thinkers throwing the clearest sunlight into regions which before, in their darkness, concealed all sorts of deadly terrors. Thus our War of Independence and the political struggles for the establishment of a permanent Confederate Republic which succeeded it, having been successfully mastered by the great military and political minds of that period, were followed by a half a century of quiet happiness and high moral development, such as no other people of the earth had ever tasted since the commencement of human history.

As there are still many who conceive the form of a Democratic Republic of confederate states fit only for a certain

district of land, enclosed by arbitrarily drawn geographical lines, so is there also endless talk of a "German" philosophy, as of a matter valid only for those residing within equally immediate geographical lines. There are, indeed, few who would be willing to say that there never was a true form of government in the world until ours was established; just as there are very few who feel convinced that there never did exist a system of philosophy until *the* system was established in Germany.

It is not, however, so much of that system itself as of its chief author, Fichte, that we design to speak in this article. In the course of this statement we shall doubtless be compelled to dwell, to some extent, both on the character of the movement, which gave birth to that discovery and on the general nature of the discovery itself.

John Gottlieb Fichte was born on the 19th of May, 1762, in the small village of Rammenau, in Saxony. Family tradition has it, that during the Thirty Years War a Swedish corporal, by the name of Fichte came to this village in his flight from a battle, and, being severely wounded, was taken care of by a Protestant farmer, in whose house he remained long enough to fall in love with its mistress, the daughter of his generous host. He resolved, therefore, to settle down in Rammenau and to marry the German girl. With her he raised a large family, and the name of Fichte became in the course of time one of the ruling names of the district.

Of this family, however, after many years had passed away, only one member remained in the village; this was the grandfather of our Fichte, a worthy citizen, carrying on a small trade in ribbons. He had a son, Christian, who in the course of time extended the business, and, having married the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer of ribbons in a neighboring city, built himself a new house in Rammenau, which, with the looms in it—the latter worked by Christian and often, also, by John Gottlieb—are still to be seen by curious travellers.

John Gottlieb was the first son born to Christian Fichte in this new house. As happens often in the case of first children, John resembled his mother both in features and temperament. He was a strong, healthy child, quick, lively, and earnest. As he grew up he soon evinced decided talents, so as to attract the attention of the village clergyman, whose sermons the boy was able to repeat almost

verbatim after service. It was owing to this talent that a certain Freiherr von Moltitz took a strong fancy to the child, and proposed to the parents that he would take the boy with him to his estate in Saxony and provide for his whole future career. After some hesitation the offer was accepted; and from his ninth to his thirteenth year young Fichte remained with Von Moltitz, receiving a passable education from a clergyman in the neighborhood

When he was thirteen years old, the Freiherr resolved to send the boy to a college, and accordingly Fichte was taken to that of Pforta. It was not exactly a model institution. Its regulations were strict, almost cruel. Its severe discipline had a very bad effect on the boys, for it produced an unconscious hypocrisy. Fichte, who had always been a frank, upright boy, not knowing what it was to lie, found it very difficult in after-life to rid himself of the spirit of lying which had taken hold of him in this college without his being aware of it. All the scholars, were, indeed, here educated to become systematic liars. The teachers were decidedly what we call "old fogies;" and as that was precisely one of those periods wherein the spirit of progress exhibits unwonted efforts to displace the old, the conservative spirit of the teachers only became all the more intense. Few of the new writers who were then rising on the horizon of German literature were tolerated at the college. Neither Wieland, nor Lessing, nor Goethe was permitted to enter in book-form the sacred walls of the institution. Even Klopstock was but partly tolerated.

In the course of time this despotism added to the bad treatment to which he was exposed from his room-mate, drove young Fichte nearly distracted. He felt that he could stand it no longer and resolved to free himself by flight. Having read Robinson Crusoe lately, the strange fancy took hold of him that he would run away and seek some lone island in a remote ocean, where he might enjoy complete and solitary freedom. True to his frank character, he advised his room-mate of his intention, but he only laughed at the plan. Fichte, however, did not lack courage, and one fine day he set out on his journey. But he had not wandered far before he discovered that if he could run away from the college he could not run away from his conscience; and, like a pious lad as he was, he fell on his knees to implore Divine protection upon his great under-

taking. While he prayed, the thought of his mother arose in his mind, and how he might never see her again if he went to that remote island of his dreams. This thought excited so intense a terror in his mind that he turned back to the college, resolved rather to bear the worst punishment than never to see his mother again. When he came back he made a full confession to his teacher, who felt strangely moved by the recital, and, kindly forgiving John, assigned him to another and better-hearted companion.

A new life now dawned upon young Fichte; for, being thus placed in a better relation towards his school-comrades, they took him into their great secret, and allowed him to take part in its glorious pleasures. This secret was nothing less than a system of smugglery by means of which all the forbidden books of the new German literature were slyly introduced into the college and passed from one boy to another. Deceitful as this was, it was but the natural result of the strict discipline which ruled the college. Thus, for the first time, the great and unknown world outside of school began to unfold itself to Fichte in its literature. Klopstock, Gellert, Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Rousseau, Milton, Young, Sterne, Pope, &c., were among the authors with whom he now became acquainted. But above all did he feel himself attracted towards Lessing, that greatest of fighters in the struggles of that period. It was unquestionably a natural relation, a relation of character, which first drew him towards Lessing, and thus made possible also a relation in the xepression of thought. This relation in the expression, or the literary influence of Lessing upon Fichte, is clearly perceptible throughout the latter's writings, but chiefly whenever a polemical tendency enters. For in polemical writing Lessing stood, and still stands, unrivalled; his vivid, sparkling, witty, and yet Germanly profound style is to-day the clearest proof that the language of Germany has retrograded since those palmy days of her literature. But of all German writers. Fichte stands next to Lessing in style—and style includes both manner of treatment and expression in language. The relation of character which so attracted the boy to the writings of this great man was a common love of truth and, what is inseparable therefrom, of artistic clearness in the exposition of truth. Lessing, having this power of artistically clear representation so thoroughly at his command, by teaching that secret to the boy, influenced him in his later

searches for truth more than any other writer. Lessing hated vagueness in writing and its equivalent, diffuseness of thought. At that time he was just engaged in his famous controversy with the Hamburg parson Goetze, who had denounced him as a heretic, and the "Anti-Goetze" pamphlets, wherein Lessing annihilated his libellous opponent, were the delight of young Fichte, who knew them almost by heart.

In the meanwhile Fichte's patron, the Freiherr, died, making no provision in his will for his protegé, who was thus left to fight the world alone; for his parents were too poor to furnish him assistance. When he had reached his nineteenth year, he left the Pforta college and betook himself to Jena. Here he was entered at the university as a student of theology, less from an inclination for the ministry than because it was the best he could do under the circumstances. To pay expenses, he gave lessons in languages, &c., as many other poor students like himself were forced to do. Theological studies, however, did not absorb Fichte's chief attention. His ambition was to obtain a thorough general culture which might fit him for actual life and for a struggle with the world. Philology interested him deeply, and he also paid some attention to philosophical studies. He remained in the university till 1784, leading a wearisome, hard life; always in poverty and deeply sensitive to his impoverished condition. His life, for some three years after this, was an equally miserable one as tutor in several Saxon families. During these years he also preached frequently at such places as he chanced to stop at; and his sermons were generally received with favor. Indeed, he evinced at that period unmistakable signs of the wonderful eloquence which in later years entranced all who heard him. But this sort of life became too distasteful. He felt an urgent desire to complete his studies, which he knew to be very incomplete as yet, and to fit himself for some specific vocation in life. This he was unable to do as teacher; accordingly he resolved, for the first time, to apply to government for some support which might enable him to complete his studies at the Jena University. It was a very modest, frank letter which he wrote, fully stating his case, and only asking for such small amount as might afford him the necessaries of life and make it possible for him to devote all his time to the completion of his education for the ministry. This modest and not unusual request was, however, refused by the government; most

probably because Fichte was not believed to be altogether sound on orthodoxy. The refusal threw Fichte almost into despair. He had just then no position of any kind; no money in his pocket; not enough to last two weeks; and no prospect of any change for the better. A deep gloom settled upon him, and he quietly prepared himself for death. But in the darkest hour came sudden help; namely, an offer from Switzerland of a tutor's position. Fichte fell on his knees to thank God for this special interference at a very critical moment.

He therefore left his fatherland, and on the 1st of September, 1788, entered upon his new position in the house of Mr. Ott, a wealthy citizen of Zurich. Two children were placed under his charge, to whose education he now thoroughly devoted himself. Leisure hours he devoted to literary attempts in various directions. He wrote some little romances—one of which is printed in the edition of his collected works—translated several Horatian Odes, also the whole of Sallust, and wrote an essay on Klopstock's *Messias*, showing up the unpoetical effect of orthodoxy in an epic poem. He studied with particular attention the works of Rousseau and Montesquieu; thus giving evidence already of that decided inclination for questions of natural law which was eventually to result in establishing a science of rights, and which made him throughout his life take the most active interest in questions of politics and of political economy. For a while he also entertained the notion of establishing at Zurich an institution for the education of orators; but he soon gave up this plan.

As for his external life, it was more pleasant than it had been for many years. True, in the family of Mr. Ott he had pretty hard struggles; for Fichte was resolved, as teacher of the children, not only to educate them, but equally to protect them from the miseducation of their parents; and this interference did not always please Mrs. Ott; but in the city were many men of culture—chief of whom was Lavater—in whose society Fichte could easily forget the petty annoyances of his tutorship. To Lavater a more than ordinary friendship seems to have attracted him, and the elder friend was able to exercise no unimportant influence upon the young man, who eagerly thirsted to be acquainted with the great world, wherein Lavater had mingled not inconsiderably. But a still greater influence resulted from the friendship of Mr. Rahn, an old

and wealthy citizen of Zurich and brother-in-law to Klopstock, who had a charming daughter, a namesake of Fichte, for her name was Johanna.

Chiefly with a view to make marriage with this excellent lady possible, in April, 1790, Fichte left Zurich, with letters of recommendation to prominent men in Stuttgart and Weimar, to look out for a professorship, literary employment, or some position as tutor of a prince. He had a pleasant journey; saw the falls of the Rhine; passed through Stuttgart; met many friends, but found not what he wanted. In May he arrived at Leipzig, where he remained some time. The little hope he had entertained of obtaining a position as clergyman, he now abandoned altogether. For the churches were too orthodox; and Fichte, with his "heretical nose"—a prominent aquiline nose—caused the strict church-people to shudder with revolutionary apprehensions. So he tried writing for the papers. He worked at a tragedy, wrote little novels—"stuff that is good for nothing but to kill time, but which booksellers take and pay for, as I am told"—and perhaps a few essays. But there was little to be gained by such kind of work. His mind, meanwhile, was absorbed with hundreds of projects for the future, but none of them could be carried out. His pocket-book being at a very low ebb, he undertook to give lessons to a scholar who wished to be instructed in the Kantian philosophy. From that moment dated a wonderful change in Fichte; for he thus became forced to enter upon a thorough study of the philosophy which had set all Germany astir.

Hitherto Fichte had been a decided believer in predestination. In this respect, Kant's system effected immediately a complete revolution in his character. We cannot do better than to let him speak thereof in his own words to Johanna:

"I have now found peace from my restless spirit; and I thank Providence, which placed me, a short time before I was to see all my hopes fail, in a position to bear the loss with quiet cheerfulness. For by seemingly a mere chance I had been induced to give myself up utterly to a study of the Kantian philosophy—a philosophy which tames the imagination—in me always so predominant—which gives strength to the understanding and infuses into the soul an incomprehensible elevation above all earthly things. I have adopted a nobler morality, and, instead of busying myself with external things, now busy myself more with myself. This has given me a peace and calm which I never yet experienced; and I have lived my happiest days in an externally very precarious condition. * *

"Tell your dear father, whom I love as my own, that, *however correctly our conclusions were drawn*, in discussing the necessity of human actions, we were nevertheless in error, because *we started from a false principle*. Tell him that I am now completely convinced that the human will *is* free

and that the end of our existence is not to be happy, but simply to be *worthy of being happy.*"

The inward happiness which he experienced for the first time in this period—although his outward circumstances were just then more hopeless than ever—Fichte does not tire to reiterate in his letters. "For four or five months," he writes to a friend, "I live here in Leipzig the happiest life I can remember." Concerning the nature of his studies he writes:

"My favorites are Rousseau and Montaigne, of French writers, and Lessing, Wieland, and Goethe, of our German writers; but I also appreciate Buerger, Voss, and Stolberg. The golden age of our literature, however, is but just breaking. The seed planted by Lessing in his 'Literary Letters' and 'Dramaturgy' only *begins* to bear fruit. His principles of art are every day taking deeper root; and that they can be carried out is most clearly demonstrated in Goethe's 'Iphigenia.' It also seems probable to me that the man who, in his twentieth year, wrote the 'Robbers,' will enter the same path and will, in his fortieth year, become our Sophocles. But the Germans, it appears to me, must always first possess the theory before they can produce masterworks."

He likewise commenced to study mathematics, and was particularly busy in writing an elaborate essay on Kant's system. This essay was to be a comprehensive review of Kant's three great works, *Critic of Pure Reason*, *Critic of Practical Reason*, and *Critic of the Power of Judgment.* These three separate works are, indeed, only so many parts of Kant's great system; the first exhausting the theoretical field of reason (nature), the second the practical field of reason (the moral world), and the third showing the unity of both, or in other words, exhausting the problem how the moral world may be realized in nature. This essay Fichte intended to publish in book form and thereby to establish for himself a philosophical reputation, for he was now resolved to devote his whole life to speculative studies; but, for some reason or an other, it was never published.

Whilst Fichte was thus happy beyond expression in the discovery and elaboration of the great truth concealed in Kant's system, and while all his energies, hitherto directed more upon the outward world, were now turned inward to render himself complete, Johanna, to whom he poured out his aspirations, and who saw how the wretchedness of her lover's circumstances must necessarily be a great drawback to his scientific enterprises, arranged with her father that she and Fichte should marry and live with him in Zurich. Fichte gratefully accepted this generous offer, but was anxious first to have his work on

Kant published, so that when he should return to Zurich it might be with a reputation which would enable him to engage in other literary enterprises and thereby make himself independent. His great object was, as he expressed it to Johanna, to make Kant's philosophy popular; for from the adoption of that philosophy he expected the most gigantic revolution in human life. The immorality of our race he traced all to one source—a belief in necessity; and he thought that Kant's discovery, which made the freedom of the human will a matter of absolute certainty, would thus tear out the root of immorality in the human race. This, the practical result of that philosophy, was to the practical Fichte its inexpressible value; and throughout his whole life he has never ceased to believe and state that Kant's discovery was the beginning of a revolution such as our race had not experienced since the advent of Christ; nay, that the creation of the world was not completed until Kant's discovery had been made manifest. "It is not to be expressed," he writes, "what reverence for man and what strength of character this system inspires."

Fichte was on the point of leaving Leipzig for Zurich, in the spring of 1791, when news arrived from Johanna which once again frustrated all his plans. Her father had lost large sums by the failure of one of his correspondents—such that he found it necessary to postpone the marriage of his daughter. This was a severe blow to Fichte, but far more severe to Johanna, who had indulged in many bright and hopeful visions, now cruelly shattered by misfortune. Fichte, under the circumstances, thought it best to try tutorship once more, and accordingly accepted an offer from a Polish count in Warsaw. The journey to Warsaw was made on foot, and led Fichte through Rammenau, where he spent some delightful days in his father's house, which he had not seen for so many years. But when he came to Warsaw and presented himself to the countess, his appearance did not strike her as very favorable to the future welfare of her children. She saw an earnest, energetic man, utterly devoid of French graces, and absolutely without sufficient knowledge of the world even to tie his cravat properly, not to mention the absence of a Parisian pronunciation. She did not precisely express this in words, but clearly indicated it. Fichte, who was always sensitive and proud enough, refused to remain, and retraced his steps, but not precisely in the direction he came. He went direct

to Koenigsberg, the home of Immanuel Kant, and it was decisive for his whole after-life that he did so. He arrived in Koenigsberg on the first of July, called on Kant on the fourth, "but was not received particularly;" heard Kant lecture, "but did not feel satisfied. Kant's delivery is rather sleepy."

But Fichte had not come to Koenigsberg for nothing, and was not to be rebuffed by the natural reticence of the great philosopher. He was bound "to have a full talk with him. and to manage this I resolved to write a book, a *Critic of Revelation*, and to present it to Kant as my real letter of recommendation." At this momentous crisis of Fichte's career we feel constrained to throw a clearer light upon the situation by a condensed statement of the philosophical problem just then agitating all Germany.

Soon after its first reception Christianity utterly lost its original character. Christ's revelation of the unity of mankind and of the Divinity, to which each member of the race might elevate himself by doing the will of the Father, his overthrow of the dogmas upon which the Jewish religion had shipwrecked, his repudiation of all theoretical knowledge of the Divinity as a knowledge which would imply a removal from God, and reiterated advice to take hold of the immediate life in God, and to manifest it in doing, was too unpalatable to the lazy men of reflection to be accepted in its evident meaning. Men of a certain intellectual culture have usually little inclination for true activity, and hence love to persuade themselves and others that a certain manner of reflecting, dreaming, and fancying all sorts of notions concerning God and the universe is even a much nobler sort of activity. They ennoble this dreaming by calling it thinking; and the odd notions arising in those dreams are dignified by the term thoughts.

The Jewish religion had, in its early times, been a religion of doing, but had been finally resolved into the gas of artificial dogmas under the influence of the Scribes and Pharisees. The same misfortune happened to the Christian religion. No sooner did it come in contact with the spirit of Greek reflection than it was translated into philosophical dogmas, and a Christian signified no longer one who, in each of his actions, felt conscious of acting as one with God, but one who subscribed to certain theoretical dogmas concerning the Divinity. The Gnostics of pagan tendency (such as Karpocrates, Mani) and those of Jewish tendency (Valentinus, Basilides, Ptolemæus, &c.), as well as the Neoplatonists

(Plotinus, Proklos, Jamblichos, &c.), persevered in these reflections on the Christian religion until the Fathers took hold of the results of their investigations, and established from them the dogmas of the Christian Church. The dogmas once established through reflection, it was found again necessary to take reflection into subsidy, in order to defend them, and from this necessity arose the famous school of the Scholastics. Their province it was, as their first and greatest exponent, Scotus Erigena, expressed it, to show the absolute harmony between reason and the dogmas of the Church. Ireland, the seat of learning in those times, gave birth to scholastic wisdom, and, besides Scotus himself, claims many others of its brightest ornaments. Anselm of Canterbury, and Abælard followed in the steps of Scotus; but gradually as the writings of Aristotle became known again to the scholars of the middle ages, owing to the learned Jews and Arabs of that period, their previous inclination to establish a reconciliation between religious dogmas and philosophical reasoning gave way to a desire to derive from philosophy alone all truth, and this desire was met on the other hand by a disposition to ignore philosophy altogether, and merely to establish the truth of the Christian dogmas by the force of individual (intuitive) assertions. Of the leaders of the Aristotelian tendency, Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinus, and, above all, Raymond Lullus, may be named as the most prominent defenders. Jacob Boehme is the chief representative of the intuitive tendency—the tendency represented by Alcott, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus and others followed neither of these directions, but leaned towards mere experimentalizing; towards the empirical or inductive form of ascertaining truth.

Regarding the efforts of the Scholastics as a whole, they formed a still more contradictory mass of doctrines than those of the Jewish masters had formed at the advent of Christ. For it is a universal law of reason that every determination involves a negation. Each positive assertion can thus be overthrown by looking up its negation; and two disputants, if each confines himself to attacking the position of the other, may thus extend their dispute infinitely without being able to refute each other. The Greeks, though not comprehending the origin of these antinomies of the human mind, were well aware of their existence and had attained a marvellous proficiency in their application, sufficient to

give distinctive name to the science of such application, which was by them called sophistry. We moderns call it argumentation, and most of us are even yet utterly in the dark as to the manner in which it is possible for two clever minds to uphold opposite principles with equal success. The discovery of these antinomies, without being accompanied by a discovery also of their common ground, or their solution, had brought about amongst the Greeks a radical skepticism; for how could truth be discoverable if two opposite sides of a statement could be advocated with equal success? The Scholastics, not even conscious of these antinomies, had thus a good time of it when they came to argue upon the attributes of God, &c. Each one necessarily proved the other to be a heretic, at least in some matters.

The discoveries of Columbus, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, &c., gave a new impulse to the desire of obtaining a final settlement of the claims of reason, and gradually caused to dawn upon all Western Europe the expectation of some wonderful discovery which would throw a new light upon the relation of man to the universe and to God.

From the skepticism, chiefly represented by Montaigne, which necessarily followed the exhibition of the antinomies in the scholastic doctrines, there arose thus the discovery of DesCartes, who, in asserting that skepticism most earnestly, was nevertheless clear-headed enough to see that unless it were to refute itself it must contain at least one evident and indisputable maxim. For doubt cannot even be possible, unless there is an *I* who doubts. I Doubt, therefore I Am, thus resolved itself into the famous *Cogito Ergo Sum*. This was, at least, something gained; for self-consciousness was thus recognized as the indisputable basis of all statements, even of those of skepticism. But how the *Ego*, the *Cogito*, the Thinking, came to be accompanied by a world of time and space, by extension, this DesCartes did not and could not explain. To be sure, he postulated a God as the unity of both thinking and extension; but the postulate was no proof.

Spinoza did not obtain any deeper insight into a probable solution of the dualism between thinking and extension by utterly discarding the category of Causality and substituting in its place the category of Substantiality. The ground for this denial of causality was this: Spinoza very properly required the philosopher to consider everything *sub specie*

æternitatis, i. e. with abstraction from time, and he erroneously imagined, as after him Schoppenhauer has done, that the conception of causality could not be thus entertained. But by thus discarding causality he fell into the same one-sidedness he tried to avoid, only in a different direction; for the conception of causality has the same validity as that of substantiality; neither is the true explanation of the relation between thinking and extension, or the Ego and the Non Ego; but both mutually determining each other. Spinoza, therefore, looked upon all the existing as accidences, or modes, of the one timeless, speechless substance. This substance he also called God, completely undetermined, however, and hence God and Nature, were to him equivalent terms. How the substance changes into or obtains attributes Spinoza does not explain. Hence his system has the same radical defect as that of DesCartes. Both of these eminent men were in search of an ultimate system of philosophy, of a final science of knowledge, and in this lies their pre-eminent merit, for such a science had never before been consciously aspired to; but further their merit does not go.

It is possible that Leibnitz may have perfected in his mind such a science of all knowledge. But this remarkable man, not yet sufficiently reorganized in his many-sided greatness, was forced to busy himself too much with politics, theology, mathematics, and other sciences, to find leisure thoroughly to elaborate the comprehensive philosophical standpoint which is manifested in his various writings. His apperception, for instance, that all nature is spirit, that the inorganic is as full of life as the organic, and that hence destruction is fictitious, is certainly the closest approach to Fichte's final settlement. But Leibnitz passed away without decidedly influencing the philosophical movement in Germany. Like DesCartes and Spinoza, he was laid aside, and it was from England and France that the chief impulse was given which resulted in the final establishment of a science of philosophy.

The works of Locke, Hume, and Berkley—works not pretending to be philosophical, but rather to discover empirically the results of attentive examination of the workings of the human mind—had, perhaps, from the directness and common sense style in which they were written, this superior influence upon the development of European culture. Moreover, in these writings reappeared in greater clearness than in those

of Spinoza and DesCartes, the antinomics of the human mind, which therefore seemed imperatively to call for a solution. Thus Locke, who held that men had no inborn ideas, but that all ideas were produced by external experience, got entangled in this dilemma. It is both proper and improper to say, for instance, that the conception of causality is empirical. Improper; for how can the conception of cause and effect be produced in the human mind by the apperception of two different phenomena at different times? Proper; for how can the conception of cause and effect arise in consciousness, unless you have two different phenomena to which you may apply it?

Hume did not perceive this double propriety and impropriety, this *à priori* and *à posteriori*, together of all phenomena, but he did clearly see that the conception of causality could not arise from mere empirical apperception; hence he denied it and called it a fictitious production of the mind, and thus fell into the opposite antinomy. Likewise Berkley Locke had stated: all our knowledge is produced by sensuous impressions. Berkley turns this around and falls into the opposite antinomy by stating: all sensuous objects are simply productions of the human mind.

The writings of these three great men exercised far more influence in foreign countries than in their own. By applying them to religion arose the whole herd of French skeptics and atheists: Condillac, Helvetius, Voltaire, Diderot, Robinet, D'Alembert, Holbach, &c. Knowledge of the sensuous only being possible: down with God, Freedom and Immortality! But even that knowledge of very questionable reliability: down with all absolute knowledge and universal validity, and up with universal doubt and universal assertion, that was the great contradictory battle-cry of the period of "Upclearing!" To believe in this preaching—that is to say, to be guilty of the most flagrant self-contradiction—was to be an "upcleared" man. An "upcleared man," says one of the apostles of upclearing, "is a man who believes in what the enlightened"—meaning himself—"says."

Frederick II. having not only allowed, but encouraged, the utmost freedom of discussion in his dominions, "upclearing" soon extended also to Germany, and the writings of Locke and Hume and those of the French Encyclopedists soon held undisputed sway. Bahrdt, Nicolai, Sulzer, Garde, &c., were amongst the most active workers in this upclear-

ing. Christianity was attacked and ridiculed to whatever height German ridicule found it possible to elevate itself. It was lamented, as is done now, that men should believe in the authority of priests or of the Bible; while at the same time most implicit faith in the infallibility of the Apostles of Enlightenment was required of all. Some of these upclearers wished to root Christianity out utterly; others, as Campe and Reiman, considered it from the utilitarian point of view as rather a useful institution to make mankind more comfortable. Only one man—but he a giant—stood solitary and alone, fighting both the orthodox tendency in religion and the upclearing self-contradictions. This was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing; and happily in the year of his death the *Critic of Pure Reason* was published.

On the whole, however, the foundation, not only of religion, but equally of self-determining reason, shook as if it were about to tumble into utter chaos. The great cry which rang throughout Europe was the same which we now hear in a duller and more stupid form from Herbert Spencer and other advocates of the universal idiocy of the human mind: "We poor human beings can know nothing absolutely. All our knowledge is relative, or, rather, is no knowledge at all, but a collection of generally accepted cheating phrases."

The men who preached this doctrine of universal stupidity, who shouted at the top of their voices as a dogma to be gainsaid by no man, this war-cry: "Human reason can know nothing!" never had their eyes opened to its essential self-contradiction. Nor have their successors of the Herbert Spencer school penetrated any more to the unutterable foolishness of their so-called system. For if it is an indisputable axiom—that we cannot know anything—then there is at least this one axiom, which we do know absolutely, and consequently the axiom itself falls to the ground. To be consistent, the French Encyclopedists and their Herbert Spencer, Stuart Mills, and Comte followers ought to have phrased it thus—each one, however, speaking only for his individual self: "I know nothing; I know not even that I know nothing; and I know not even that I know not that I know nothing;" and so on *ad infinitum*, which confession of individual stupidity, however, would have been a very interesting affair, as it really is.

When these monstrous doctrines had thus passed over into Germany and German literature, there chanced to be

in Koenigsberg, gifted with a wonderful earnestness of purpose and profound faith in God, Immanuel Kant. He also felt his foundations of Reason and Faith tremble; but, like a strong, healthy man, as he was, he resolved to discover the points where those foundations might be weak.

The result of his investigations was the *Critic of Pure Reason*, than which no philosophical work has, perhaps, exerted a greater influence upon the destiny of the human race. It was not intended to establish scientifically a system of all knowledge, but was rather written as an introduction to such a system; and hence its character was more negative than positive.

To complement, the *Critic of Pure Reason*, in its most important part, namely, to show how, a knowledge of freedom, God, and immortality might be possible, Kant hastened to publish the *Critic of Practical Reason*, wherein the difficult problem was solved thus:

True, we can have no theoretical knowledge of the three great problems, and a science of metaphysics is in so far utterly impossible; for the very theoretical knowledge of these problems would be their own contradiction, since it would have to show up a genesis which they explicitly exclude. But we may have a practical—*i. e.*, an immediate —knowledge of them, and this knowledge in the immediate form is called conscience. Conscience simply commands; it is the categorical imperative, Thus it shall be! and utterly excludes genesis. Conscience tells you: You shall not do this, you shall do that; you shall not live like an animal; you shall act as if you were free, &c.

Knowledge of God, freedom and immortality is, therefore, if it exists, absolute, immediate, without genesis; cannot be demonstrated, can only be immediately experienced by each person. But for that very reason, also, are these subjects the only ones we really can have knowledge of, or know to be absolute truth. It is, therefore, not paradoxical, but the simplest truth, to say: The only subjects whereof we do know anything are those whereof we have absolute knowledge; that is to say, the supersensuous world and the world of nature, which we believe to be the only one open to our knowledge; is, indeed, for that very reason, unknowable because it is no legitimate subject of absolute knowledge; is merely the ever-contradictory production of the power of imagination, through the synthesis whereof

we are to arrive at the absolute, immediate knowledge which it thus makes knowable.*

The advocates of universal stupidity of the human mind are, therefore, correct when they say, "We never can attain absolute knowledge," provided they refer simply to the sensuous world. But it is also most clear that if we did not have such absolute knowledge of the supersensuous world, we could not even have relative knowledge of the world of nature.

This, however, did not yet settle the question of the connection between these two opposite worlds and of the use of the theoretical faculty in being the means of mediating this connection. To establish this and to show how the commands of conscience can be realized in a world of nature, how the human mind may mould all nature to the categorical commands of morality, Kant finally wrote the *Critic of the Power of Judgment;* and although his system was thus now before the public in its entireness, so far as the matter of the system was concerned, still it was not yet a whole in its form; and from this, its fragmentary, formal nature, it gave rise to many bitter disputes.

Particularly the relation of Kant's system to revealed religion was a subject in which the public felt the deepest interest; and that Fichte should have chanced to hit this side of that system was very lucky. He commenced his work on the 13th of July and had it finished by the 18th. Certainly a wonderful effort, considering the size of the work—about 200 pages of this Review—and its very thorough elaboration. Kant expressed himself highly satisfied with Fichte's performance, and at once became the kind friend the latter had desired to make of him.

But while Fichte was thus developing himself, he discovered that his money was fast melting away, and that in a week or two he should not have a penny left. Under these trying circumstances, he wrote a characteristic letter to Kant—two lengthy to be quoted here—in which he asked for the loan of a small sum wherewith to return home. Kant refused the request and advised Fichte to sell his book, the *Critic of Revelation.*† But this was not possible at the time, and Fichte was in much trouble,

* An illustration: No person ever sees or saw light. We only see *color.* But color is merely light, more or less dimmed, or darkness more or less lit up. Hence in seeing color, or in seeing anything, the real, absolute truth we see is, after all, light, although we never see it except in the relative seeing of color.

† *Kritik aller Offenbarungen.*

when—as was usual in his life—light broke through the darkness at the very last hour; it was again the offer of a tutorship; this time, however in the family of a nobleman near Danzig. Fichte accepted it, and felt very happy in his new position. To increase this happiness came the news that his book was finally to be published. A publisher had been found some time before, but when the book had passed through the hands of the censor, that enlightened personage had objected to it because it contained the assertion: "That the divine character of a revelation should only be proven by its contents, and not by any miracles said to have accompanied it." This objection had caused some delay in the publication of the work, and the matter having now become notorious, public interest was directed to the book long before its appearance; certainly a most favorable accident for Fichte. When, finally, the appointment of a new censor removed this obstacle and the *Critic of All Revelations* made its appearance in 1792, there was an excitement such as had not been experienced since the days of the *Critic of Pure Reason*. We have stated already how the public had naturally been led to look for some utterance from Kant which should correctly state the relation of his system to revealed religion. Amidst this general expectation Fichte's book appeared, and, through the mistake of the publisher, no author's name was printed upon the title-page. The whole work, moreover, was written in the style and terminology of Kant's works—indeed, there are very few traces of the later clear, independent, and vigorous style of Fichte in it—and it contained only the natural result of the Kantian system.

It was, therefore, quite natural that the public should have been led to suppose Kant to be the author of the work; and this was, indeed, the general conclusion. The reviews were full of unqualified praise. Fichte, in his tutorship, was perfectly astonished at this success; though he saw clearly enough that a great deal of it was due to the belief that Kant was the father of the work. But Kant soon dispelled that belief by publishing a card pointing out Fichte as the true author. Thus it was that Fichte became famous through a book written in five days, and which he afterwards denounced, often enough, as a wretched piece of workmanship.

To crown his happiness, he received at that time a letter from Johanna urging him again to come to Zurich, she

having managed to save a part of her father's fortunes. On the 16th of June, 1793, Fichte arrived in Zurich, and on the 22d of October had all his earthly wishes crowned by being united to his beloved Johanna. The honey-moon was spent in a trip to Bern, during which they visited Pestalozzi. This ungainly-looking, but sweet-tempered man, after having overcome his natural awkwardness, took quite a liking to Fichte and unfolded to him all his enthusiastic plans respecting the education of the human race. Fichte listened with delight and solemnly promised Pestalozzi that he would do all in his power to promote these plans. And this promise Fichte conscientiously fulfilled in his celebrated "Addresses to the German Nation"* years afterwards.

A period of glorious happiness now broke upon Fichte—happy in the possession of a loving wife, without cares for the future, a rising reputation dawning upon him, and his mind cleared forever of doubts by his great discovery. To make this discovery the common property of his race and thus to be for the morally corrupted age a second Prophet and Redeemer—unutterable bliss! His first steps in this direction were to read lectures on Kant's philosophy to a small circle in Zurich; and from these he soon turned to develop in another series of lectures his own newly discovered Science of Knowledge.

That discovery had dawned upon his mind ever since he left Kœnigsberg. For Kant, although establishing the true philosophy, had not elucidated, as we have said, its fundamental grounds, and hence had left room for skepticism. This skepticism had taken hold of Fichte and was strengthened by the writings of Schultz and Maimon, who had been led to the same dissatisfaction with Kant's system. It was evident, therefore, to Fichte that these fundamental grounds of Kant's results must be philosophically explained, unless skepticism should be allowed full sway again. In a letter to a friend he expresses himself on these doubts and their results as follows: "My whole system was overthrown; but we cannot live under the open sky. So I had to commence putting up a new building. This I have done for the past six weeks." The letter was written in the summer of 1793. Fichte proceeds: "Rejoice with me in the result. I have discovered a new foundation from which the whole philosophy may be easily discovered. Kant, it is true, has the correct

* *Reden an die deutsche Nation.*

philosophy, but only in its general *results*, not in its *grounds*. This great thinker is a greater marvel to me than ever. I believe he has a genius who reveals to him the truth without showing him the grounds of it. In short, I believe that in a few years we shall have a philosophy which will rival geometry in certainty."

That was, indeed, the great problem of Fichte's age—to create a geometrically certain system of philosophy. Kant had discovered it, undoubtedly, but either had not distinctly seen its grounds or had not wished to explain them, and Reinhold's endeavors to establish them had proved unsatisfactory. Kant's system remained before the public as the true system only for those who were able of themselves to supply its deduction, but merely as an individual effort, like all previous systems for the rest of mankind. Individual efforts they had been for the following reason: The objective examining of things around us and their relation to each other is utterly arbitrary, our power of reflection being a power of freedom, *i. e.*, capable of viewing the relation of objects in the most various ways. Now all previous philosophers had looked upon the object of philosophy as such an arbitrary manner of thinking, of reflecting upon and combining certain objective phenomena into a unity. In this manner each, of course, had formed a different unity, precisely as every astronomer before Copernicus, to use Kant's illustration, had formed a different astronomy. Kant's great deed had been to discover the transcendental method as the only correct and universally valid one; that is to say, he had shown that a universally valid system of all knowledge could only be realized if philosophy ceased to be a science of external objects and became instead a science of knowledge itself.*

* "The ordinary philosopher thinks this or that, observes himself in this thinking, and now puts forth all the thoughts which he could think as truths, for no other reason than *because* he could think them. The *object* of his observation is himself, in his own manner of proceeding, whether that had been directed by chance or by his own arbitrary mood. But the true philosopher has to observe reason in its *original* and *necessary* manner of proceeding, through which his own Ego and all that is for his Ego has come into existence. But as he cannot find this original process of the Ego any more in *empirical* consciousness, he, by the only act of arbitrariness permitted to him, and which act is indeed simply the resolve to philosophize, places the Ego back in that original starting-point, and now causes it to develop itself before his very eyes. Hence the object of his observation is Reason in her internally necessary development. Whilst the former philosopher observes simply an individual, his own arbitrary thinking, the latter observes universal Reason in his necessary manner of acting."—FICHTE's *Grundlage des Naturrechts*.

The science of knowledge, is absolutely limited by the Necessary in knowledge, and is universal only in so far as it establishes this Necessary. But in so far, also, it is indisputably universal; universal precisely because necessary. It must be clear even to common reflection, that every single fact of every-day consciousness, as the result of a certain necessary manner of acting of the intelligence, will reveal to us, if we can but arrive at a full examination of its relation to the totality of knowledge, a complete description of that knowledge. It could only have occurred in consciousness by virtue of a certain law in consciousness; this law, again, can only be possible if other laws are possible, and so on, until we arrive at the totality of conditions which make knowledge, or reason, or the intelligence, possible. It is precisely as with Leibnitz's monads. Each single monad, if you but succeed in completely analyzing it, must reveal to you the complete structure of the universe; for, as part, however infractional, of that universe, it contains in itself all the conditions thereof. The science of knowledge, because it can thus start from any proposition whatsoever, from a thought or an observation, or a logical formula, can show that if you will but proceed to observe what you *must* think if you utter such propositions or observation—in other words, if you will analyze all the conditions of that proposition you must arrive at the complete science of knowledge—is universal and can be gainsaid by no means.

Kant had thus observed the working of the Ego, but only fragmentarily and in snatches. Fichte made the observation systematical by discovering the synthetical method, or the dialectic, and by this great discovery did he become the founder of the science of knowledge.

The one-sided application of the category of causality leads to realism and asserts that only the things exist and are the cause of our apperception of them. This was Hume's view. The one-sided application of the category of substantiality leads to idealism and denies all reality to the things. This was Berkeley's theory. Both views are one-sided.

Limiting itself, the Ego very properly ascribes the limiting of its activity to something not itself, and hence says the things are the cause of the limiting; but being again active in this limiting, it equally properly ascribes the limiting altogether to itself, and says it is the substance of things. By the productive power of imagination the Ego thus realizes the irre-

concilable contradiction between the Ego as determined and the Non Ego as determining, and, in realizing solves it.

The contradiction in the statement: the Ego posits itself as determined by the Non Ego, being thus solved on the assumption of a power of the Ego to limit itself—a power creating the material universe—there remains the question: What induces the Ego to posit itself as determined? *If* it so posits itself, it is clear that it must posit itself as a self-limiting power, as a power of productive imagination; but that it should so posit itself does by no means appear from the proposition; and until this is made clear may the Ego always suppose a Non Ego to be the cause of its self-limiting character.

Fichte returns therefore to the other statement contained in the original synthesis. The Ego posits itself as determining the Non Ego; and by an analysis of this statement obtains the final solution of the duplicity between theoretical reason and practical reason, which had given Kant so much trouble. The character of the Ego is to posit itself; to posit itself and to be Ego are equivalent terms. But the Ego cannot posit itself unless it posits a Non Ego at the same time; cannot assert itself except by overcoming an obstacle, a Non Ego, which is not itself. For the very purpose, therefore, of positing itself as a determining power must it posit also an opposite, which it determines; must create a world in order to destroy it, produce a Nature in order to make or engrave upon it the character of itself, of all-determining reason. It is because the Ego is a practical power, an activity, a self-positing, that it is also theoretical, *i. e.*, that it also posits itself as determined by the Ego, as dependent upon a sensuous world. Hence the theoretical faculty is simply the means; the practical faculty the higher and the end. As this absolute determining power the absolute Ego manifests itself in each individual as the voice of conscience. Each individual is conscious of this absolute Ego, as a voice urging him to do this or that, to determine Nature here or there, to assert reason over matter in these or those relations. This absolute self-determination of reason is the ruling power of the universe; it destroys the original material universe, in order to imprint its character upon it, in order to realize in the world of matter, the kingdom of God.

Such are, in a measure, the outlines of the great discovery Fichte now proposed to make clear to himself in

its full significance by a series of lectures at Zurich; and that they made a profound impression upon his hearers, many written testimonials sufficiently prove.

At the same time Fichte was employed upon a political work, "to correct public opinion respecting the French Revolution," a work the publication of which produced an intense excitement and made Fichte—who soon became known as its author—the favorite of all Young Germany. In truth, he came to be looked upon as the rising leader of the democratic movement; and in all his after-life could never fully clear himself from the suspicion of being in secret communion with the French revolutionists.

It was natural that an event like the French revolution should have directed the pre-eminently practical mind of Fichte upon the political condition of his country, and cause the wish to arise—which, indeed, had manifested itself already at a much earlier period, when he studied Montesquieu and Rousseau, to build up an immutable theory of politics, from the immutable theory of knowledge generally, in order that chance and arbitrariness might no longer govern this important domain of human activity. Kant had left this field open as yet, probably because its necessary results might bring him into conflict with government; but Fichte, living in Switzerland, what had he to fear? He therefore took advantage of the form of an Essay on the French Revolution, to enter into an exhaustive discussion of the true foundation of all government, to criticize the illegal doctrines and principles upon which German government and its institutions were based, and particularly to attack the nobility and the temporal power of the church; insisting that a church could not be a legal holder of property, and that hence all church property ought to be confiscated by the State and sold to the people; and, again, that the nobility did not hold a legal title to their possessions, and that hence the State should also confiscate and sell these. Fichte, moreover, with a view to justify the French revolution, showed that no government could be a legal government, or that no constitution could be binding upon a people, unless it contained in itself provision for its own amendment and unless it had been adopted by a vote of all the citizens.

Another short essay—"A Demand for a Restoration of the Freedom of Thinking from the Princes of Europe, who have hitherto suppressed it,"* and written in the same bold,

* *Zurückforderung der Denkfreiheit von den Fürsten Europas.*

energetic, marvellously eloquent—but not yet polished—style which had characterized the work on the French revolution, gave Fichte a name throughout Germany as detested by some as revered by others.

It was, therefore, a matter of universal surprise when the news came suddenly that to Fichte had been tendered the professorship of philosophy at Jena, made vacant by the departure of Professor Reinhold for Kiel. Reinhold had been a celebrated man, second only to Kant, in the field of speculative philosophy; and the professorship was, therefore, an important position, although the salary attached to it was niggardly enough—about $150 *per annum*. The public was considerably surprised to learn that the Duke of Weimar had consented to bestow this position upon the "Democrat" Fitche; and, indeed, Goethe confesses it to have been "bold, nay, an audacious venture." But the truth was, Fichte was a celebrated man, and the Jena University needed such a one to replace Reinhold; and, moreover, Fichte had a warm though to him unknown friend at Jena to advocate his cause—namely, Professor Hufeland, a jurist and the brother of the celebrated Dr. Hufeland.

Fichte himself was surprised by the offer, and as he did not yet feel himself thoroughly able for the work to which his life was to be consecrated, he tried to obtain a year's respite. This, however, was not granted, and on the 18th of May, 1794, he arrived at Jena to commence his labors. Johanna had remained in Zurich with her father. Both followed Fichte in the course of the summer; but the father died not long after his arrival in Jena.

At Jena Fichte was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The students were delighted, everybody expectant. Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland were very kind; and when the Duke of Weimar returned from Italy he also treated Fichte with marked preference and friendship. Only one annoyance made itself manifest which Fichte, however, did his best to quench in the bud. The young people of the town were very anxious to make him a sort of political leader, to draw him into organizations, &c., &c. But Fichte had no longer any desire for political activity, he had no wish to engage in political strifes; his only object in life was to promote science as the true lever of human progress, and to leave to others the management of politics. He decidedly avoided, therefore, to be drawn into any convention or organization which might expose him to political complications.

His first public lecture was a marked success. He writes to Johanna: "The largest lecture-room in Jena was too small; the whole hall-room and courtyard were crowded; people stood upon tables and benches." He also advertised to give private lectures, for the $150 were scarcely sufficient to keep even a German professor alive; but although he had sufficient hearers at these lectures, very few of them were paying ones. The publishers were more generous and were all anxious to secure the publication of his lectures on "The Science of Knowledge."

The purity of Fichte's whole life found an intense expression in his face and bearing, and in that corrupt period was certainly "punishing" to the guilty. Added to this was a self-confidence which no other person could share with him, because no other person shared with him his insight into the great discovery he had made and its universal application. He could always be clear and see through every subject at a glance, because he stood within the point from which light eradiates upon all subjects; and to others, who had not this insight, and perhaps even doubted it, Fichte necessarily appeared often vain and proud. His will, moreover, was of an intensity, equalled, perhaps, only by the will of Napoleon, to which he has paid such a glowing tribute. He believed everything to be possible to the man who wills, and hence would never accept excuses of human, moral, or mental weakness.

With all these "heavy" traits of character, Fichte would take a joke, which "Reinhold could not do." The truth is, as another friend of Fichte expressed it, "it is from sheer earnestness that he is able to appreciate a joke." But what is far more, Fichte, from sheer earnestness, was *witty*. His *Life of Nicolai* and *Conversations about Patriotism* evince a power of wit, which may rival that of Swift. "Wit," says Fichte, "is the condensed statement either of the Good," as, for instance, in various sayings of Christ "or of the Evil." In the latter case the clear self-statement of the Evil appears so absurd that we smile at this its expressed antithesis with what is good and ought to be. His power of wit, his natural eloquence, and an unruffled cheerfulness, which arose from his certainty, made Fichte a most entertaining man in conversation. Humane, benevolent to a fault, frank, generous, and ready to help at any time, he was, indeed, beloved by all with whom he came in contact and who could appreciate moral greatness.

"Act! act!" This was Fichte's reiterated advice to his hearers. In devoting his life to speculation, he was not led by a desire to encourage speculative abstractions, but utterly to rid mankind of the perverse influences of metaphysical studies. The time of the great men of the world was no longer to be wasted in idle endeavors to obtain through thinking something higher than life, but was to be all given up to work. They should not dream any longer about the infinite and the finite; all these problems his science had solved now and forever. They should work to make the world better; to improve their own and the morality of others; to better the condition of the State; to subdue nature and make her the submissive instrument of the human will. This intense practical realism was it which led Fichte to close up his lectures on the Science of Knowledge* by lectures on the Science of Rights,† on the Doctrine of Morality, and, finally, by his celebrated lectures on the "Destination of the Scholar."‡

Of these works the Science of Rights must be, particularly to Americans, of chief interest, since in it are philosophically deduced all the great principles of freedom upon which our Republic is based. The Science of Rights begins with one of the results of the Science of Knowledge, namely: a finite, rational being cannot posit itself without ascribing to itself free causality; an activity altogether its own; which must therefore be a different activity from that of a rational being wherewith it contemplates the material universe.

As sure, as self-consciousness is to be, must there occur in consciousness this relation between rational beings, between individuals; and this relation—the requirement addressed by each individual to every other one to treat him as free—constitutes the legal relation between men. The fundamental principle of law has been *à priori* deduced from the conception of self-consciousness as one of its conditions, and hence becomes a universal principle which all rational beings must recognize as valid. For as free rational beings can only become such by mutually recognizing each other as free, and since it is only from this actual treatment of each other that the one can recognize the other as a free rational being, each individual is bound to *treat* every other individual as a free being. The fundamental principle of the legal relation between men may, therefore, be framed thus: Each free

* *Wissenschaftslehre.* † *Grundlage des Naturrechts.* ‡ *Bestimmung des Gelehrten.*

being must limit the sphere of his own freedom by the conception of the freedom of all other free beings with whom he enters into a community of intercourse. It is an *à priori* law of the intelligence, universally valid, an original law, and not derived, as some would derive, the conception of law from the conception of morality. In this result Fichte places himself at once upon the basis of the American principle of legal relation. There is not a State constitution in our Republic which does not distinctly guarantee freedom of conscience, and thus acknowledge that law stands in no relation with morality. Of course many laws are yet passed which infringe upon the rights of conscience; but they are also generally regarded as illegal. Nothing has done so much injury to political commonwealths as the mixing up of the two standpoints of legality and morality. A republic based upon the principle of legality establishes a government simply to prevent its citizens from being governed, simply to leave them life, liberty, and property; a State based upon the conception of morality endeavors to make its citizens good and moral by force—a contradictory proposition; since morality to be morality must originate in freedom.

A true legal relation arises therefore only between rational beings who live in actual intercourse with each other, and only through the free declaration of each, that he will respect the sphere of freedom of the other. Each rational being may be compelled to enter such an agreement, since if he were to refuse it he would pronounce himself to be not a rational being, self-consciousness being only possible in this relation; and it is equally necessary that in this agreement each individual should designate his sphere of freedom, his property, so that all others may be able to respect it. But since the very agreement presupposes that each individual may or may not cease to respect the sphere of freedom of all other individuals, it becomes necessary to establish a government whereby to compel each one to observe that original agreement to respect the life, liberty, and property of all others. Only for this purpose, and for no other, is government created. It has no positive purpose; only the negative one, to keep men in check, to compel them to respect the freedom of all others. It is simply the institution made necessary by the freedom of men, which freedom presupposes the possibility of acting illegally, to render possible a common and genial living together of

mankind, in which undisturbed state men may, through individual self-determination (morality), realize their true object upon earth: to represent the kingdom of God. The principle of law does not take this object in cognizance, but only makes its realization possible.

The government thus instituted may be fashioned in the most various ways and is capable of infinite perfectibility, like every work of art. Two conditions are, however, *à priori* demanded of it. The first one: Government should have absolute power to protect each individual in his rights. The second one: The community of individuals should have a guarantee that that power of the government will not be abused. There must thus be in government, 1st, a government; 2d, a *check* upon that government. Only a government thus constituted is rational. The Spartans had the *Ephores* as such a check; Fichte proposes a similar institution.

Of Fichte's Science or Doctrine of Morals we have not space to speak at length; but enough has already been said to acquaint the reader with its general character. Reason having posited the world in order to imprint its character upon it, or in order to determine that world and thus determine itself—that self-determining of the Ego manifests itself in every individual as his conscience.

Conscience therefore cannot err. The moral destination of mankind is to make of the whole earth a perfect work of art; that is to say, a work which shall express the character, not of nature (the Non Ego) but of reason (the Ego). Everyone who helps to impress this character of reason upon the earth is, therefore, in so far an artist, more or less. It has been made a reproach to Fichte that he had no art-spirit, that he wrote no æsthetic. But this reproach is wrong. Fichte does not confine art to architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. He does not think it the provence of art, to make paintings for galleries, busts for public places, &c., but rather to beautify and ennoble every material thing upon earth. All the world should be art, should reflect the spirit of man; not merely isolated works. The woman who adorns the house, the man who cleans the streets, paints his fences or beautifies his grounds; the tradesman who arranges his business-house and his set of books; and the statesman who invents a well-working political machinery; all are equally artists with the poet, the musician or the painter. Art is not an individual prerogative, but belongs to every man by reason of his intelligence.

Of the general enthusiasm Fichte excited in the whole literary world by these works we can scarcely give an adequate description. The success of his system seemed an accomplished fact. Reinhold, Schelling, Niethammer, Forberg, Schlegel, &c., proclaimed themselves its warm adherents. It is true, there was an equally zealous opposition, extending from Herder and Jean Paul down to Nicolai, and gradually gathering around it all the anti-liberal elements of political and religious life; but the powerful nature of Fichte, his terrible invective, annihilating wit, and, above all, his transparent exposition of the innumerable contradictions in which his opponents involved themselves, kept them for a while at bay. Of all the contemporaneous philosophers Jacobi was the only one Fichte felt himself attracted to, and this in spite of Jacobi's opposition to his system. The truth was, Jacobi, a thorough realist and at the same time intensely religious man, conceived Fichte's system to be a one-sided idealism, and as such attacked it with unrelenting bitterness; whereas Fichte, from his higher standpoint, was forced to smile at the windmills Jacobi was attacking, knowing that his views and his own were fundamentally the very same. Fichte's relation to Schiller and Goethe was still more interesting. Schiller he had known several years previous to his arrival in Jena, and a warm personal attachment had sprung up between them and also between their wives. Schiller, as a diligent student of Kant, was fully prepared to enter with Fichte upon philosophical discussions, and soon became profoundly penetrated by Fichte's doctrines, to which he gave popular expression in both his poems and prose writings. They remained close friends to the last, and how deeply they were spiritually united we can best see from a letter written by Fichte on hearing the news of Schiller's death: "I had in him one of the very rare persons who agreed with me in spiritual matters. He is gone. I consider that in him a part of my own existence has been torn from me."

But that Goethe also should have been drawn into friendship with a man of Fichte's tendency, character, and especially political views, was certainly a marvel, and indicates the extraordinary personal attraction of the latter. At first it was probably the boldness and comprehensive, philosophical genius of Fichte, than which he had never seen the like, which fascinated Goethe. Here was a purely speculative philosopher, a professor of that branch of science

which Goethe had always held somewhat in contempt, who was gifted with an unmistakable genius, not of philosophy alone, but of poetry, eloquence, and satire. Goethe, always anxious to objectively observe extraordinary phenomena, felt strangely impressed; and the close personal relation which seems to have established itself between him and Fichte completed the work. Let us hear him in a letter to Fichte:

"My best thanks for what you sent me of your 'Science of Knowledge;' I see in it the fulfilment of the hopes which your 'Introduction' had excited. There is nothing in those pages which I do not comprehend, or at least believe to comprehend, and nothing which does not voluntarily arrange itself to my usual habit of thinking. My conviction is, that by scientifically demonstrating that concerning which nature seems to have been long ago in silent accord with herself, you will confer upon the human race an inestimable benefit, and render a great service to every thinking and feeling man. As far as I am concerned, I shall owe you the greatest thanks, if you finally reconcile me with the philosophers, whom I could never do without and yet with whom I could never agree," &c.

And three years later—in 1797—Goethe writes to a friend: "The evenings I spend in looking over with Fichte his new representation of the Science of Knowledge." Nay, so late as 1810, when the two great men happened to meet again at Toeplitz, Goethe, in a conversation with Zelter, said, pointing to Fichte: "There walks the man to whom we owe all!"

On his side Fichte thoroughly reciprocated this attachment. He often states that his hopes for the future of his philosophy were rested chiefly upon these two great poets. In their works he saw his own system poetically expressed, and he felt that its leading characteristic was also the inspiration of their productions.

But this happy position at Jena was not to be of long duration. The first disturbing element arose amongst the students of the university. The noisy and riotous mode of life to which these young men had given themselves up, and which they considered it their particular vocation in life to perpetuate, was a constant annoyance to the strict moral sense of Fichte. He investigated the cause of this unhappy tendency among the frequenters of universities and traced it chiefly to certain club-organizations of the students. Fichte then sought to get acquainted with the ringleaders of these organizations, and kindly but firmly pointed out to them the evil influence of their practice. His remonstrances had effect. All the organizations of the Jena University prom-

ised solemnly to abandon these societies and to pledge themselves by oath to that effect. Fichte, not feeling himself authorized to take this oath from them, wrote to the proper officials of the university to appoint a committee for this particular and solemn purpose. But the officials hesitated and delayed until the several clubs began to repent of their virtuous resolution and even to accuse Fichte of a desire to betray their names to the government for punishment. The ringleaders now conspired together against Fichte and even went so far as to indulge in riotous demonstrations against his person and residence. Even his wife was assailed in the street several times. Fichte asked the protection of the police, but the police were unable or unwilling to proceed against the students. Under these circumstances Fichte stated that he could no longer live in safety in Jena and asked the Duke of Weimar for a leave of absence for several months, which was granted. He retired to a country place not far from Jena and there spent the summer in literary labors.

Another annoyance arose from the hatred of the orthodox clergy. Fichte had a desire to read lectures on morality, a continuation of his lectures on "The Destination of the Scholar." The lecture-halls in Jena were engaged during the week-days for other purposes, and the only hours for which he could procure a room were on Sundays. Having first inquired whether it was against the rules to lecture on the Sunday, and having received a negative answer—other professors having been allowed the same privilege in former times—Fichte commenced his lectures and had large audiences. His enemies at once hit upon these Sunday-lectures, to charge Fichte with "democratic and revolutionary tendencies" and a desire "to overthrow the Christian religion;" and although he was finally absolved from these charges, still the affair had caused him so much unpleasantness that he resolved to abandon the Sunday lectures altogether.

Then came the third and finally successful attempt of his enemies to remove him from Jena. He had for some time past, in copartnership with Niethammer, published a "Philosophical Journal," which had soon obtained great influence. In the year 1798 Forberg sent Fichte an article "On the Development of the Conception of Religion," for insertion in the Journal. The leading object of this article was to show that a theoretical knowledge of God is impossible; and, in so far, Fichte certainly endorsed it. But

many other points made by Forberg in the same article Fichte did not endorse; and as he wished to publish the article on account of its other merits, he expressed a desire to Forberg to accompany it with editor's notes. To this Forberg objected; and, as a final resource, Fichte wrote an article of his own on "The Ground of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World," which followed Forberg's article in the same number of the Journal; thereby clearly pointing out the difference in the views of Forberg and those of the editor. Fichte's position in that article was in short this: Since every attribute applied to God makes him finite—and hence not God—it is wrong to apply attributes to him. We cannot say of him he is goodness; nor he is justice; nor he is conscious; nor he is thinking; nor he is a person; for every such determination is a negation and makes God a cognizable somewhat. To make God an object of theoretical knowledge is to make him an idol, and leads to Jewish and Pagan idolatry. True religion is to live in God; not to establish dogmas concerning him. This life in God is the true life and is connected with sensuous life through conscience. Conscience, or the moral law, the self-determining of the Ego, is the true governing power of the world. The faith that the moral law does thus absolutely govern the world is religion, and, as such faith, is the faith of God. Hence the surest of all things is that there is a God; and only through this surety are other things sure.

These two articles were published in the Philosophical Journal, and nearly a year had passed away when a scandalous pamphlet made its appearance entitled "Advice of a Father to his Son respecting Fichte's and Forberg's Atheism," and written in a vulgar, coarse, and ungrammatical style, bitterly assailing these two philosophers as atheists and overthrowers of religion, morality, and government. Upon charges contained in this vulgar phamphlet the Saxon government had the bad taste—not to use a stronger expressions—to pronounce a decree of confiscation against Fichte's journal and to address to all other Protestant Courts of Germany a request likewise to confiscate a journal so dangerou to the Christian religion and to government. Be it said in honor of Prussia that her government firmly rejected the request of Saxony, while Hanover and other countries obeyed it. Not content with this, the Saxon government addressed a request to the Curators of the Jena University to have Professors Fichte and Forberg punished as persons guilty of propagat-

ing atheistic teachings, and added, as a threat, that if this request was not complied with, Saxony would prohibit her subjects from frequenting that university—an impertinence which it seems strange how a man like the Duke of Weimar could have tolerated for a moment. But it was tolerated and the whole subject taken under advice. The long-threatened storm had, therefore, broken loose, and the conflict between freedom of utterance and submission to authority in matters of conscience had to be fought out.

It must be remembered that the reaction against the French revolution had just set in and was carrying on matters now with a high hand. It sought to strengthen itself by the bitter and implacable persecution of all its opponents. The "fanatics of moderation" evinced a fanatacism not second to that of the most bloodthirsty of Jacobins. When the news of the horrible murder of the Rastatt ambassadors arrived in Weimar and was discussed in a social gathering, Goethe and Schiller cried out: "That is right; thus these dogs must be killed!" Goethe was an intense hater of the French revolution and of all revolutionary movements. He wanted permanent rest and quiet; no conspiracies; no overthrows of government. Fichte, as soon as he came to Jena, had been carefully watched, with a view to discover apprehended connections between him and the French revolutionaries. His letters had frequently been opened; spies set to watch his actions, &c., &c. No trace of political action, however, had been discovered, although it is more than probable that overtures were made to him by the leaders of the French revolution more than once. True, in his "Science of Rights" he had demonstrated that only republican institutions were in conformity with reason, &c. But the "Science of Rights" was a philosophical book, and no one had as yet dared to restrict philosophical discussions of any question whatsoever. Hence it soon became clear that Fichte would give his many enemies no chance to effect his removal from the Jena University. But that he should be removed by some means or other had been long resolved upon, not only by the Weimar government—for Karl August was rather a liberal man and entertained the highest esteem for Fichte—but by the more orthodox neighboring governments. Since they could not accuse Fichte of democratic conspiracies, they resolved to transfer the charge to the field of religion, and thus, at the same time, to open a crusade long since resolved upon against that free spirit of philosophical inquiry

in religious matters which, since the appearance of Kant's Critics, had spread everywhere. Luther's Catechism and the symbolic books were again to become the standards of orthodoxy, and no philosopher was to be permitted to teach conflicting doctrines. Thus, by establishing a puritan Christianity it was hoped to secure governments more firmly against revolutionary attacks.

This tendency to suppress freedom of conscience had indeed made itself manifest immediately after the death of King Frederic II. His successor, of whom Mirabeau, in his "Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin," has given a most admirable picture, made it his chief aim to remodel Protestantism upon the old orthodox basis. Edicts of religion were issued, a severe censorship established, and strict orthodox tests presented for clergymen and teachers. To such a pass did things come that a severe reproof was administered to Kant when he published—perhaps the profoundest of all his Critics—the *Critic of Religion within the Boundaries of Pure Reason*. Kant was somewhat intimidated by this reproof, and it was perhaps fear that he also might be involved in the charge of atheism levelled against Fichte which induced him, in 1799, to print a public declaration that his Science of Knowledge was an utterly untenable system, and that he would have nothing to do with it. This melancholy declaration gave Fichte profound pain, partly by reason of its bitter, jealous, and uncalled-for tone, and partly because it exhibited the always sad spectacle of a noble mind stooping in old age to a mean action. "May God protect me from growing old," writes he, "if such are the results of old age. I shall try and give my boy a good enough education, so that if I do get old I can place myself under his literary guardianship and thus prevent myself from unworthily closing my career."

Fichte was clearly aware of this new tendency, and determined to test in his present case the freedom of philosophical inquiry. He rejected all compromises proposed by the court of Weimar. For at that court, as Goethe tells us, the general opinion was favorably disposed towards Fichte, and they were unwilling to hurt his feelings; at the same time they wished to avoid a point-blank rejection of the impertinent request of the Saxon government. Fichte was to sign some sort of an excuse or retraction to qualify his statements, and, above all, not to make any public mention of the matter, but to settle it underhand with the Weimar court.

Impatient at the indignity inflicted upon him by even taking into consideration a manifestly absurd and impertinent charge, and, moreover, anxious to defend himself, as author, before the public, against the charge of being an atheist, which the decree of confiscation had pronounced against him, Fichte addressed an "appeal"* to the public, in which he defended his reputation as an author against the slanderous attacks of the Saxon government, and showed that his doctrines were not atheistic. The "appeal" produced a bad impression at the court of Weimar, for it made a compromise on the basis of an excuse more difficult.

But when Fichte's "Judicial Defence" made its appearance the indignation at Weimar redoubled. Fichte, in this defence, reiterated that the whole charge was a lie; proved that if the articles in question taught anything they taught the belief in a God; and demonstrated conclusively that the Saxon government either had never read those articles or had utterly misapprehended them. He concluded by showing that this whole charge of atheism was simply a mask to cover the real charge of Jacobinism, and that his persecution was in reality a political persecution. He insisted that he should either be removed from his professorship as guilty of teaching atheistic doctrines, or be honorably cleared from the odious charge.

This demand greatly annoyed the Weimar Court. "I would have voted against my own son if he had uttered such language," writes Goethe; and in the cabinet-meeting when he advocated Fichte's dismissal and was asked by another minister whether the Jena University would not suffer thereby, he broke out: "Never mind; one star goes down and another one comes up."

Matters were made still worse by a false step which Fichte now took. Of course the dispute had created universal excitement; all liberal men looked upon Fichte's as a test case which would decide their own future position. Bets were made for or against his dismissal. His friends were all anxious that he should remain. Finally one of these friends unfortunately persuaded Fichte to address a private letter to one of the Duke of Weimar's counsellors which might lead to a quiet compromise. Importuned most urgently, Fichte at length acquiesced, against his own bet-

* *Appellation gegen die Anklage Atheismus.*

ter judgment, and sent the letter, wherein he stated that in case of a public reproof being administered he should be forced to resign his professorship, hinting at the same time that other colleagues resign also. The counsellor to whom this private letter was addressed made it public at a cabinet-meeting, and thus gave the Weimar government opportunity both to condemn and dismiss Fichte. The private letter was placed among the *public* documents relating to Fichte's trial, and a reproof addressed to him, "who has been able to clear himself from the charge of atheism only by pleading the use of a philosophical phraseology of his own." At the same time, "since in a letter to one of our cabinet-ministers Fichte had declared his intention to resign, he is hereby dismissed from his professorship."

As Fichte had made no such plea of a philosophical phraseology, it was manifest that the reproof and dismissal proceeded from motives utterly independent of the charge under trial. Thus dismissed, it was impossible for Fichte to remain in Jena. He applied to a certain Prince of Rudolstadt for permission to take up his residence for a short time in that prince's territory; but although friendly disposed towards Fichte, he refused this modest request at the instigation of the court of Weimar. The Jena students twice petitioned the Duke of Weimar to retain Professor Fichte, but the duke curtly refused, and the students, thus baffled, sought to give vent to their appreciation of Fichte by a subscription for a medal to be presented to him. As for Fichte himself, he one day suddenly left Jena and went to Berlin, where he arrived on the 6th of July, 1799.

The sudden and unannounced arrival of so distinguished a man produced no less sensation in Berlin than the news of it did in Jena when it reached there. The Berlin government at first suspected him of political intentions, and, at a government cabinet-meeting, it was resolved to place him under strict surveillance. After some time, when the matter was made known to King Frederick, official interference was removed. The king said nobly: "If Fichte is so quiet a citizen as appears from all I hear of him, and so far removed from dangerous alliances, a residence in my State may be quietly extended to him. If it is true that he is engaged in hostilities with Almighty God, Almighty God must settle that matter with him; it is none of my business."

Fichte found many and warm friends in Berlin. There was the great novel-writer and poet, Tiek; the celebrated Schleinmacher, one of the profoundest spirits of the age and a man who knew how to be both a theologian and philosopher; the Schlegel family; Hufeland, Novalis, Chamisso, Bernhardi, Varnhagen Von Ense, and many others. He soon resolved to settle down permanently in Berlin, and having sold his house in Jena, brought his wife and a son she had borne him in Jena to that city. He worked industriously to complete his "Destination of Man;"* worked out a new representation of the "Science of Knowledge;" published a "Similar Exposition of the Science of Knowledge" —an attempt to *force* the reader to an understanding; elaborated a treatise on "The Commercial State"—a political work, written with special reference to Prussia and dedicated to the Minister Von Struensee; and, in a happy satirical novel, wrote "The Life and Curious Adventures of Frederic Nicolai," wherein that famous personage received the castigation long since merited. But he was not merely productive. The greater part of the time on his hands was devoted to self-culture. He studied philology with intense interest, learned the Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, and busied himself in preparing a work on comparative philology. He also paid close attention to the natural sciences, which were then the great hobby-horse of "thinking men." Immediately after his arrival in Berlin, the young men of that city expressed an earnest wish to hear him lecture. Berlin had as yet no university, and without taking upon himself the character of a professor, Fichte gradually drew about him a circle of earnest friends, to whom he lectured chiefly on moral subjects. Thus arose his famous lectures "On the Characteristics of the Present Century;" and later, in 1804, on the "Doctrine of a Blessed Life." His marvellous eloquence and inspired zeal made a lasting impression upon all his hearers. The highest personages of the realm came to listen to him. Among his hearers and friends were the ministers Von Struensee, Von Schroetter, and Von Altenstein. Even Prince Metternich—at that time Austrian embassador to the Court of Prussia—was a regular attendant at Fichte's lectures on the "Blessed Life."

It was a very happy life Fichte led during these years at

* *Von der Bestimmung des Menschen.*

Berlin. True, he had no fixed position; but he made money enough to pay his way, and more he did not want. His popular writings sold well; and scientific, purely speculative writings he had resolved to publish no more. He thought the age was not ripe for the reception of his philosophy, and was content to teach it personally to such few students "as may have the courage to receive it." His lectures were either purely of a moral character or else introductory to pure speculation, and were partly carried on in the style of conversations. Public criticism, whether favorable or unfavorable, he paid no attention to. Most of the violent attacks upon him and his system he did not even read.

The quiet sameness of this life was interrupted in 1805, when the Prussian government, after Fichte had received two other offers of a professorship—one from the Russian and one from the Bavarian government—finally tendered him a professorship at Erlangen on very favorable terms. He was to lecture there only during the summer, and had permission to reside in Berlin during the winter months. Erlangen was a quiet little place, and hence with none of the abuses from which all other German universities suffered more or less, Fichte found his position in all respects pleasant; everybody loved and admired him; his lectures "On the Destination of the Scholar" and his other lectures introductory to the Science of Knowledge made a profound impression. At the especial request of his colleagues, he gave them private lectures on the "Science of Knowledge," and, on his part, frequented their lectures, particularly Professor Hildelrandt's lectures on physics and chemistry.

Natural sciences had, as we have said already, become the great hobby-horse of that period. The discoveries of Lavoisier, Cavendish, Volta, Ritter, John Brown, &c., had excited all minds; and from Galvanism, Electricity, Magnetism, Mesmerism, it was expected the key to the great world-riddle would finally be in some way obtained. Fichte needed no such key, for he had made that key himself by his Science of Knowledge, and knew that no other could be found; hence he looked upon that side of the movement, which was now led by his former scholar, Schelling, with contempt and felt an interest only in the practical results of these new discoveries, as tending to bring nature more and more in subjection to our will. But to the men around him the Science of Knowledge had been no such key. They were as much in the dark

as ever. Schelling, vain and thirsting for independent applause, cut loose from the Science of Knowledge, to lead this new movement, and did, indeed, at once obtain a vast reputation. By his "Nature-Philosophy" Schelling became the centre of all the vague tendencies which were then directed upon the field of nature to discover the great secret.

These views, which were, indeed, the annihilation of the great moral system taught by Kant, Schelling carried out likewise in practice. As a characteristic of the times and tendencies which were then making themselves valid, we quote a letter from Feuerbach on this subject. It is dated Jena, 1802:

"Schlegel's wife, a lady of much culture and learning, resides here; her husband is usually in Berlin where he reads æsthetical lectures to the fine gentlemen and ladies of that city. At times he also pays a visit to his wife. But "wife," means here only a female person, whose hand a clergyman has, in Schlegel's hand and who now bears his name. The real conjugal rights are held and exercised by Professor Schelling, the Idealist, as everyone here knows. Being a poet and transcendental philosopher, Schlegel has, of course, no rational interest in this matter, for he knows that everything is his own self-created production, and that hence Schelling exists only through him and as a part of his own Ego."

All nature-worship soon and necessarily turns into mysticism, just as the people who live in closest communion with nature are necessarily the most superstitious. It was not long, therefore, before Schelling fell into the hands of the mystics of his own time as well as of the middle ages. The shades of Jacob Boehme, Giordano Bruno, Paracelsus, Cardanus, &c., were brought upon earth again to testify to the new "Nature-Philosophy."

It was not, however, till 1806 that the difference between Schelling and Fichte first became public; in the very year when Fichte, having returned from Erlangen to Berlin to pass the winter months there, and when industriously engaged in working out a plan for a better university organization, the long-threatened war between Prussia and France broke out. Napoleon hastened to meet the emergency with his usual rapidity, and in Prussia preparations for the war put a stop to all other pursuits. To Fichte's mind the war was a war, not for the maintenance of Prussia as a State, but of Germany as a Nation, and hence for the progress of the whole human race.

Fichte had for many years convinced himself that the German university organization needed a thorough and radical change. Their present organization they had received at a time

when printing had not yet made it possible for men of science to lay down the result of their labors in books. Hence universities were established where these men could read their "books" in the form of lectures. But in modern times, when students find it so much easier to learn from books whatsoever can be taught in books, it was foolish. Fichte argued for professors to read in the form of lectures what they immediately afterwards printed in books. Hence that form of lecturing ought to be utterly abolished and a university should henceforth be rather an institute where teachers might teach and communicate what could not be taught or communicated in books. Young men should go there, not to hear a few books read, but to be in constant intercourse with the teachers, and to have thus all their faculties cultivated with a view to practical results in their several vocations.

He had some years before sketched out a plan of this kind for the Erlangen University, and now proceeded to work one out in minute detail for the new institution at Berlin. This he sent in to the Minister of Education, but anonymously, so that the plan might be accepted or rejected on its own merits.

Schleinmacher, the theologian, also worked out a plan, but only referring to the formal organization of the university, the division of classes, relation of professors to each other, &c.

After much deliberation neither plan was accepted, and the university was allowed to organize in the old-fashioned way, without any fixed plan or basis. Fichte was appointed Rector. He received the appointment reluctantly, for he augured no good from such a commencement; and, indeed, he soon found his position to be untenable. Determined to tolerate no riotous organizations of the students, such as had disgraced Jena, and finding himself opposed in this by Schlienmacher, who feared that the university might lose students if it inaugurated a strict discipline, Fichte handed in his resignation. It was not accepted; he tendered it again, and after several months' waiting he was finally relieved from his unthankful rectorship on the 11th of April, 1812.

Then came the great event of these years—Napoleon's march to Russia. As the French advanced Fichte was warned by a friend to fly from Berlin, his name being noted in France as one of the most dangerous men in Germany;

but he replied that his life belonged to science and his country; that he could not abandon his vocation from idle fears, and that he was prepared for everything. As Napoleon advanced toward Russia Fichte felt hopes arise in him which he had not dared to entertain before. He felt sure that the downfall of Napoleon was approaching. And, true enough, soon the news came of the terrible defeat at Moscow, and still more glorious the call of the King of Prussia urging the Germans to take up arms against the beaten enemy. Fichte immediately broke off the series of lectures on the Science of Knowledge and urged his hearers to take up arms and rally under the king.

A new representation of the Science of Knowledge was elaborated, and as he worked it out, he had never felt so thoroughly happy and hopeful. He had attained a degree of clearness in artistic representation of his system which, in his mind, made this new work the fit embodiment of his great discovery for posterity. Whilst full of hopes from this work and dreaming of a few months' residence in the country to finish it in quiet leisure, the angel of death came to beckon him to another life. His wife had for some months been dangerously ill from a typhoid fever, the result of her visits to the hospitals. At the very moment of her recovery the disease took hold of her husband, and, after a few days' illness, he died on the morning of the 27th of January, 1814, in the 52d year of his age. His death produced a deep impression throughout all Germany. For the people who had rejected his philosophy had been compelled to admire the character which was, after all, as the necessary result of that philosophy, the clearest practical proof of its correctness. Fichte's philosophy never did take a hold upon Germany. As throughout his life he had no disciples, no followers, although practically he influenced the life and improved with high aspirations many who are still living to bear witness to it, so also did his great discovery remain a sealed book to new generations.

A period of restauration had set in. The schools of Schelling and Hegel contrived to turn philosophy back to the pre-Kantian standpoint. Kant and Fichte represented the revolution; the cry now was, therefore, down with them! Philosophy was taught, both by Schelling and Hegel, to be —not an immutable Science of Knowledge, but rather a history of philosophical systems from the days of Kales to the last day of whomsoever wrote such history. It was

denounced as presumptive that Fichte should have claimed the discovery of the Science of Philosophy; although in other departments of human knowledge discoveries are usually admitted and boldly announced, that philosophy was the logical development of the Absolute in different persons at different ages.

The schools of Schelling and Hegel have passed away, after controlling German literature for nearly half a century, and the naked materialistic school now rules in Germany, under the leadership of Karl Vogt, Moleschott, Buechner, &c. Fichte's system, which would grant to the materialist the great truth which the other romantic systems denied them—namely, that the phenomena of nature shall be viewed purely inductively, and with a sole regard to practical results—has never been placed in contact with it, and seems not likely to find acknowledgment in Germany for perhaps a century. That it ultimately will be acknowledged as the best science of human knowledge, human reason itself is the best guarantee.

ART. VII.—*Postal Laws of the United States, and other Documents relating to our Postal Arrangements, &c.*

IT is not our intention, on the present occasion, to enter into any elaborate discussion of our postal system; for we have not yet all the necessary facts and statistics at hand, although we have collected quite a large pile. All we intend to do in these three or four pages is to make a few observations, in the truth and justice of which all intelligent persons who have devoted any attention to the subject will readily concur. We are very unwilling to say that there is no civilized country, great or small, whose postal system is more clumsily managed than ours, but such is undoubtedly the fact. It is only by comparing its working and the results obtained with those of the postal system of any of the principal states of Europe that any adequate idea may be formed of its gross mismanagement. In no other department is there such a combination of imbecility, ignorance, stupidity, and self-conceit; and the remark applies with tenfold force to the New York Post-office.

We suppose we need hardly say that we do not include all connected with the Post-office in this charge, for this would be an injustice, which, we trust, we would not be guilty of. There are and have been individual officers in the department, who would be qualified in every respect to fill similar positions in the best-managed post-offices in the world. These, however, are but rare exceptions; they certainly do not amount to more than one out of twenty of the whole post-office corps, high and low; the most striking characteristics of the remaining nineteen-twentieths being arrogance, rudeness, carelessness, and stupidity.

But it is not they that are to blame for this; nor have we the least unkind feeling towards them. Were they otherwise than what they are, it would be almost a miracle, since none can discharge duties which they do not understand, never have been taught, and have not had time to learn. One may be a very good ward politician so far as to be successful in securing a large number of votes among a certain class, and yet be a very indifferent Postmaster for a city like New York, and a still worse Postmaster General for a nation like the United States. This would not be the less true though he could influence sufficient votes to secure himself a seat in Congress, or a still higher position. But who will deny that it is on his tact in getting votes the candidate for a postmastership must depend, and not on any qualifications, real or imaginary, he may may have for the office? The question is not whether he has the necessary intelligence or ability, but whether he is "popular with the party," and whether he is likely to continue to exert himself for the benefit of the party. In accordance with the same plan it is of much more consequence after he gets the office, whether he makes the proper use of his political influence than whether he discharges his duties as a postmaster, efficiently or honestly. If he does the former he has little to fear as to the latter; he may be as rude, overbearing, and negligent as he likes as long as he keeps a careful eye after the votes. Let him only evince his zeal in this way, and he need take no trouble whatever with the affairs of the post-office; he can get one to do all that is necessary for a trifle; this gentleman he calls his "assistant," but he himself is the great man. All the postal business he has to do is to sign his name to public announcements; even this he does mostly by proxy, or he has his autograph printed, so that one serves for five hundred.

But if the successful candidate for Postmaster knows nothing else, he knows at least how to remove every one occupying any important position over whom he has any control. It is not necessary that those who are thus removed should belong to the opposition party; no matter what party they belong to, they are liable to be turned out of employment any day if they are not duly subservient to the new official. We have known intelligent men to be turned off because they would not allow several days' pay to be stopped at election time for the benefit of the party. The more they know, the more experience they have have had in the business of the department, the more likely they are to be discharged, lest any change might occur which would cause intelligence and ability to be preferred to ignorance and presumption. Many have been discharged in this way just when they had acquired the necessary acquaintance with their business and were accordingly becoming efficient and useful public officers; while the sole qualifications of those put in their place are a certain slang about "the prospects of the party at the next election" and a fawning obsequiousness to the person to whom they owetheir appointment.

Is it strange, then, that the so-called heads of departments in the Post-office of New York are often so grossly ignorant of their business that they cannot answer the simplest question in regard to it. If one asks several, scarcely two will agree in the information they afford. In order to puzzle and bewilder half a dozen, it is only necessary to inquire what is the rate of postage on letters to some foreign city besides London or Paris; and probably there are not more than three in the whole office who can tell what one ought to pay to the capitals of England and France. As to the postage on a periodical to a foreign city, we do not believe there are more than two who can solve the problem, and even these not only often differ with each other on the subject, but sometimes one gives one amount as the rate to-day and quite a different amount to-morrow, although no alteration has been made in the meantime either by the foreign government or our government.

This, it will be admitted, is bad enough; but it is neither so incredible nor so discreditable as that they should blunder in a similar manner in regard to the rates of postage in our own country. In either case we do not speak from hearsay, but from an expe-

rience of more than seven years; and we are assured by many others that their experience has been still worse. We have often sent our messenger to the Post-office with letters and copies of our journal for foreign cities, and have been brought back word that Mr. —— was out and that the person representing him had forgotten the rates. Then we should go ourselves and fare but little better. Sometimes more than the rates are charged, sometimes less. On one occasion a letter was sent to the Messrs. Didot, publishers, of Paris; the full postage, as stated by the clerk at the Post-office was paid upon it; but the Messrs. Didot complain in their reply that the letter cost them nearly two francs! We have paid at least a dozen different rates of postage on this journal to each of the principal capitals of Europe, almost every clerk in that department having a rate of his own.

Occasional mistakes as to the rates of foreign postage might, however, be excused, but surely those who can not tell the postage from one city in the United States to another can hardly be said to be qualified for their position. Yet how many rates have our subscribers had to pay on this journal in different parts of the country? Nay, how many have they had to pay in this city? For three years we continued to received complaints of overcharge from all parts of the United States before we took any further step than to make some inquiries. We learned that in this city some were charged two cents, some four cents, some six cents, and some as much as ten cents. We called on the Assistant Postmaster, who very politely informed us that he would examine into the matter. As to the Postmaster, there was no use either in writing to him or calling upon him. One might as well make application on the subject to one of the statues in Barnum's Museum. But his "Assistant" kept his word; he made the examination, and the result was that the postage for the city was found to be two cents on each copy; the postage for the country being four cents on each copy. We asked whether we could print these rates on the back of our journal in order that in future subscribers might know what they had to pay, and refuse arbitrary rates. We were told we might do so; and our readers may remember that every number issued for nearly three years contained those rates conspicuously printed. This saved ourselves and our subscribers a good deal of annoyance; there were, however, occasional overcharges both in the city and in the country. Upon the

whole, we had reason to be quite satisfied until a newly appointed superintendent of Station D, to whom we had neglected to send a copy of our journal, entered our office and asked, in a significant, rather excited tone, were we aware that he could charge us twice as much postage, as we now paid, for city subscribers? This we regarded as a threat, but we did not pay much attention to it.

Three months afterwards, when our next number was issued, the Station superintendent had become superintendent of the newspaper and periodical department at the General Post-office in Nassau Street, and we were informed that we should pay four cents postage on each copy sent a city subscriber instead of the two cents we had been paying hitherto. At this time the Assistant to whom we allude above had withdrawn from the Post-office and obtained a much more respectable position; one over which politicians have no control; and the new Assistant, though well disposed also, did not like to interfere; and so we had to submit to the double tax. We would rather pay a quadruple tax than to degrade ourselves so far as to pay a person like the superintendent the homage he desired at our hands; and, accordingly, incredible though it may seem, we were informed some four months ago that in future we should pay as much postage for city subscribers as for those to whom the work is sent thousands of miles! —namely, six cents on each number.

This was a new discovery on the part of our friend—the result of a new reading of the postage laws; but rather than comply with the new decree, we had our city subscribers served with our last March number partly by special carriers and partly by Boyd's City Express. But all this was not sufficient. As an instance of the petty annoyances to which we have been subjected in other respects we will mention one fact: A book was left at our exchange box in the Post-office, accompanied with a note. The latter was duly stamped according to law; the former we had a right, as an editor, to receive free. But it seems the wafer or paste on the letter happened to stick to the book. For this offence, of which we knew nothing, both letter and book were detained until the letter-carrier happened to meet us and give the information that we should have to pay letter-postage on the book, and that we were directed to call about it. We refused to pay the letter-postage on the book, but demanded the letter, which had been duly paid. Both

were detained ten days after this. First the charge demanded was eighty cents; a few days after it was reduced to fifty cents; then again to twenty-five, and finally we got both for nothing after they had been detained fifteen days!

Since we have submitted to such annoyances as these for more than seven years, the present being the first instance in which we have said one word in our journal on the subject, we think it can hardly be said that we have been influenced by passion, or by any vindictive feeling. Even now we mention our own experience simply as illustrative of the disgraceful manner in which our postal affairs are mismanaged by ignorant and unprincipled politicians.

But why, it may be asked, have not the facts mentioned above been brought to the notice of the Postmaster-General? The question is a very natural one, as implying that he would have put an end to the annoyances complained of. So we had once supposed ourselves; but it seems we were egregiously mistaken. About one month ago we wrote to that functionary the first time in our life, briefly describing to him the experience we have had and requesting that he would let us know what postage we should pay for city and country; after waiting a fortnight for a reply, we wrote again, so that we might be able to print the rates on the present number; but no use; not a line have we received!

We need hardly say that the way it is, Mr. Randall, like the rest, has certain other little matters to attend to besides the duties for which he is paid; he has to remember what he owes his position and salary to. Far be it from us to charge him with being so vain as to think for a moment that it was because he had any particular qualifications for the office he was made Postmaster-General. He is quite aware that it was his tact and influence as a politician that secured him the position. Why, then, should he not continue to add all he can to his political capital? We do not say, therefore, that he should not have accompanied the President on his recent tour and put in a word for himself, if only by grimace or gesture, whenever he had an opportunity. But we think he ought to have left somebody at Washington who was neither sleepy, lazy, nor stupid, to attend to the business. And yet we admit, on reflection, that this is more than we had a right to expect from the system.

Now, without attributing more blame to any individual, high or low, connected with the Post-office, than he may be found to deserve, may we not ask is it strange that so many

lose their most valuable letters? that there are constant complaints of the non-receipt of periodicals and papers?—nay, that scarcely a week passes but persons employed in the Post-office prove to be habitual mail-robbers in one form or other? Nor need we go beyond the New York Post-office for instances of the worst kind among those who, from their position, ought to be an example to the rest. The whole department is so shamefully mismanaged that those robberies may go on for years without being detected; and when the perpetrators are detected finally what is done to them? One is allowed to go abroad for a year or so until his crime is forgotten; then he may return, promenade in Broadway, or ride in the Central Park, as independently as if he had never robbed anybody. Another is arrested, but immediately bailed; when the time for trial comes on a *nolle prosequi* is entered, so that the person caught in the very act of opening letters and pilfering their contents is allowed to enjoy perfect impunity.

In no other enlightened country would such "management" of the post-office be tolerated for a single year. As for England, France, and Prussia, there is nothing in which any of them presents so striking a contrast to the United States as in its postal arrangements. Any of our readers who have travelled in those countries and had occasion to devote any attention to the working of the postal system will bear testimony to this fact. Take England, for instance. There is no reason why we should have any prejudice in favour of Albion; but we are not the less willing on this account to give her full credit for all that is superior in her institutions. Accordingly, we bear testimony to the fact that no postal arrangements are more nearly perfect than hers. If the humblest citizen or subject of Great Britain or Ireland complains to any of the proper authorities of the non-receipt of his letters or papers, or of any other annoyance experienced from the department, every possible satisfaction that his case would naturally call for is promptly and courteously given him. If this cannot be done otherwise, commissioners are sent from London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, as the case may be, for the purpose of making a full investigation at the office where the missing mail-matter is supposed to be detained; and if it is found that the blame lies with the local postmaster, he is immediately dismissed. No employé of the Post-office, from the postmaster down to the humblest letter-carrier, dare make use of the language to any one, on pain of

immediate dismissal, which we have often heard used, even to ladies, at the Post-office of this city by "superintendents" as well as clerks.

ART. VIII.—1. *Introductio in Analysin Infinitorum.* Lausannæ: 1744. 2 vols., 4to.

2. *Theoria Motum Lunæ, exhibens omnes corporum inequalitates cum additamento.* Berolini: 1753. 4to.

3. *Theoria Motus Corporum Solidorum seu Rigidorum.* Rostochii: 1765. 4to.

4. *Novæ Tabulæ Lunares singulari methodo constructæ.* Petropoli: 1772. 8vo.

5. *Elemens d'Algèbre, trad. de l'Allemand,* par J. BERNOULLI avec des Notes par LAGRANGE et PARNIER. Paris: 1807. 2 vols., 8vo.

THE world has produced but few really great mathematicians. In modern times we reckon Kepler, Newton, Leibnitz, Bernoulli, Euler, Maclaurin, Clairault, D'Alembert, Lagrange, Laplace, and some others. There is a vast difference between that mind which is only able to follow where another has shown the way and the one which extends the boundaries of knowledge by making new discoveries. Among the latter class but few take a higher rank than Euler.

Leonard Euler, one of the greatest mathematicians of the eighteenth century, was born at Bâsle, in Switzerland, on the 15th of April, 1707, twenty years before the death of Newton. As soon as he arrived at a suitable age his father, Paul Euler, who had been instructed in mathematics by the celebrated James Bernoulli, taught his son the rudiments of mathematical science, and thus stimulated to action those great powers for analytical investigations which he afterwards exhibited. His father (pastor of the village of Reichen, near Bâsle) intended that Leonard should study theology; but, fortunately for geometry, the course marked out for him by his father was not that indicated by nature, and he became the geometrician instead of the theologian.

Euler was afterwards sent to the University of Bâsle, where he received lessons from John Bernoulli, who was then regarded as the first mathematician in Europe. While

in that university, Euler, by his amiable disposition and close attention to his studies, gained the particular esteem of that great master and the friendship of his two sons, Daniel and Nicolas Bernoulli, already the disciples and rivals of their eminent father. John Bernoulli was so interested in Euler that he condescended to give him a particular lesson once every week for the purpose of elucidating the difficulties which he encountered in the course of his studies. But he did not long enjoy this great advantage. In 1723 he received the degree of Master of Arts, and on this occasion he obtained great applause by the discourse which he delivered in Latin, containing a comparison between the Newtonian and the Cartesian philosophy. His father now desired him to begin the study of theology, but mathematics possessed a greater charm for him, and his father at length consented to let him pursue the bent of his own genius.

In 1725 Daniel and Nicolas Bernoulli accepted the invitation of Catharine I. to become members of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, and at their departure they promised Euler to use their influence to procure him an appointment in that city. During the next year they informed him that they had a situation in view for him, and advised him to give his attention to physiology, and he immediately attended the lectures of the most eminent medical professors of Bâsle. Here, as elsewhere, he made rapid progress in his studies. But he could not relinquish his favorite pursuit of mathematics. He found time during his medical studies to compose a dissertation on the Nature and Propagation of Sound, and another on the Masting of Ships. The latter was written for the prize proposed by the Academy of Sciences in 1727. As the prize was proposed by several members of the Academy to bring into notice the talents of M. Bonguer, who had paid particular attention to the subject, and who was at that time a professor of hydrography in the town of Croisie, it was not probable that Euler, who had no practical knowledge of the subject, should have succeeded in the competition. He gained the second prize, however, which was an honor of considerable importance when we consider that he was but twenty years of age. Bonguer, as was expected, carried off the first prize. About this time he was a candidate for the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Bâsle, but was defeated.

Daniel and Nicolas Bernoulli succeeded in procuring an

appointment for Euler in St. Petersburg, and they requested him to repair immediately to that city. He lost no time in getting ready to obey; but after he had begun his journey he heard the sad news that Nicolas Bernoulli had fallen a victim to the severity of the climate. He also learned that on the very day on which he entered the Russian territory the Empress Catharine died; an event which threatened the dissolution of the Academy of which she laid the foundation. Having reached St. Petersburg in this critical state of things, Euler resolved to enter the Russian navy; but, fortunately for science, a change in the aspect of public affairs took place in 1730, and he was appointed professor of natural philosophy.

In 1733 he succeeded Daniel Bernoulli when that distinguished geometer retired into the country; and in the same year he married a Swiss lady, Miss Gsell. In the year 1735 the Academy of St. Petersburg proposed a very intricate problem of which Euler completed the solution in three days; but the mental exertion was so great that it threw him into a fever which endangered his life and deprived him of the use of one of his eyes. In 1738 his memoir entitled "*Sur la Nature et les Proprietés du Feu*," was crowned by the Academy of Sciences of Paris. In 1740 the prize offered by the same Academy for the best dissertation on the tides of the ocean was divided among four mathematicians—Euler, Daniel Bernoulli, Colin Maclaurin, and Father Cavalleri.* The first three adopted the principle of gravitation as the basis of their theorems, and the fourth the system of vortices of DesCartes. Maclaurin's essay contains his celebrated theorem on the equilibrium of elliptical spheroids;† and Euler's was marked with an improvement in the integral calculus which seemed to resolve the fundamental equation of almost all the great problems of celestial mechanics.

The three geometers first mentioned supposed the attraction of the sun and moon upon the waters of the ocean to draw the earth every instant into the form of an aqueous spheroid, which would be maintained in equilibrium if the forces acting on it continued of the same intensity and in the same direction. This is known as the *equilibrium theory*, and its fundamental principle coincides with that of the figure of the earth. It is defective, inasmuch as the continual

* Grant's Hist. Phys. Ast., p. 71. † See Maclaurin's *Fluxions*.

change of position of the sun and moon with respect to the earth does not permit the waters of the ocean to attain a state of equilibrium; and it is by the mutual blending of oscillations which in this way arise that the different phenomena of the tides are produced. The question belongs to dynamics instead of statics. Laplace was the first to take a correct view of it.

In consequence of an invitation from the King of Prussia, Euler quitted St. Petersburg in the month of June, 1741, and went to Berlin. Upon his arrival he was honored with a letter from the King, written from his camp at Reichenbach; and he was soon after presented to the queen-mother, a princess who took great pleasure in the conversation of illustrious men. She treated Euler with the utmost familiarity; but never being able to draw him into any conversation but that of monosyllables, she one day asked him why he did not wish to speak to her. "Madam," replied Euler, "it is because I have just come from a country where every person who speaks is hanged."

In 1744 Euler was appointed Director of the Mathematical Class of the Academy of Berlin. In the same year he obtained the prize offered by the French Academy of Sciences for the best work on the theory of magnetism. He also published, in 1744, his Introduction to the Infinitesimal Analysis, in two volumes. This work contained much that was new.

Euler was the first geometer that attempted to develop the principles of physical astronomy beyond the point where Newton left it. In the year 1745 he investigated the perturbations of the moon's motion as caused by the disturbing influence of the sun. During the next year he computed tables of the moon, founded on his theory; but as he employed only a few observations to determine the maximum values of the inequalities, his tables did not possess much superiority over those in use. In his solution of the lunar problem, Euler did not carry the approximations sufficiently far to enable him to compute, *à priori*, the true values of the coefficients of the equations. His solutions gave the *form* of the principal inequalities, and observations were needed to give their true magnitude.

The great powers which Euler possessed for analytical investigations were now called into special action in calculating the irregularities in the motions of the celestial bodies. The Academy of Sciences of Paris having offered its prize

for 1748 for an investigation of the perturbations of Jupiter and Saturn, Euler composed a memoir on the subject, which he transmitted to the Academy in July, 1747. The two great geometers of France, Clairault and D'Alembert, also investigated the same subject. All three of these mathematicians treated the subject by analytical processes. Clairault attempted to follow Newton's method, but he met with insuperable difficulties, abandoned it, and had recourse to analysis. The subject, even when so treated, is very intricate; and were it not for the fortunate constitution of the solar system it would be well nigh beyond the skill of the geometer.

According to Newton's law of gravitation, every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle proportionately to its mass; but the fixed stars are so remote that, to our measuremnt, they influence the members of the solar system alike; but such is not the case when we consider the influence of the individual members. The problem of a planet's motion, when treated in all its generality, requires that we consider in the same investigation the influence of all the attractive forces of the bodies composing the system. The sun, however, has such a preponderating influence that we may regard each planet revolving in a course which approximates very closely to an ellipse; while the other planets, by their influence, continually produce irregularities in the elliptic motion. These perturbations are so small that the influence of each planet may be separately investigated, and the joint or total effect will be the algebraic sum of the separate disturbances. This is always the case when the equations are linear, as in the planetary theory. This has given rise to the famous Problem of Three Bodies. Even when thus limited the complete solution of the problem of a planet's motion surpasses at present the powers of analysis.

The problem is treated by reducing the differential equations to series involving the ascending powers of the ratio of the mean distances of the planets, the eccentricities and inclination of their orbits. With some exceptions, these quantities are so small that the coefficients of the variable part of the terms become so minute that all but a comparatively few terms admit of being neglected. In this way the problem is brought within the reach of analysis. In this memoir of Euler on the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, that great analyst facilitated in a most important manner the treatment of the problem of perturbation by developing the

perturbative forces and the mutual distances of the perturbing planets in *sines* and *cosines* of angles augmenting with the *time*. Certain errors in his calculations vitiated his results, and the computed longitudes of Saturn differed considerably from the observed; and the errors not being discovered on revising his work, he was led to suspect that the Newtonian law of gravitation required some modification.

In considering the inequalities of Saturn dependent on the eccentricity of Jupiter's orbit, Euler brought out, in integrating his differential equation, a term in the perturbations in longitude which increased with the time, indicating an inequality that would never be compensated. By a particular artifice, however, he caused this term to disappear. Such a term occurs in the lunar theory. Terms of this character arise from the imperfection of our analysis, and not from the inherent instability of the solar system. Such a term is but the first one of the development of a periodic inequality which would be properly expressed as a sine or cosine in a series involving the arc.

In this memoir, Euler resolved the differential equation of the latitude of the disturbed planet into two differential equations of the first order—one expressing the differential variation of the inclination and the other that of the planet's distance from the node. Here we see the first germ of the famous method of the variation of arbitrary constants.

The series of terms into which the disturbing force is developed, and which, as we stated, contains the powers of the ratio of the mean distances of the disturbing and the disturbed body, converges very rapidly in the lunar theory; because the distance of the sun, the principal disturbing body, is immensely greater than that of the moon. But in the theory of Jupiter and Saturn this ratio is large; the series, in consequence, converges very slowly, and the usual methods of calculation become impracticable. Euler, however, was equal to the problem in this case, for he devised the means to overcome the difficulty here presented, which would, doubtless, have effectually stopped the progress of a mind of less genius and perseverance.

The success with which geometers met in explaining the lunar motions by the theory of gravitation induced the Academy of Sciences of Paris again to propose the motions of Jupiter and Saturn as the subject of their prize for 1752. Again Euler was the successful competitor. This time he discovered secular equations in the mean motions of the planets, depend-

ing on the angular distance between the aphelia of their orbits. Contrary to observation, however, he found that the two equations were equal in magnitude and both additive to the mean motion. Euler displayed great analytical skill in his researches, but he completely failed to account for the observed irregularities in the motions of the two planets by the Newtonian law of gravitation, and the subject yet remained a profound mystery. It was reserved for Laplace to point out the true cause.

We notice that in these papers of Euler, his merit in showing the most direct path by which the results of the theory of gravitation may be obtained, and in overcoming by his profound skill in analysis difficulties which would have arrested the progress of most mathematicians is especially conspicuous. He has here exhibited the formulæ for the secular and periodical inequalities of the motions of the planets; and although some of them are erroneous, yet it was comparatively easy for others to follow in his footsteps and rectify his errors.

In 1755 Euler was appointed one of the foreign associates of the French Academy of Sciences. The number was limited to eight; but he was appointed to the ninth place on condition that none should take place at the next vacancy.

In 1756 the Academy of Sciences crowned a memoir of Euler on the perturbations of the earth's motion caused by the other planets of the system. On this occasion he explained and partly developed the theory of the variation of arbitrary constants.

As we have already remarked, the real orbit of a planet differs but little from an ellipse; and Euler conceived the idea of supposing the elements of the orbit to vary, so that by an expansion or contraction, as the case might require, the motion of a body in such a curve would be precisely the same as in the real orbit. The elliptic elements are six in number, which, by their independent variation, will modify the motion. The elements are the major axis of the orbit, the eccentricity, the longitude of the perihelion, or the position of the line of apsides, the inclination of the plane of the orbit to a fixed plane, the longitude of the ascending node, and the mean longitude of the body at a given time, or the epoch, as it is called. Now, if the planetary body were subject only to the action of the central body around which it revolves, the elements would remain invariable and the planet would revolve in a constant ellipse. Knowing the

elements, it is easy to compute the place of the planet in its orbit at any assigned instant. But observation shows that the position of a planet at any given time differs a little from the computed place on the hypothesis of constant elliptic motion; and this difference, which is always small, is owing to the disturbing action of the other planets. Geometers had heretofore assumed a mean ellipse in which the planet was supposed to revolve, and then the minute irregularities produced by the disturbing force were calculated. Euler, however, as before remarked, supposed the planet to move in an ellipse whose elements are constantly changing. He showed how the variation of the elements except the epoch might be computed for any instant, which, being added to the *undisturbed* elements, would make known their true value. With the elements thus found, the position of the planet can be computed for the assumed time by the elliptic theory. After obtaining the differential coefficients of the elements, Euler says, in reference to the advantages of this method: "Those formulæ appear to be peculiarly commodious in computing the deviations of the motion from Kepler's laws; since they have reference to motion in an ellipse, which varies continually, as well in respect to the parameter as to the eccentricity and the position of the apsides. For during an indefinitely small portion of time the motion of the planet may be conceived as taking place in an ellipse according to the laws of Kepler; and if the elements of this ellipse be computed for any given time, by means of the formulæ just found, the true place of the planet, relative to an assumed plane, may be also assigned."* The method of the variation of arbitrary constants was perfected by Lagrange and Poisson, but not discovered by the former, as is sometimes stated. This investigation of Euler and the ones previously referred to show the great fertility of his genius; but he was unfortunate in the application of his principles, for errors of calculation prevented him from realizing the importance of his methods.

Euler, by introducing the method of the variation of arbitrary constants, made one of the greatest steps in the treatment of the motion of the planets that has been made since Newton's immortal discovery. The method is peculiarly adapted to the discovery of secular equations in the perturbations of the planets, whether they be periodical, as the variation of the eccentricity, or permanent, as the motion of the node and perihelion.

* Investigatio Motum Planetarum, p. 29. Prix de l'Académie, tome viii.

A comparison of distant observations had shown that the elliptic elements of the planets were continually changing in the same direction; and although these changes were scarcely perceptible in a few years, yet if they were to continue indefinitely in the same direction, not only the existing tables of their motion would become useless except due allowance were made for the variation of each, but the stability of the system might be endangered. It therefore became indispensable to investigate the secular changes of the elements and discover their law, so that they might be introduced into the tables of the planetary motions. Here, also, the illustrious Euler led the way in these sublime investigations. In his memoirs of 1748 and 1752 he determined the secular variations of the elements of Jupiter and Saturn; but, owing to the intricate nature of the subject and the immense calculations which it entailed upon him, he was prevented from arriving at very accurate results.

After Newton discovered the unequal refrangibility of light, he perceived that the existence of that principle offered a serious obstacle to any further improvement of the refracting telescope. He made experiments on the passage of light through several contiguous media to see whether the different refracti ons might not correct one another; but his conclusions were the reverse of this. It was Dalland, the English optician, who succeeded in showing that Newton's conclusions were erroneous, and that a combination of crown and flint glass could be effected so as to produce an image free of color. But it was Euler who directed Dalland's attention to the subject, which finally resulted in the construction of the achromatic telescope.* In 1747 Euler communicated a memoir to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, in which he attempted to show that by a combination of different substances it would be possible to construct object-glasses for telescopes in which the effects arising from spherical aberration and the unequal refrangibility of light would be completely corrected. He remarked that the human eye is so constructed, and analogy should lead us to suppose that an object-glass of similar construction might be produced. Although Euler failed to point out the true law for the construction of such object-glasses, yet it may be said of him that *here*, also, he led the way to the discovery of the true principles.

* Grant's Hist. Phys. Ast., p. 581.

Euler's *Letters on Philosophy* addressed to a German princess were written in 1760–62, and they have always been universally admired for the simple language which he employs and the singular perspicuity with which he explains some of the most profound truths in natural philosophy. The work has been translated into most of the languages of Europe.

In the year 1760 the Russian army, under General Todtleben, pillaged a farm which Euler possessed near Charlottenberg; but as soon as the Russian general was informed of the event he repaired the loss by a very large sum; and the Empress Elizabeth, on learning the circumstance, added to this indemnity a present of four thousand florins. "This act of generosity, no doubt, had a powerful effect in attaching Euler to the Russian government, which, in spite of his absence, had always paid him the pension which it granted him in 1742."

The Empress Catharine having invited him to return to St. Petersburg to spend the remainder of his days, the King of Prussia gave him permission to go, but his oldest son was not allowed to accompany him. Soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg, on the 17th of July, 1766, Euler lost the sight of his other eye. For some time he had been obliged to perform all his calculations with large characters, traced with chalk upon a slate. His pupils and his children copied his calculations and wrote his memoirs while he dictated them. To one of his servants, who was quite ignorant of mathematical knowledge, Euler dictated his Elements of Algebra, a work of great merit; and the servant in this way became a good algebraic scholar, so clearly was every thing connected with the subject explained. After Euler lost his eyesight he acquired the faculty of carrying on in his mind alone the most complicated calculations. For the purpose of instructing his grandchildren, he constructed a table of the first six powers of all integral numbers from one to one hundred, and he recollected them with the utmost accuracy. At one time two of his pupils having computed to the seventeenth term a complicated converging series, their results differed by a unit in the fiftieth figure, and an appeal was made to Euler, who went over the calculation in his mind, and his decision was found to be correct.

In 1771 a great fire broke out in St. Petersburg and reached the house of Euler. Peter Grimm, a native of Bâsle, learning the danger in which his distinguished countryman

was placed, rushed through the flames and, reaching Euler's apartment, brought him off on his shoulders at the risk of his own life. His library and furniture were destroyed, but his MSS. were saved by the activity of Count Orloff.

In 1772, with the help of his colleagues, Krafft and Dexell, Euler revised his lunar theory and constructed a new set of lunar tables. These tables were rewarded by the Board of Longitude in France; and when the more perfect tables of Mayer obtained the premium of £3,000, offered by the British government, £300 were given to Euler for having furnished the theorems made use of by Mayer in his theory.

In 1773 Euler published, at St. Petersburg, his great work on the construction and management of vessels. By the recommendation of the French king it was introduced into the schools of the marine, and the author was rewarded with 1,000 rubles. An Italian, an English, and a Russian translation appeared about the same time, and the Russian government presented Euler with a gift of 2,000 rubles.

Euler underwent the operation of couching, which had the happy effect of restoring his sight; but from some cause he again lost it, and suffered much severe pain from the relapse. His love for scientific knowledge, however, did not die out with his sight. In the course of seven years he transmitted no fewer than seventy memoirs to the Academy of St. Petersburg; and at his death he left behind him two hundred ready for publication, to fulfil a promise made to Count Orloff to supply memoirs for the *Acta Petropolitana* for twenty years after he had passed away.

Euler died on the 7th of September, 1783. He was amusing himself with one of his grandchildren when, on a sudden, his pipe fell from his hand, and he expired of an apoplectic stroke in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

After a long life so nobly and successfully devoted to the cause of science Euler's reputation was very widely extended. Besides being a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and he had received the most flattering marks of esteem from the princes of the North, with whom he was well acquainted. His death was considered a public loss; and the Academy of St. Petersburg decreed him, at their own expense, a marble bust, which was placed in their public hall.

In respect to intellectual ability, Euler ranks as one

of the first minds of the nineteenth century. There was scarcely a subject that he touched but he left the mark of a master's hand. The number of his discoveries and improvements in the differential and integral calculus has hardly been equalled by any other mathematician. But Euler's knowledge was not confined to mathematics and the physical sciences. He had carefully studied anatomy, chemistry, and botany; and he was deeply versed in ancient literature. He could repeat the Æneid of Virgil from beginning to end; and he could even tell the first and the last lines of every page in the edition which he used.

IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Genius of Solitude. The Solitude of Nature and of Man; or, the Loneliness of Human Life. By WILLIAM ROUNCEVILLE ALGER. 16mo, pp. 412. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

FEW have read more than Mr. Alger. This is evident from any of his books; it is also evident that he has a taste for the mysterious and sublime. We have seen three of his books, including that now before us, and there is none of them which we would not recommend to the thoughtful reader as worthy of his attention. But more than this we could not conscientiously say in favor of any work we have yet had from Mr. Alger's pen. Upon the other hand, there are very few productions of which we could say as much. There are more striking thoughts in the present volume than in all the other new books which we have examined during the quarter, yet it is by no means a successful work. The fine ideas to which we allude are collected from numerous sources; but they are again scattered about without any regard to order or system. By this we do not mean to accuse Mr. Alger of plagiarism, because an author has a perfect right to avail himself of ideas as well as facts wherever he finds them, provided he digests them and clothes them in his own language. But if he does not do this he is bound to indicate the sources whence he has drawn them.

The difficulty with Mr. Alger is that he does not complete the process of digestion. In most instances, indeed, he presents us the thoughts in a new dress; but, in general, it is too gaudy. It looks too much as if it were intended for show; at least, it strikes us in this way. The general form is still more defective than the dress. Instead of that unity of design which the title would lead us to expect, and which, let the title

be what it may, is essential to a work of art, the utmost confusion pervades the whole performance. If we want to know what the aim of the author is we may as well turn to the last chapter as to the first, to the middle as well as to the last; and whether we turn to one or the other we shall not be much the wiser for our pains.

In short, the Genius of Solitude, as described by Mr. Alger, is an *ignis fatuus*. He is alternately everything and nothing. At the same time everybody who has any genius, or fancies he has, must be a genius of solitude. It is only vulgar, commonplace people who are not. We have already alluded to what we should expect ourselves from the title. Well, we have the different kinds of solitude disposed of in one hundred and eighty-one pages at the beginning of the work, and all the rest, with the exception of some fourteen pages at the end—that is, more than half—is occupied with "Sketches of Lonely Characters." Of these we have not fewer than thirty-seven. But who are they? A more motley category it would be difficult to form. Thus, among the "lonely characters" we have Cicero, Dante, Tasso, Rousseau, and Byron, as well as Jesus Christ, Buddha, Confucius, &c., &c. Now, with the exception of Buddha, whom some biographers represent as fond of solitude, not one of these was a lonely character in the sense in which the expression is used by Mr. Alger. Surely Cicero was not lonely. Not one of his contemporaries was more cheerful or fonder of agreeable society.

If Dante was lonely for a time, it was against his will; in proof of this we need only refer to his sonnets, especially those to Beatrice, another man's wife. Tasso was indeed lonely while he was in prison, but his greatest regret in his captivity was that he could not have his beloved "Leonora" beside him. How "lonely" Rousseau was can be seen from his "Confessions." Byron was lonely probably for a few days after his wife left him, but let Tom Moore's Life of him or his own "Don Juan" tell how long that loneliness continued. Milton, too, was lonely when he was deserted by his young wife, but when it failed him to induce her to return he soon tried to get another. As Mr. Alger is a clergyman, we presume it is all right to put Jesus in the same category with Rousseau, Byron, &c., although it seems to us a little odd. But, independently of the comparison, where is the proof that Jesus Christ was a "lonely character?" No one of his time was more in public than he; no one travelled or spoke more. In a word, he who has taught, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" can hardly be said to have favoured solitude either by precept or example. But let us see what solitude is, according to Mr. Alger. He tells us that it is defined by Zimmerman as "that state in which the soul freely resigns itself to its own reflections;" but our author adds, "This is really no definition," &c. He informs us that "the true definition is this: solitude is *the reaction of the soul without an object and without a product.*" (p. 33.)

Our readers can judge for themselves between Mr. Alger's definition and that of Zimmerman; for our own part, we greatly prefer the latter. We think it has at least the advantage of lucidity. But assuming that Mr. Alger's definition is the true one, as he informs us, can it be said that the reaction of the soul of Jesus was "*without an object and without a product?*" Can such be said even of mortals like Dante, Tasso, and Milton? But, this is one of the difficulties of Mr. Alger; he is constantly contradicting himself, seeming to pay much more attention to the sound than to the sense or reason of what he says. He appears to think that simple language can have nothing to do with the sublime, and is only fit for stupid people who have not the genius to be "lonely characters." Accordingly, such sublimity as the following abounds in the volume before us: "The *Sahara* spirit and *simoon* career of Attila, the *schemes revolving in the colossal brain* of Mirabeau, the *Titanic aloofness and pessimism* of Schopenhauer, the *oceanic* soul of Spinoza, *winged only by the All and calmly heaving forever*, are more appalling, more suggestive of the infinite than any material bulks, abysses, or wildernesses." (p. 31.) This, it will be admitted, is upon a pretty high key. We have not yet met with a comparison between Niagara Falls and that human "reaction" vulgarly called a "revulsion of feeling," but if we do not hit upon it as we proceed we are pretty sure to find as "strong" language in "The Genius of Solitude."

Judging from many passages in Mr. Alger's new book, we should infer that he has read "Harvey's Meditations on the Tombs," at least as carefully as any other work. Perhaps we are mistaken; at all events, the following sentence will serve as a specimen of the kind we allude to: "The visitor who pauses in the huge catacombs of Thebes *stuffed with death, the hollowed hills with stacks of bandaged humanity* that they are but *thinly-masked mountains of mummies*, feels for a time as if he were the survivor of a world." (pp. 83–84.) We confess that, to our plain understanding, this seems rather tumid; it is not pathos, but bathos. It is the misfortune of Mr. Alger that when he is treating a subject that is pathetic in itself he is sure to introduce something that gives it a ludicrous turn. Thus for instance, while laboring to say some very profound and affecting things about death he suddenly informs us that "a fop like Brummel, lying dead in his garret, affects us with a *melancholy incongruity. Meant* to flutter in the sunshine of fashion, he is a *dismal sight in the grim storm and tragedy of mortality—a belated butterfly frozen on a leaf.*" (p. 83.) Now, in the name of justice, what did poor Brummel do that he should be treated in so tragical a manner as this? But what sort of a feeling is "melancholy incongruity?" We hope none of our readers are "affected" with it. Why was Brummel a "more dismal sight in the grim storm," &c., than scores of others who died the same day and hour—especially if he was only "a belated butterfly frozen on a leaf?"

We cannot afford to give any more specimens. While we repeat that the book ought to be read for the striking passages which it contains, we must frankly say that, in our opinion, the author is but an indifferent philosopher. Although we are given to understand in several parts of "The Genius of Solitude" that he is in advance of his age, that the present generation are not capable of appreciating him, we cannot but regard his views of human life as exceedingly erroneous. It is not philosophy, or anything of the kind, we have in "The Genius of Solitude," but a morbid sentimentality. There are not many intelligent men, for example, who will agree with Mr. Alger that those who spend much of their time alone must necessarily be unhappy. He does not make the assertion thus roundly and generally; but if this be not the most prominent idea in his book we do not know what is. It should be remembered that a large proportion of those who are regarded as solitary characters, are so not from choice, but from necessity. The greatest thinkers—those who have immortalized themselves by their works—have formed the strongest and most lasting attachments to humanity. This is true of Dante, Tasso, Milton, and many of the other "lonely characters" of Mr. Alger. If they did not love man, they at least loved woman; and, far from shunning her society, it was dear to them to their last breath. But they should either seclude themselves or leave no memorial of their genius; the same is true of the greatest painters, sculptors, astronomers, chemists, &c. But when such men do seclude themselves, not because solitude is pleasant in itself, but because it is necessary, it is a great mistake to think that they are so unhappy as Mr. Alger would represent them. And if those who exercise self-denial in secluding themselves do not render themselves wretched or miserable by it, with what reason can it be said that those who lead a solitary life for the love of solitude make themselves unhappy by doing so?

But without being impelled by either motive, cannot the cultivated, thoughtful mind commune with itself, or with the great minds of the past, when brought into solitude by accident or force? Is it not at least as free from unhappiness as the mind that has had no such advantages? In a word, cannot the true man of genius—he who has been taught to reason on life, death, and eternity—keep company with himself, so to speak, when alone, as well as the man without genius, thought, or reflection? If he cannot, then Mr. Alger is right; and most of what we hear about the advantages to be derived from the culture and development of the human mind is to be regarded as a nursery tale.

1. *The Poems of* ALFRED B. STREET. In two Volumes. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

2. *Frontenac; or, The Atotarho of the Iroquois:* A Metrical Romance. By ALFRED B. STREET. From Bentley's London Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

MORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first appearance, in a fugitive form, of many of the poems of Mr. Street, now collected together in the two volumes the title of which heads this article. "Frontenac" was first brought out some twenty years since in England by Bentley, after most of our own leading publishers had declined assuming the responsibility of its publication. Immediately on its appearance public attention at home and abroad was directed to the claims of the new aspirant to the laurel wreath of poetry; and while the verdict of the critical canons of Britain was promptly and decisively pronounced in favor of the author, assigning him a place in the front rank of the immortals, by the side of Thomson and Wordsworth, Bryant and Longfellow, his reception by the leading reviews on this side of the water afforded only another illustration of the truth that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

Notwithstanding, however, the silence or the condemnation of those literary tribunals which should have been the first to welcome the advent of the new poet, the popular appreciation of his works was clearly indicative of the final judgment of that higher court from which there is no appeal. That magnificent lyrical effusion "The Gray Forest Eagle" found its way at once to the heart of every lover of poetry and stamped its hitherto unknown author as a child of song. The series of poems illustrative of "Nature," in all its varied aspects of flood and field, mountain and glen, beauty and desolation, indicated not only an intense love of all the works of the Creator of the Universe, but the most accurate perception of their distinctive features, their lights and shades, their varying manifestations, and their peculiar influences. And superadded to all this was a power of expression, "word-painting," which enabled the author, while submitting himself to all the requisitions of rhythmical accuracy and melody, to present a complete transcript of his conceptions, a life-like picture of the vivid impressions of animate and inanimate nature stamped upon his own soul. So minute and accurate, indeed, were these graphic delineations of the poet's pen that both in England and America he was almost simultaneously designated by competent judges as the best representative, at least, if not the founder, of that school of poetry which, by analogy to the modern school of painting, might properly be designated the "Pre-Raphaelite." It would, perhaps, be too much to claim for Mr. Street the same degree of excellence in "word-painting" which Turner and his disciples accomplished with the pencil, and which John Ruskin has with such marvel-

lous power of language glorified; but it is scarcely too much to say that in his reproduction of those features of the external universe which were subjected to the scrutiny of his poetical observation, he has been exceeded by few, if by any, of his most distinguished predecessors in the walks of descriptive poetry.

As an imaginative poet, as a poet of the reflective, thoughtful, sentimental order, as, in short, a *creator* in the original sense of the word designating the class to which he belongs, we cannot place him in the same rank with those great master-workers who during the past century have left the impress of their powerful genius upon the world's literature—with Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Emerson, and others "whose names posterity will not willingly let die." As a *descriptive* poet, however, as the successful and accurate delineator in harmonious verse of every phase of nature which passed under his eagle-eyed observation and scrutiny, we regard him as in all respects the equal, and in many the superior, of any of his predecessors and compeers.

Suum cuique tribuito. Mr. Street, in our judgment, possesses no faculty of genius which would have enabled him to write, or even to conceive, the "Christabel," the "Ancient Mariner," or the "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny," of Coleridge, the "Revolt of Islam," the "Alastor," or the "Adonais" of Shelley, the "Endymion," "Samia," or "Hyperion," of Keats. We doubt whether he could give utterance to those grave, solemn, and mournful creations of Tennyson, Longfellow, and Bryant—"In Memoriam," "Psalm of Life," and "Thanatopsis." But neither could any of these poets have looked with such microscopic vision into the minute details, or fixed so indelibly by a single but most accurately poised dash of the pen the exact impression of a bit of forest scenery, the gathering and rushing together of the elements in their terrific warfare, the soft, hazy, slumbering repose of an October day, the "storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye" of the "Gray Forest Eagle," the "settler's echoing axe" and the "rushing and thundering down" of the "Titans of the Wood," and a thousand other admirably daguerreotyped pictures of life and nature. Thomson himself, the poet, *par excellence*, of the Seasons, though he might have painted with equal power and skill what he saw, was far too indolent to take into his field of observation all those nice and more delicate shades of vision and coloring which lend such a charm to the pictures of Mr. Street. Take the following picture from one of his earliest sketches of an English landscape, and compare its finely discriminated coloring and its characteristic tints with other most elaborate descriptions of similar scenery by Thomson:

"A green winding lane
Skirted with fragrant hawthorns, casting down
Broad stripes of shadow on the pleasant grass,

Streaked by the slant rays of the setting sun;
The mown hay's odor fills the balmy air,
And the light clanging of the whetted scythe
Rings from the meadow; o'er yon grove of oaks
Tufting the sky with dome-like foliage
Points the mossed steeple of the village church;
And through the parted edges of the leaves
Gleam the white gravestones; by this cottage porch
Stoops the rough cart, its long tongue thrust to earth,
And near it couches the tired, panting ox,
With the grim mastiff growling in his sleep.
Beneath the *woodbined lattice, flashing back*
In dazzling sparks the sunbeam, the faint hum
Of the whirled spinning-wheel is blending sweet
With the deep low of the approaching kine
And *the shrill creaking of the harvest-wain.*"

Or this spirited rendering of the refreshing fragrance and beauty of a summer shower in our own clime:

"The full-grown canopy-leaves
Sketch in the gentle breathings of the air
Black, quivering forms upon the flower-gemmed earth.
O'er the branch-sheltered stream, the laurel hangs
Its gorgeous clusters, and the basswood breathes
From its pearl blossoms fragrance. *Swinging light*
Upon the hemlock top, the thrusher sounds
His three-toned flute. From her cool, shadowy nook
The doe ha led her dappled fawn, to taste
The low, sweet glade-grass, with its clover spots.
* * * * * Wafted up,
The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky,
And in its vapory mantle, *onward steps*
The summer-shower; over the shining grass
It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells
Upon the dimpling stream, and moving on
It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet
And softly murmured music. Off it glides;
And as its misty robe lifts up and melts,
The sunshine, darting with a sudden burst,
Strikes o'er the scene a magic brilliancy.
A damp, fresh fragrance from bathed leaves and flowers
Steeps the cool, pleasant air. Tree speaks to tree
In mirthful warbles; the wet bushes chirp,
And the grass answers with its insect tones."

In his sketch of "A Forest Nook" we are presented with the "bristling plume" of the spruce "tipped with its pale green points," the "scalloped beech-leaf" interlacing with the fine ragged edges of the birch:

"While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts
Its snowy chalices, half-brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall."
"The fern displays
Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown; *the wild rose spreads its breast*
Of delicate pink, and the *o'erhanging fir*
Has dropped its dark, long cone."

We see the butterfly fanning his rich velvet form," the "toiling bee" shooting by "with sounding hum and mistlike wings," the robin on his bending spray, the red-bird seeking the shelter of the leaves, the insect tribes, the ant "toiling on with its white burden," the wood-tick tapping its "tiny muffled-drum to the shrill cricket-fife," the maple-leaf on its crimson stem "displaying its white lining underneath."

> "Such nooks as this are common in the woods,
> And all these sights and sounds, the commonest
> In Nature when she wears her summer prime."

It is given to few, however, to see and hear with the eyes and ears of the true poet, and to still fewer to describe "thoughts that breathe" in "words that burn." Among the magnificent scenery of Dutchess county, in the deep forests, and by the clear, transparent streams flowing through the valleys of Sullivan, Mr. Street wandered in his earliest youth, breathing in, day by day, the inspiration of their mountains, rocks, and gorges, and overhanging cliffs; familiarizing himself with every aspect of the wild and picturesque region around him; intensely scrutinizing every development of plant, tree, flower, and shrub, every note of the feathered songsters of the wilderness, every motion of its wild and wayward inhabitants; and interpreting, as only genius can interpret, the myriad voices of earth, air, and life which surrounded him on every hand. The Willewemoc, the Delaware, and the Calicoon, the cascades, the glens, and the "hollow in the hills," Lake "Kan-na-on-ga" with its "two expanded wings" and its silvery waters, and the "giant shadows, black and deep," of the forest which skirts its shores, the legendary lay of the "Lost Hunter," the Falls of the Mongaup, with its "deep-toned, sullen boom," pealing its everlasting hymn amid the vastness of the "sublime cathedral-pile" of the dark wilderness of "rocks, woods, and waters, wild and rude;" even the "humble mill" with its "red-gabled front;" the school-house, "long, and low, and blackened with the hues of time"—all and each speak intelligibly to his heart and find adequate and fit expression in his verse.

And not nature alone, but man—wild and primeval—rude, uncultivated, revengeful and savage, as well as refined and civilized—is here depicted with a fidelity and power which have seldom been exceeded. In several of his minor poems, but more especially in "Frontenac," the untamed and untamable red warriors of the wilderness pass before us, as they battled with the swiftly advancing tide of conquest which was destined to sweep them from their boundless forest domain. With the restricted space at our disposal, we are unable to do more than merely to glance at this large portion of Mr. Street's labors. It is not so much in the conception, or in the management of the plot, or in the grouping of its accessories, that the "Metrical Romance," based upon the futile attack of the French in Canada upon the Great Confederacy of the Iroquois,

deserves our admiration, as in the beauty of the descriptive sketches of scenery and the striking delineation of character with which the volume abounds. We apprehend that few readers of romance, metrical or prosaical, would recur over and over again to the pages of "Frontenac" as they do to those of Marmion, Rokeby, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel, for the deep and sustained interest of the story and the picturesque and artistical arrangement of the details. But no one who can appreciate genuine poetry, warm from the heart of genius and abounding with life-like portraitures of man and nature, the majestic and fierce chieftains of the indomitable tribes of the forest, and the sweet influence of rural scenery, will fail to perceive the charm of Mr. Street's descriptions. Take, for instance, this picture of forest life in the opening canto:

"The green and sun-streaked glade was rife
With sights and sounds of forest life,
A robin in a bush was singing,
A flicker rattled on a tree;
In liquid, fife-like tones round ringing
A thrasher piped its melody;
Crouching and leaping with pointed ear
From thicket to thicket a rabbit sped,
And on the short, delicate grass a deer
Brushing the insects from off him sped."

* * * * * *

"Over the glade the ladened bee
Darted straight forward to its tree;
Each bird low twittered on its perch;
The night-hawk flew in jarring search;
The crow flapped o'er in solemn croak;
The frog its clamorous piping woke;
The wolf drew out his plaintive howl;
Shouted, in pauses brief, the owl;
Her wail set up the whippoorwill;
The tree-toad swelled its hollow trill;
The fire-flies shed in thickening flight
Their gold-green intermittent light,
Until the gray and glimmering haze
With fairy meteors seemed ablaze."

We cannot refrain from quoting one more characteristic sketch of forest scenery, as an illustration of Mr. Street's unrivalled power of minute and accurate description:

"THE WILDERNESS.

"Innumerable vistas far
Extended, myriad trunks between,
Eye-tangling and irregular,
Till closed by hillock or ravine.
Trees, trees, a verdant world, were round,
Strait, crooked, slant, each seeking light;
With some all splintered, bare, and white,
Telling the lightning's blasting bound.

And now and then was seen a path
Of prostrate trunks in chaos cast,
With upturned roots, dark circles vast,
Signs of the fierce tornado's wrath."

"Pines met the eye, all tasselled o'er,
Hemlocks that fringy cones upbore;
Oaks with their scalloped verdure; beeches
Whose moss the northward pathway teaches;
Poplars, light-hued and sensitive,
To every air-breath all alive;
Maples their red-stemmed foliage flickering
To downiest winds like streamlets bickering;
Striped dog-woods, birches sweet, that stood
The incense-bearers of the wood;
Grim lurching firs and laurels green,
Showing the swamp's wet, clustered scene."

"Through this gigantic roof, the light
Here, made some natural opening bright;
Here, down a narrow vista swept;
Here, underneath dense thickets crept;
Here, broken, struggling being found,
Sprinkled like fire-flies on the ground,
But scarce these colors few the sway
Broke of the general hue of gray,
That filled, subdued and soft, the air,
Making a solemn twilight there.

"This glorious sylvan scene showed rife
Each stage of vegetable life.
The downy sprout, the ground-bird trod
Elastic to the downy sod;
The sappling with faint verdure crowned,
Low bending to the squirrel's bound:
The tree, that, towering strong and high,
Spread its green standard to the sky;
Then, the dead top with lichens dressed;
Then, the dark hollow in the breast;
At last the dead prone log, with moss
Flung like a shroud, its form across."

The description of the Cataract of Niagara and the apostrophe in the sixth canto to "Cayuga Lake;" the "Strawberry Dance" in the same canto; the "Moccasin Print" and the "Night Watch" in the eighth; and "The Battle," "The Torture," "The Defiance," "The Death," and the solemn and mournful "Mass for the Dead," in the concluding canto, are each fine specimens in widely differing veins of the author's peculiar power of "word-painting"—presenting so many separate pictures every detail of which is carefully elaborated, and the varying lights and shadows admirably intermingled.

But we must close. It will be seen that while we cordially concur with his foreign and many of his most appreciative American critics in awarding to Mr. Street the palm of true poetical genius of a high order,

we deem his chief element of power to consist in his passionate love of nature, and his unequalled ability faithfully and accurately to observe its varied phases of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, and vividly and clearly to express in melodious numbers, his minutest perceptions, at the same time clothing them in the rich hues of the imagination and coloring them with the most graceful tints of fancy. He has not, as we have already intimated, the thoughtfulness or the deep philosophy of Wordsworth, nor the grandeur, or sublimity of Coleridge, nor the exuberant fancy of Shelley, nor the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Keats; nor will the vibrations of his poetry ever thrill the popular heart as do those of Tennyson, Bryant, and Longfellow. As a *descriptive poet* he has no superior. No modern painter of the "Pre-Raphael" school could even desire for his study more graphic, minute, or comprehensive sketches than abound in his descriptions of animate and inanimate nature. When, as is not unfrequently the case, he attempts to soar into the higher regions of the imagination, his wings soon flag and he seems conscious of an uncongenial element. When he endeavors, with high-sounding words, to moralize over the imperfections of humanity or to enlist our sympathies with its varied scenes of suffering and wretchedness, he beats the air with vapid commonplaces, and is manifestly going over a prescribed task, which he feels others of far inferior ability could much more successfully perform.

Many of his lyrical ballads, and patriotic odes, and legendary tales have the true ring and are well deserving the popularity they have obtained. But even here he fails to do full justice to his powers. It is only when he treads firmly upon the green sward of his native earth and inhales its beauty and fragrance; when he climbs its rugged mountains and plunges into its wild and ragged gorges, and glides upon its placid streams, and penetrates its pathless wildernesses; when he listens to the music of its birds, the chattering and chirping of its tiny inhabitants, and explores the secluded haunts of its more savage inmates; or when he revels in luxuriant idleness in the "glory of the grass and splendor of the flower"—it is only when surrounded by these elements of his beloved "NATURE, the emblem of Omnipotence," that he puts forth all his powers and "soars into the highest heaven of invention." It is only there that he "walks gowned" with "his garland and singing robes about him." And it is there that we most love to follow him and listen to the music of his lyre. However far he may, at times, wander from these his favorite haunts in search of other fields in which to plume the wings of his imagination and disport his fancy, we feel assured he will speedily return and reawaken the echoes of his "wood notes wild."

Early and Late Papers hitherto uncollected. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. 12mo, pp. 407. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

HAVING been informed that Mr. Longfellow's translation of Dante had been issued, we have gone to hunt it up among the new books of Ticknor & Fields; but instead of the *Inferno* or the *Purgatorio*, we have found Thackeray's "Early and Late Papers." We should undoubtedly have preferred Dante to Thackeray; at the same time we have quite a predilection for the author of "Pendennis." Thackeray had honesty and courage as well as talent, and few modern novelists possessed higher culture or a more extensive acquaintance with general literature—qualifications which have enabled him to use his talents to the best advantage.

The papers contained in this volume are not to be numbered among his best efforts. Yet there are none of them unworthy of him. Some are very good; they are marked with his peculiar humor; but all will be read with avidity by his admirers. Indeed, had we known nothing of the author, the fact that they have been collected by Mr. James T. Fields, who is an author himself as well as a man of taste, would have strongly prepossessed us in their favour. We would have regarded them at least as worth reading. To this we need only add that the papers which are most characteristic of Thackeray, and at the same time most interesting are those entitled "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," "Picture Gossip," "The Notch on the Axe," and "John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character." These are more or less illustrative of all the qualities, both intellectual and moral, which distinguished Thackeray from his contemporaries.

Our readers need not fear, however, that we will forget Dante. We mean to give the best account we can in our next number of the manner in which the author of "Hiawatha" interprets the *Inferno*.

Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature. A Mélange of Excerpta, Curious, Humorous, and Instructive. Collated by O. C. BOMBAUCH, A. M., M. D. 12mo, pp. 548. Baltimore: T. Newton Kurtz. 1867.

WE have here a really honest book. Those who expect the most from its title will be agreeably surprised at its multifarious contents rather than disappointed at not finding so much as they had expected. The compiler is not merely one who has read much; he exhibits taste and discrimination in his selections. Had he called his well-filled volume "Curiosities of Literature" instead of the more unpretending title of "Gleanings," no one capable of judging, and willing to encourage intelligent, extensive, and successful research for the amusement and instruction of the public would have accused him of setting too high a value on his labors.

Most of the typography being small, though remarkably clear and

legible, an incredible amount of curious and instructive matter, the most heterogenous in its character, is compressed into this handsome volume, which we most cordially recommend to all who have any curiosity to take an occasional saunter through the by-ways of literature.

SCIENCE AND HISTORY.

Twelve Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion Delivered in Rome by the late CARDINAL WISEMAN. New edition Dublin: 1866.

WE do not pretend to take up this work through pious motives, and still less is our purpose sectarian. An esteemed lady friend has expressed a wish that we should call attention to some of the arguments adduced by the Cardinal in proof of the unity of the human race, fearing lest some recent lectures by an eminent naturalist, favouring the theory of plurality, might injuriously conflict with the Christian principle of universal brotherhood. It always affords us pleasure to comply, as far as possible, with the suggestions of those who combine modesty with superior intelligence; and in the present instance we have an additional inducement in the intrinsic merits of the work to which our attention has so courteously been called. Did we set aside the book because it is the production of a dignitary of a church to which we do not belong, we should despise ourselves. Far from doing so, we are so deeply impressed with what cardinals have done for literature and science, both by their own pens and by their generous patronage, we confess that the name would rather attract us, and lead us to expect something that is superior. Cardinal Wiseman is pre-eminently one of this character; and it has been our privilege to have heard two of these very lectures from his own eloquent lips; nor shall we ever forget the deep impression which they made especially on the Protestant portion of the large and intelligent audiences which his Eminence was always sure to attract wherever he spoke.

As the late Cardinal is but little known in this country, it may be well to make a remark or two relative to his early life and the manner in which he attained the distinguished position which he had occupied for some years before his death. Nicholas Patrick Etienne Wiseman was born at Seville, Spain, of Irish parents, August 2, 1802. His father, who was a respectable merchant, that travelled a good deal, liked England so well that he settled in that country, and thus it was that young Nicholas Patrick, or Patrick, as he was more generally called at this time, learned

his "humanities" at a private school near Durham. From this he was sent to the English college at Rome, which he entered in 1818. In 1824, he was ordained a priest, and received the degree of D.D. In the meantime, he had made remarkable progress in the Oriental languages, including the Arabic and Persian, as well as the Hebrew and Syriac; accordingly, only three years had elapsed from the time he got his Doctor's degree until he was appointed Professor of Oriental literature in the Roman University, and at the same time made Sub-rector of the college in which he had been but recently a student.

Much as he had now to occupy his attention, he pursued his literary studies with more ardor than ever; this is sufficiently proved by the fact that he was but one year in his new position when he published the first volume of his *Horæ Syriacæ, seu Commentationes et anecdota res vel litteras syriacas spectantia;* a work which has elicited the praise of the most eminent Orientalists of Europe. But a new career was now opening before him. The emancipation of the Catholics in England suggested to him that he could render some service to the church, which had been so long oppressed in that country. As his superiors readily concurred in his views, he visited England as soon as possible; and the Anglican clergy of all grades were surprised to see a young priest come directly from Rome and offer to enter the lists with the most erudite and learned of them, asking no other weapons than those which they represented as utterly proscribed by the Church of Rome—namely, reason and free discussion. Although many Protestants came to hear his sermons, he knew that, in order to influence the Protestant mind to any considerable extent, he must not confine himself to sermons from the altar, and accordingly he delivered a series of public lectures in 1836, which were published the following year in two octavo volumes, entitled "Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church." These lectures attracted considerable attention among all classes; several Anglican divines, including Dr. Taunton, Bishop of Ely, undertook to refute the arguments of Father Wiseman. Some indulged in abuse instead of argument, and they were aided in that mode of reasoning by some of the leading newspapers of the day. But Wiseman was neither timid nor vindictive; but manly, frank, and generous—qualities which no people appreciate more highly than the English. Thus it was that many of those who had been most ferocious in their assaults upon him at the beginning soon became sincerely attached to him as friends.

It is not strange, then, that even the universities were influenced by his lectures; for it is beyond doubt that the Oxford "Tracts for the Times," especially those from the pen of Dr. Pusey, are to be regarded as but a part of the germinating process of the fruit so quietly but carefully sown by Dr. Wiseman. Nor did the Pope fail to perceive the great influence he was exercising; and he readily availed himself of it by

increasing the number of English Catholic bishops from four to eight. One of the sees thus formed was tendered to Father Wiseman as a just recognition of the valuable services he had rendered the church, but, with characteristic generosity, he requested to be placed in the subordinate position of coadjutor to Dr. Walsh. His request was granted by the Pope; he was appointed coadjutor in 1840, with the title of Bishop of Mellepotamos. His duties were now largely increased, but they were not sufficient for so active a mind as his. He is conscious of his ability to use his pen as well as his tongue; and in order to do so with most effect, he founds the *Dublin Review*, and makes it beyond all comparison the ablest Catholic periodical in the world. Some of his numerous contributions to this journal were republished in an octavo volume in 1853, under the modest title of "Essays on Various Subjects;" and while writing them he had undertaken the additional duties of Rector of the College of St. Mary of Ascot. In 1849 he succeeded Dr. Walsh as Vicar Apostolic, and the following year Pius IX. issued a rescript declaring the ancient Catholic hierarchy re-established in England; and the same document raised Dr. Wiseman to the dignities of Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal.

Much progress as liberal ideas had made in England, these announcements created a profound sensation. Protestants of all denominations were more or less indignant; the indignation of the Presbyterians and Methodists, especially that of the former, knew no bounds. Meetings were held everywhere to denounce pope and popery; and all the newspapers indulged in daily fulminations to the same effect. In short, so intense was the excitement that the government of the day felt called upon to introduce a bill which rendered it a penal offence for Catholics to assume any ecclesiastical titles, and it was passed by a large majority in June, 1851. But the Cardinal was not in the least dismayed, nor did he permit his characteristic equanimity and good humor to be disturbed. Without indulging in any recriminations, he quietly prepared three lectures on the Catholic hierarchy and delivered them to large audiences at St. George's, Southwark; these were fully reported by the leading journals and they had a most powerful effect. Those who hated popery most admitted that there was something sublime in the course of the Cardinal in attempting to stem such a torrent by appealing to the reason and justice of the nation in its own stronghold. All now remembered his exemplary character as a man and a citizen; it was conceded that his English patriotism was beyond question. His learning was then taken into account, and the good he had done for science and literature; so that in a very short time there was a reaction in the public mind which rendered the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill a dead letter.

It is superfluous to say that this was a great triumph; but the Cardinal continued as unassuming, liberal, and conciliatory as ever. Having

secured the esteem of the British nation of all classes by these various means, he visited Ireland in 1858, where his tour through the greater part of the island was a continued ovation, the enthusiasm of the people being greatly increased from day to day by his eloquent addresses. In short, so great was the renown of Cardinal Wiseman, that when the health of Pius IX. became seriously impaired in 1864, he was spoken of throughout the Continent, as well as in England, as in every respect the best qualified of all the cardinals then living to succeed to the chair of St. Peter; but he died in February of the following year universally lamented.

Such is a brief outline of the life and labors of the author of the work which a lady, who is herself a competent judge of literary merit, requests us to notice. To this we need hardly add that the twelve lectures are such as might be expected from a thorough scholar, whose chief object in studying the natural sciences, as well as the Oriental languages, has been to render the knowledge gained from each available to remove all doubts as to the divine origin of Christianity. That they have done much good will be readily believed by any intelligent person who reads them; for, besides being well and eloquently written, they exhibit profound research, presenting interesting and cogent testimony from numerous sources, sacred and profane, in support of the author's views.

The subject of the first two lectures is the Comparative Study of Languages, and it is treated with unquestionable ability. We have two lectures more on the Natural History of the Human Race; two on the Natural Sciences; two on Early History; two on Oriental Literature, and one on Archæology. There is no work of any value on the history of the human race extant which the Cardinal has not consulted in order to obtain testimony in support of the original unity of mankind. We have ourselves devoted some attention to the subject; and in no work, not excepting that of the learned Prichard, have we found stronger or more ingenious arguments in favor of unity than we do in these Lectures. No one extract we can give will sufficiently illustrate this fact; but the following passage will give those who have not seen the work an idea of the manner in which the Cardinal treats the subject:

"For you will perceive how, on several occasions, besides my principal object of tracing the bearings of scientific researches upon sacred truths, I have endeavoured to call your attention to the light which one pursuit casts upon another. And, so here, I wish you to note how our former inquiries seem to receive striking illustration from these totally different researches, yet so as to confirm still farther the evidence they gave in favour of the inspired narative. Thus we found that every new step in the comparative study of languages, brought us nearer to a positive demonstration, that mankind were originally one family; and the investigation of the early history of nations, assisted by the observation of their manners, religions, and habits, brings us to precisely the same conclusion. Nor is this confined merely to the members of the same ethnographic family, such as the Ger-

mans and Indians; but Colonel Tod has certainly pointed out such curious coincidences between the origin assigned to their respective nations by the Monguls and Chinese, and the early mythological annals of the Indians, as seem to place us, in the historical investigation of their common origin, much in the same position as the discoveries of Lepsius and others do in respect of the ethnographical inquiry, that is, in the possession of strong probability that families of men, now completely distinguished by different languages, may be shown to have been orignally one. In each science, perhaps only one step has been made, but that is so successful as to augur still fuller and more satisfactory discoveries. And if the common origin of these nations can be historically established, we have a strong proof that some great and unknown cause must have acted to give each of them a language so essentially peculiar and distinct.

"Again, by these researches we have it still farther proved that climate or some other cause may change the outward habit and physiognomy of a people. For, taking the learned writer's hypothesis to its full extent, and supposing the race now occupying the Rajasthan to be a northern tribe, who invaded it from the north only 600 years before Christ, indeed to be a portion of that nation which, about the same period, took possession of Jutland, we have it shown how two colonies of the same tribe may, in the course of some centuries, have acquired the most different physical characteristics; the one receiving the fair and xanthous traits of the Dane,—the other, the dusky hue of the Indian. But, if we do not go so far, and only suppose the resemblances of names and manners to be traces of a primeval affinity, we may still draw a similar conclusion, varying only in a comparative vagueness of date, that the Getæ of Scythia formed the fairest of the Caucasian race, while those of Hindostan rank among the darkest of Mongul. This reflection, too, will go far to overthrow Heeren's hypothesis of the existence of two different races in the Indian peninsula, discernible at this day by variety of colour, and constituting the Brahman and the inferior castes.

"The complete resemblance between the mythological systems of India, Greece, and Scandinavia, obvious not merely in the characters and attributes of their respective deities, but even in their names and in the minutest circumstances of their legends, is a discovery which belongs to the earlier history of these studies. Sir W. Jones, Wilfort, and others, in the last generation, had abundantly established this point. The last-mentioned writer also renewed with elaborate care the old hypothesis, that a close affinity existed between the ancient worshippers of the Nile and the Ganges; but, unfortunately, the circumstances I have already detailed regarding him, have cast a damp upon the interest which his researches must have otherwise excited. Colonel Tod has, however, added many interesting points of resemblance to those which we already possessed, between the mythologies of the two countries. I will content myself with alluding to his description of the festival of Gourè, as kept with great solemnity in Mewar, and to the remarks which he has added as a commentary upon it. Here, then, again, we have an accession of strength to those reasons which would lead us to suspect affinity between two nations belonging to different families, according to their philological distribution.

"This growing accumulation of proof in favour of the common origin of nations, drawn from researches which have no natural direction to its discovery, must greatly strengthen our confidence in the usefulness of every study, when reduced to proper harmony with its sister sciences, and made to advance with them at an even pace." (pp. 284-286.)

We have thus given our attention to the learned and excellent work from which this extract is taken, all the more cheerfully because we learn that we are soon to have an American Cardinal, and should be sorry, for the sake of many esteemed Catholic friends, if for no other reason, to

see a narrow-minded person, without learning, ability, or a will of his own, placed in so important a position. Far be it from us to say that there are many Catholic Bishops or Archbishops of this character. We readily admit that, on the contrary, there are very few; that in nine cases out of ten the episcopal appointments of the present Pope have been judiciously and discriminatively made. But we are sure that his Holiness himself would not deny that in the best of times there have been bishops and archbishops—though, perhaps, not more than three or four in all Christendom—who, while they might have done excellent work as curates in some country village, have been an incubus to the Church in their episcopal capacity. Now, what we beg leave to wish is that no such dignitary as this may be made Cardinal for the United States.

It should be remembered that this, as well as England, is a Protestant country, and that our people as well as the English admire talent, frankness, and courage; while they despise the opposite qualities as cordially as any people in the world. We confess that we should rather have his Eminence a little deficient in piety than without intellect; and in this we are sustained by the most intelligent Catholics in this country. Cardinal Wiseman was, indeed, a good Christian; no prelate was more sincerely devoted to the duties of his sacred calling; but he made no pretensions to constant praying; he was none of those who would palm off lugubriousness and timidity for piety; for no one, lay or clerical, was more good-humored or more sociable than he; and certainly no prelate of any country was more gentle or considerate to his reverend subordinates of all grades. The great change which he himself had contributed so much to produce in the popular mind of England, had encouraged several religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods to establish seminaries and other educational institutions in that country. He visited all; encouraged all; but allowed none to control him to the prejudice of any of the rest.

If he showed favours to any, it was to the weaker; to those who had not yet time to establish a reputation or secure a prestige, but who were labouring honestly and intelligently for both. One fraternity took offence at this and made an indirect effort to coerce the Cardinal; but they soon found that this would not do, and had to be content with the credit, not of what others had done ages before they were born, but of what they were doing themselves at the present time, in Great Britain and Ireland. This showed that Cardinal Wiseman was not merely a preacher; it proved that he understood the art of government, and, what was better still, that he acted in strict accordance with the favorite British motto—"Fair play;" and none admired his impartiality in this respect more than the intelligent portion of the Catholics.

We mention these facts because, however trifling they may seem in themselves, they contribute to show what a Cardinal ought to be in a

Protestant country, especially in a great city like London or New York—that is, if the influence which he is to exercise, as the highest representative of the Church, on Protestant as well as Catholic, is to be taken into account in his appointment. At the same time, we hold that there is no need to go beyond the United States to find one who is eminently qualified in every respect for the duties and position of a Cardinal. We are satisfied that the Archbishop of Baltimore, who, we believe, is now at Rome, would give universal satisfaction, were he elevated to that high dignity. Like Wiseman, he is a man of learning and talent; like Wiseman, he is an author and a critic; and, like Wiseman, he is manly and generous, and conciliatory in his manners.

Had Archbishop Hughes survived we should not have desired a better cardinal than he would have made; for he, too, had a will of his own. He allowed no clique, pious or profane, in or out of the Church, to make a tool of him or restrain him from giving merit its due. He was not as learned as Archbishop Spalding, but he had learning enough to distinguish mere smatterers from true scholars, no matter how high-sounding and sanctimonious were their pretensions, and he had the courage and sense of justice to keep them in their place accordingly. Now, if a heretic who knows nothing of theology may have anything to say on the matter, this is the sort of man we want to be Cardinal in New York. We have great respect for the Cardinal's hat; but we hold that the head on which it is to be placed ought to be large enough to fill it. That of his grace of Baltimore has the necessary dimensions, and we beg leave to think, accordingly, that his Holiness could not do better than to appoint him now during his visit to Rome.

SUMMER TRAVEL, FISHING, &c.

The Fifth Annual Report of the Directors of the Erie Railway Company to the Stockholders. New York: 1867.

THERE are facts and statistics in this Report in which the public at large have an interest. It is impossible to read it without being impressed with the magnitude of the institution to which it relates; and yet to realize it in its full extent one must see for himself. Nor is it sufficient to travel on the road from one terminus to another, as well as on its different branches. It is necessary to stop at a dozen stations, and observe the immense freight-trains passing day and night, laden with all the productions of the Western country, and bringing back in return both the necessaries and the luxuries of civilization. Looking at one side, we cannot but admire the industry, intelligence, and fertility which can bear so gigantic a drain on their products; turning to the other, we must wonder at the enormous quantities of manufactured goods, foreign and domestic, consumed in the Western States, not to mention teas, sugars, wines, &c. If one only reflects

for a moment he must exclaim: "What an immense business to transport all these, and with such rapidity!"

While thus reflecting, a passenger-train, including some fifty cars, comes rushing through the valley with a velocity that recals the fabled genii of oriental story, and with a bellowing that would make the roaring of the lion seem tame and commonplace. There is something truly grand in the scenes thus presented in some of those wild, romantic glens on the Erie road which the adjacent mountains cover, towards evening, with their shadows, as with a mighty pall. The huge caravan stops almost at a glance and the stranger instinctively asks: "Whither are these thousands going?" Proverbially populous as the principal countries of Europe are, we see there no such scenes as these constantly occurring. As soon as he can compose his thoughts he looks around from an eminence and contemplates the scenery; almost every variety presents itself; here, woodland, dale, and mountain; there, precipitous rocks and murmuring streams, or, perhaps, the more stately movements of rivers like the Delaware and the Susquehanna. "Ah," exclaims the traveller, "this, indeed, explains the mystery. Every one who can travels through this beautifully romantic and picturesque region, especially in the summer season."

These are no imaginary pictures on our part, for there is not a beautiful or attractive spot from the Susquehanna to the Passaic with which we are not acquainted, or in which we have not spent some pleasant hours. To no other parts of the country equally distant from New York do we go with so much confidence in search of sport, whether the game we seek be trout and pickerel, or quail and woodcock; and if we had only time and space, we could point out to our sport-loving readers the favorite haunts of the finest game we have met in this country. As for gunning, one having a good dog, a good double-barrel, and a good, steady eye, can amuse himself at it at about any secluded spot west of Paterson; although those in search of genuine sport must go as far as Port Jervis, taking the woods there a few miles from the village, on the right bank of the Delaware or on either bank of the Neversink.

As for fishing, we know at least a dozen places where one can enjoy himself at it to his heart's content, and gain strength and weight of muscle at the same time. We do not say that the quantity caught at any of those places is large; but, to us at least, the sport has been greater than if the fish had been much more abundant. This is true, for example, of Sawyer's Creek, two miles from Port Jervis, and Pond Eddy Creek, nine miles from the same village.

There are few stations westward of this until one reaches the Susquehanna, in the vicinity of which there are several streams that contain trout and pickerel. One of the finest trout we have ever tasted, in Europe or America, we caught a year ago in Carr's Rock Creek, fourteen miles from Port Jervis, with a rod we borrowed from a lad in the

neighborhood while waiting an hour for the express train to New York. This good luck induced us to extend our researches on a subsequent occasion, when we went as far as Deposit, one hundred and twenty-six miles from New York, stopping on our way at Lackawaxen, Mast Hope Creek, Cockerton, and Callicoon, and enjoying more or less sport at each.

We mention these facts rather than discuss the dry details of the pamphlet before us, because many of our subscribers (who prefer the wood and the river's bank to the drinking-saloon and the gambling-hall, especially when the mercury is approximating to 90° Fahrenheit in the shade) have asked us our opinion as to the best places to spend a month or two with the view of combining field-sports with the improvement of health.

Several have asked whether we would recommend the northern part of Long Island or the line of the Erie road. This is a question easy enough to propose, but rather delicate to answer. Long Island is undoubtedly a very beautiful place; the vicinity of the sea to most of the villages is a great advantage. But the Island has hardly any streams in which one can enjoy the sport of fishing. What is worse, three-fourths of the country are flat, a large proportion of it is marshy, and several of those villages which are most attractive in other respects suffer considerably from intermittent fevers of different kinds. But the greatest objection of all is the manner in which the Long Island Railroad is managed. The complaints against this are universal. It seems to be the principal object of the company to exact all the money they can from those who have occasion to travel on the road. On no road that ever we have travelled upon in Europe or America are passengers so heavily taxed for their baggage. As an instance of the extortion practised in this way we may mention that last summer we saw two ladies forced to pay $6.50 cents for their trunks in addition to their fares, for the distance between Hunter's Point and Cutchoque.

Is it any wonder, then, that the general remark is, "Long Island is, indeed, a beautiful place, but we are sick of this hateful monopoly and the Shylocks (Charlicks) who have charge of it." "But their domineering reign won't last long now," remarks another, in the same bitter, indignant spirit. "The new road is already commenced, and when that is finished the Jews may take all they get." In honorable contrast with this sort of management, we find the Erie Company offering a large commutation in one of the documents before us, as an inducement for New Yorkers and others to visit some of the beautiful places above alluded to, or to settle on them permanently. Thus, for example, an excursion ticket taking one to Port Jervis—a distance of 88 miles—and back only costs $3.10. The rate for three months to the same place is $41.80; for six months $74.75, &c., and a similar ratio of reduction is allowed for all the intermediate places. Now, those who inquire about the relative advantages and attractions of the two regions may judge for themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Emigrant's Quest; *or*, "*Is it our own Church?*" By M. E. Beauchamp. New York: Genl. Prot. Epis. S. S. Union. 1867.

This is an unpretending tiny volume; but the author, of whom we have no personal knowledge, could have rendered a much larger work interesting and attractive. The story purports to be that of an English emigrant belonging to the Anglican Church, whom the injustice of an avaricious landlord had forced to abandon the home of his ancestors and emigrate to this country. The unfeeling conduct of the landlord; the grief of the family at having been dispossessed merely because the lease happened to expire; their parting with their friends, &c., are each portrayed by Mr. Beauchamp with considerable pathos.

Having arrived in this country, the emigrant, his wife, and young daughter attend different Episcopal churches in New York; and they naturally compare what they see and hear to what they had been used to in attending church at home. Some of the criticisms thus made are quite piquant; but it must be admitted that in general they are true. Thus, then, in a small, neatly bound volume of only ninety-two pages, which one could put into his vest pocket, we have illustrations of the defects of two systems widely different from each other, but each highly characteristic of England.

The Votary. A Narrative Poem. By James D. Hewett. 16mo, pp. 123. New York: G. W. Carleton. 1867.

It is but seldom we meet with a new "poem" at the present day that has much poetry in it; but there are really some good passages in this—certainly sufficient to satisfy us that if Mr. Hewett will only exert himself he will produce something that will secure him a respectable niche in the temple of fame. But this exertion must comprehend more than writing; he who would be a poet must read much, as well as reflect and observe much; and this reading and reflection must be of the right kind. We hope the author of "The Votary" is not one of those who say: "Why, the greatest of all poets read nothing—he had nothing to read; he depended wholly on his genius." This, we know, is often said of Homer, but it is not correct. No intelligent person can examine the Iliad without feeling convinced that the author was not only an educated person in the ordinary sense of the phrase, but one of superior culture. But were the facts otherwise, it would be very unsafe to infer that because Homer immortalized himself without learning, others may do the same.

By this, however, we do not mean that Mr. Hewett is more deficient in this respect than most of our poets; we think, on the contrary, that his

taste is more refined than that of some whose productions are extensively read. This we could prove had we a little more time to devote to the work than we have at present; as it is, we must confine ourselves to an extract, and this must be brief. In our opinion, the following lines, taken from the opening of the first canto, compare favorably with the general tone of Young's "Night Thoughts:"

> "Retiring Eve with beckoning finger signed
> To Night, her sister, mantled for her throne,
> Who in the East's dim portals waiting stood;
> Then, gathering to her breast her shadowy robes,
> Withdrew within the russet drapery
> Of her august pavilion in the West.
> Night paced with soundless feet up to her seat,
> And lingering light, before her routed, fled.
> Her star-shot veil, flung loose, swept floating far
> From her swart brow, and trailed like sable fleece
> Round her tenebrious feet; the fair full moon
> Glowed in her dusky zone, outshining all
> The shivering splendors of her coronet,
> Like one resplendent pearl, by her caprice
> Set in the girdle of an Orient Queen,
> Arrayed in state to hold her evening court.
> Her children followed her,—the twain she bore
> To silence at one birth,—blue-lidded Sleep."

This is by no means the best passage we could have given from "The Votary," for our object is not to praise, but to do justice, by a fair general specimen. In a word, the poem has considerable merit, and we are sure that many of our readers will thank us for calling their attention to it, even in this hurried way.

The Triumph over Midian. By A. L. O. E., authoress of the "Shepherd of Bethlehem," "Exiles in Babylon," &c., &c. 16mo, pp. 333. New York: Gen. Prot. Episcopal Sunday-school Union and Church Book Society. 1867.

THE authoress of this volume is so well and favorably known to our readers that we need only say that if it is not better than any of her previous works, it is certainly not inferior to the best of them. Its object is "to illustrate the history of Gideon;" and, in order to render the illustration agreeable as well as instructive, we are treated to a story which is not the less interesting for the religious tone that pervades it, and the fine Christian precepts and excellent moral lessons which are so skilfully intertwined with it.

INSURANCE.

1. *Twelfth Annual Report of the Insurance Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, January* 1, 1867. Part II. *Life and Accident Insurance.* p. civ. 88. Boston: 1867.

2. *Recent Insurance Laws, Reports, and other Documents.*

THE large pile of printed matter on Life Insurance now before us affords a cogent and interesting evidence, by itself, of the immense increase of the business. But it shows and promises much more than this, for whatever encourages discussion and presents an inducement to the acquisition of knowledge is not merely utilitarian in its character; it exercises an important influence on civilization. It can no longer be denied that there is really an insurance literature, and that it is rapidly improving in its tone and general character. We cannot give the credit of this to what is called the Insurance Press, although we cheerfully admit that in some instances it is conducted with intelligence and ability. The real secret of the improvement is, that there are very few life companies which have not at least one officer who is capable of discussing the subject in an able manner; indeed, there is not one respectable company who has not this advantage.

Those desiring to engage in the business begin to understand this, and they are preparing themselves accordingly, so that it is no exaggeration to say that in a very short time every office of a Life company worthy of the name may be regarded as an academy in itself. Already we know several that have excellent libraries. They no longer confine themselves to atlases, globes, tables of mortality, gazetteers, reports of insurance superintendents, commissioners, &c. Several have complete mathematical works, treatises on geometry as well as on algebra, essays and dissertations on probabilities, on the influence of climate and other agencies on the duration of life, political economy, &c., &c.

In illustration of the rapid stride that has recently been made in this direction we may mention that we have been accommodated in an insurance office with portions of the works of Laplace, Kepler, and Des Cartes, which were not to be had at our public libraries, or at any book-store in New York or Boston. We do not say that it is strictly necessary for underwriters to study books like these; but we hold that all should have some knowledge of algebra. They certainly should understand the simpler equations; but no actuary is qualified for his business who does not understand quadratic equations as well as the nature of infinite series.*

* It will be remembered that we have spoken on different occasions of the habit on the continent of Europe of having a mathematician, as such, connected with every respectable Life Office. We are glad to see that the plan has been introduced into this country by the Mutual Benefit of Newark. Mr. Grover has done many good, judicious things during the twenty-two years he has been connected with the Mutual Benefit, but nothing more so than this.

But we must not forget that our space is limited, and that now, as well as on former occasions, we have some comments to make and some facts to state; although the experience of the last three months has added but little to those materials from which alone important inferences are to be drawn. By this, however, we mean no disparagement of the Report of the Massachusetts Commissioner, which, in our opinion, is at least as able, also as honest, as any previous document from the same office. If Mr. Sandford is a novice in life insurance, as we are occasionally informed, he is a pretty shrewd one. For our own part, we must confess that we have never been able to perceive the superior brilliancy and skill which, according to some of the insurance journals, have characterized the reports of his immediate predecessor. Perhaps this is caused by prejudice, inasmuch as we had always some difficulty in procuring a copy of Mr. Wright's Report; once or twice we wrote to him for one, but never got it; so that it might as well have been published off in Timbuctoo for aught we could know about it had not some of our insurance friends been so polite and obliging as to send it to us.

Thus far, at least, Mr. Sandford has acted differently; he has promptly sent a copy of the pamphlet before us to our office. But no matter how a publication comes to us, we speak of it as we think it deserves. Now, as on former occasions, insurance friends have voluntarily sent us copies, so that had the new Commissioner failed to send one himself, we should nevertheless have been provided in that way. We mention this because we always suspect that there is something wrong with those who will furnish their performances only to those who are likely to praise them. No one, indeed, can blame Mr. Barnes on this ground; if the Superintendent for New York is in the least averse to publicity, or even to the fullest criticism of his own views and actions, we have never seen any sign of the fact, for he has always promptly and cheerfully sent us his Reports. Sometimes we have criticized him, but far more generally his conduct has elicited our unqualified approbation.

Towards Mr. Sandford we will pursue the same course; when we think he does right we will cheerfully say so; but when we think he does wrong we will also state the fact, though he send us a cart-load of Annual Reports. We do not know how long the new Commissioner has studied life insurance; but he need not have gone beyond his own city to meet with one capable of giving him the best instruction both in theory and practice. Mr. Stevens of the New England Mutual Life is one of the oldest underwriters in America, though comparatively young in years; it is also true of him that no one has spent his time in the business more thoughtfully. Indeed, his mind is fully imbued with the subject, its nature and principles; and what he understands he has the faculty of communicating to others both with tongue and pen. We do not know, or say, that Mr. Stevens is the instructor of Mr. Sandford. We only make these remarks in reply to those who wonder at the

extensive and intimate acquaintance with the insurance business evinced by the new Commissioner in the pamphlet before us.

But, although we have the greatest respect for the general intelligence of Boston, we do not think that any other underwriter of that city is capable of instructing Mr. Sandford. Perhaps, then, he went to Hartford, as the President of the New England Mutual is much more famous abroad than he is at home. In the latter city he could, indeed, have got instructors enough, of the best class, at least half a dozen; men, too, who, like Mr. Stevens, could have helped him to write his report had he been in need of aid in that way. This is true, for example, of Mr. Phelps, of the Connecticut Mutual; Mr. Endors, of the Ætna Mutual; and Mr. Fessenden, of the Phœnix Mutual. There is not a judicious or forcible remark in the Report before us, from one end to the other, which any of these gentlemen could not have suggested. It is true that if he had sought some lessons in duplicity, or in the art of saying one thing and meaning another quite different, with these, too, he could have been accommodated by Hartford underwriters, although only, we believe, by those who are new and "accidental." But we hold that there is sufficient internal evidence in his Report that he has accepted no tuition from the latter gentlemen. Had he done so, there are certain comments which would not have appeared in his "summing up" as they now do.

In estimating the amount of information contained in Mr. Sandford's Report it is proper to remember, as he reminds us himself, that he did not enter upon the duties of his office until July 1, 1866; this only left him four months of the insurance year to report upon. It is evident that he has been industriously employed during this time. In illustrating the growth of insurance he informs us that there are forty-four (44) life companies now doing business in Massachusetts. Of these only six belong to that State; of the remaining thirty-eight (38) twenty-three belong to the State of New York, seven (7) to the State of Connecticut, &c. Some idea of the growth of the business may be formed from the fact that the total number of companies doing business in Massachusetts in 1858 was only fourteen (14), less than one-third the present total; the amount insured increasing during the same period from 116 millions to 872 millions, very nearly a decuple proportion. In commenting on this increase the Commissioner remarks: "The growth of Life Insurance in this country, surprisingly rapid as it is, is not a false nor unnatural growth. It rests upon a solid foundation of truth and reason." (p. ix.) Further on in the same page he adds, that it is, "in fact, a necessity of American society. Our male population are emphatically a race of producers. The fortunes of a great majority of our families are in the productive brain or hand of the paternal head."

We need hardly remind our readers that we fully concur in these views, for we have held that life insurance flourishes here more than

anywhere else, partly because we have no laws of primogeniture; no privileged class, and partly because our working classes are more intelligent than those of any other country. These are the secrets of the incomes of American companies, which would seem fabulous were they not attested by official reports that are subject by law to the strictest scrutiny. Thus it is that companies like the New York Life, the Equitable, the New Jersey Mutual Benefit, the New England Mutual, Connecticut Mutual, and the Ætna, have revenues which in several instances exceed those of the principal sovereigns of Europe. It is a singular fact, and one which could be true only of this country, that those of the above companies which have the largest piles, legitimately and honorably made by insurance, belong only to fourth or fifth rate cities, namely, Hartford and Newark.

Referring to Life Insurance in its philanthropic aspects, the Commissioner remarks:

"The obligations of the oldest of the companies represented in these Reports, have hardly begun to mature; still they have dispensed within the last eight years over $21,000.000 to the widow and the fatherless, and are even now causing more than *five millions of dollars* to flow out anuually in channels where money comes with a double blessing, and to spots which the head waters of no other system of beneficence are high enough to reach."

Statements of this kind may well seem incredible to those who only give casual attention to the subject, but they do not in the least exaggerate the facts. The sums which we ourselves have known Life underwriters to pay out in one year to widows and orphans would seem fabulous if stated in round numbers. It is almost superfluous to remark that those whe pay out such sums must have immense receipts. Thus, for example, the Equitable of this city, which is a comparatively young company, received $400,000 for policies issued during the month of May alone, the total for the year amounting to not less than $50,000,000. Turning to the New York Life, we see evidences equally interesting of its rapid accumulation of wealth. Most of our readers remember the large building occupied by Appleton & Co. as a book-store and publishing house, before they removed up-town, and which was burned down a few weeks since. For the site of this the directors of the New York Life have paid $450,000; and in order to have room for a library and other kindred appurtenances they have paid $30,000 more for some property in the rear belonging to another party. The building to be erected on this site will, we are informed, be of the most superb description; we have no doubt that it will combine chasteness and elegance with spaciousness, strength, and durability; and what will it cost to erect such a palace at this time?

But some will remark, "Fortunes are made at all kinds of business in New York." Very true; but it is not because these companies belong to New York that they receive and pay out such enormous sums. That they could have done so in New Jersey or Connecticut

by perseveringly using the same means and efforts, is not to be doubted, since, wealthy as they are, there are companies in these comparatively obscure and thinly-populated States which have still larger piles than they. The Mutual Benefit of Newark has $12,000,000, after paying over $5,000,000 to the widow and the orphan, and declaring dividends to the amount of $6,000,000, or more; while the pile of the Connecticut Mutual, after making similar deductions, is nearly, if not quite, $15,000,000.

Now, here are two "village companies," but what metropolitan companies surpass them? The only one that pretends to do so is that which, with characteristic arrogance, styles itself "the Monarch of Insurance Companies." But if it be the monarch, why does it spend so much of its revenue in issuing circulars for the purpose of disparaging its vassals? Is this monarch-like? Is it honorable? Does it not rather cast suspicion on its own proclamations as to its income, dividends, &c.? But the truth is, we believe, that the receipts of the Connecticut Mutual for the last year exceeded those of the Mutual Life by half a million. Be this as it may, we should certainly think it much safer to insure in either of the "village companies" than in the "monarch." Neither of the former indulges in the habit of paying excessive commissions to brokers, so that it may *seem* to do a larger business than its rivals; still less, we believe, does either pay a percentage to its officers, on business done, in addition to their salaries. Why does not the "monarch" claim honour for this new sort of dividend? Why not proclaim it among its "new features?"

Such is our reply to those who honestly think that the New York companies we have mentioned above as illustrations of the rapid growth of insurance are in a flourishing condition, not on account of the nature of the business in which they are engaged, and the intelligence and industry with which they conduct it; not on account of the faith which the American people have in life insurance; but because they are New York companies; and, with the exception of the amount of assets, there is nothing we have said in favor of the Mutual Benefit and Connecticut Mutual which does not apply with equal force to the New England Mutual, the Ætna, the Phœnix Mutual, and the Charter Oak, each of which also counts its assets by millions, and does so without arrogance or exaggeration.

The faith of Mr. Sandford in the Hartford Accident Companies is evidently not much. He speaks of one as follows:

"Some doubt was felt in regard to the proper mode of stating the condition of the Traveler's, of Hartford. This company, *under the same charter and organization*, does both an Accident and a Life Insurance business, the latter being the more recent, and as yet *much the smaller department*. It is understood that the receipts and expenditures of the two departments are kept distinct: but *there is but one corporation*, and the capital stock and all the assets must be equally

holden for the liabilities of both. In the tables, the net assets of the company in *both* departments, *excluding* the capital stock in the first table and *including* it in the second, are put down in the *one column;* and the net value of the life policies and the amount required to reinsure the accident policies—in other words, the computed premium reserve in both departments—is put in the other. The amount required for re-insurance in the accident department is, however, *merely the estimate of the company.* The return does not state the amount of risks outstanding, nor the amount of premiums received on them; *so that the estimate must pass for what it is worth. No data are furnished for testing its correctness.*" pp. xc., xci.

The Insurance Commissioner is by no means peculiar in the opinion but too plainly implied by his comments. For some six months past it has seemed to ourselves as well as to others that the Traveler's has not been travelling in the right direction. During this time, especially during the two last months of it, we confess we would not give much for what was "merely the estimate of the company." If we were asked to-day to accept that estimate "for what it was worth," we should have to name a very low figure. We were once quite willing to believe the statements of Mr. Batterson, but in doing so we have learned a useful lesson, although it has cost us somewhat more than we would have been willing to pay for it. Let that pass, however; we will judge the company only by its public acts, and from such testimony as that of the Insurance Commissioner. Nor do we wish any one to accept our judgment any further than it is founded in truth and reason.

We have now before us one of the publications of the company which is entitled "Agent's Manual" and dated August, 1866. Some of the instructions which agents receive in this Manual strike us as rather curious. Everybody knows what fine promises are held out by the Traveler's to all who insure themselves against accidents, no matter of what nature. Those promises have been made so persistently and loudly that several railroad companies in different parts of the country have excluded its agents from their cars as nuisances. We all know what is dinned into the passenger's ears in a hundred forms as he enters the cars, but only a few are aware of what all this talk really means. We will, therefore, allow the company to give their "private tuition" in their own words. Five of the following "Rules" should, in our opinion, be quite enough to open the eyes of the public:

"1. This Company does not insure against *partial disability;* and the compensation is only to be paid when the injury is of so serious a nature as *absolutely* to prevent the insured from attending to business.

"2. Distress of mind, or *bodily pain as such, even though the result of accident,* are not subjects for compensation.

"3. ALL injuries entitling the insured to compensation must be caused by some outward or visible means—the result of violence—of which satisfactory proof can be furnished.

"4. An injury totally disabling a policy-holder (having a variety of employments) from one branch of business, but not from another, would be treated as a case of partial disability, *and rejected.*

"5. TOTAL DISABILITY implies absolute physical *incapacity for business,* resulting from personal injuries caused by accident.

"6. Injuries totally disabling the insured from the use of *certain tools*, or any particular description of manual labor, but not sufficiently serious to prevent him from a general *supervision* of all or *any kind* of business, are cases of partial disability." (pp. 27, 28.)

Thus one may buy as many accident tickets as he will from Batterson & Co., when an accident happens to him he need expect nothing if he can pay any attention to his business. He will be told, on application, that "bodily pain, as such, *though the result of accident*, entitles him to no compensation," &c. In short, if these rules be not so many quibbles we cannot understand what the latter are. But we will give one other specimen of the instructions given to agents:

"When the agent is allowe d to advertise in the local journals, it should be made as *effective* as possible. To this end, he should visit the editor of the journal in which he proposes to advertise, fully explain the plan of insurance—its *charitable* and *economic* bearings—thoroughly interest him in the enterprise, and, if possible, *insure him*, thus compassing a personal influence by a personal interest. *He should also secure a favorable notice of the Company, editorially, on the appearance of the advertisement, and occasionally editorial notices from time to time, subsequently, as when accidents occur in the vicinity, calling the attention of the people to the importance of insuring against them.*" pp. 14, 15.

In view of the *modi operandi* indicated by these extracts, it is not to be wondered at that the Insurance Commissioner closes his Report by warning the public against accident insurance as follows:

"Accident insurance must be regarded as still in its experimental stage, *both as regards its practical usefulness and its success.* Unless it can thrive without expending on its own machinery two-thirds of all its receipts from premiums, it will neither demonstrate the former nor achieve the latter. Whether it has the elements of stability which pertain to life insurance—of which it claims *with some ingenuity* of reasoning to be the supplement—time will be the best proof. It ought to have full and fair trial in its own chosen field; but until it has found where its soundings and permanent moorings are, it *ought not to claim practical affinity with any other department of insurance.* A company which confines its energies and applies its skill to a *single* line of insurance, of whatever kind, is not only more likely to succeed, *but more certain to do justice to its several policy-holders;* and any branch of insurance business, which is not of enough magnitude and importance to command the entire abilities and the sole devotion of the responsible officers of a company, is not worth doing at all."

These are facts which none can deny; but they must not be regarded as referring to all accident companies—only to those that deserve them; and we readily admit that the large majority of those now doing business in this country may be ranked in this category. There are three or four in New York whose characters are very much like those of the extinct petroleum companies, whose untimely end we predicted while they pretended to count their capitals by tens of millions.*

We were about to say that there is not a single accident company in which we have the least confidence; on reflection, however, it occurs to us that there is an exception. But it is neither a New York nor a New England company —we mean the North American Life and Accident of Philadelphia;

* *Vide* article entitled "Uses and Abuses of Petroleum," in National Quarterly Review for March, 1865.

although our readers will remember that our estimate of the life underwriters of the Quaker City is by no means high. But we have given our reason for it; we have shown that Life Insurance lags there, not because Philadelphia lacks the necessary intelligence and ability, but because the right class have not hitherto devoted themselves to that profession. The principal officers of the North American Life and Accident would have taken rank anywhere as accomplished underwriters, and accordingly their having their principal office in Philadelphia presents no obstacle to their success. These gentlemen make no noise or bluster; they make no attempt to force their tickets on either steamboat or railroad passengers. Still less do they exhibit their "smartness" when the time arrives for the fulfilment of their engagements by insolently denying that they promised to do this or that. Nor does the company belong to the unfledged brood; for it was chartered as an accident company seven years ago (1860). We have no knowledge of its Secretary further than to know that he is an experienced, intelligent, and popular underwriter; but its President we have known by reputation of old—first, for many years, as one of the principal officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and subsequently as the presiding officer of the North American. Then among the directors of the company are the late General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the proprietor of the Continental Hotel, and the cashier of the Commercial National Bank; while among those who vouch for its integrity and soundness are men like Mr. William H. Gatzmer President of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and Mr. J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. These are the reasons of our faith in the North American Life and Accident, and our readers m ay judge whether they are cogent or not. It was this com pany we believe that originated the plan of paying all life policies upon the insured attaining the age of eighty, and sooner if death should occur; and with this excellent feature it combines the best of those recently adopted by our most flourishing companies.

Returning to the purely Life Department, it occurs to us as somewhat strange that, inexperienced as Mr. Sandford is said to be by a certain class, he has not a word of approbation to bestow on life companies like the United States, the North America, the Security, the Guardian, and the Universal. If he has the least admiration for any of their boasted "features," we see no evidence of the fact; and had it been otherwise we confess that we should have thought him credulous as well as inexperienced. Nay, we think that the large majority of the intelligent portion of the public would have passed a similar judgment. But those of a different character, when they reason at all on the subject, do so somewhat as follows: "Such and such must be good companies, after all; if they were not, so many would not trust them as they do. See what fine houses their officers have! Look at their diamonds, their carriages, &c., &c. Our readers will remember that we have often sought to undeceive those

who reason in this plausible but erroneous manner. We are glad to find that Mr. Sandford views the subject in the same light. After referring to the pains taken by Massachusetts to prevent frauds, he proceeds as follows:

"Life insurance reverses the laws which govern all other commercial enterprises and investments. In the latter the expenditure comes first and the profits, if any, come afterwards. In the *first* years of a life insurance company its treasury overflows with the incoming premiums, while its liabilities are postponed for the lifetime of a generation. For more than thirty years it furnishes a constant margin *for plunder or perversion of its funds*, while its *ultimate failure, though certain* if the opportunity is improved, *is still remote*. Unless its condition is probed by some decisive test, it exhibits no *necessary symptoms* of its insolvency until the claims by death *begin to equal or exceed* the premium receipts; and this period will not ordinarily be reached until nearly *forty years from its start*." p. liii.

These are the principles upon which we have been in the habit of judging even the boasted "monarch," and endeavoring to impress upon the public that much more depends upon the character of a company's officers than upon its dividends or its assets, even when both the latter are really as large as they are advertised to be; and that some of the loudest of the boasters are aware of the fact is sufficiently proved by the pains which they take to identify themselves in some manner with charitable and pious societies. Of course nobody would accuse those of "plunder and perversion of funds," no matter what their antecedents may have been, who are so kind and generous as to occupy much of their valuable time in sending the Bible to the Heathen, and raising private funds for the benefit of widows and orphans who had no insurance policy to fall back upon.

This reminds us by contrast of the course pursued by the officers of the Knickerbocker. Instead of making himself hoarse at the Bible House, or anywhere else, sending tracts to the Heathen, Mr. Lyman busies himself in sending tracts to his agents in British America and the German States, as well as throughout the United States; and lest they might not read them as carefully as would be desirable, he makes periodical visits to them. We believe he has but just returned from a tour of this kind throughout the South; we learn that he feels quite as well in his conscience and general health as some of those who pursue the opposite course; and we feel satisfied that the day will come when the most pious of the widows and orphans will say that this is the best sort of piety, after all, at least for an underwriter.

As we are fond of comparisons, we may be excused for the remark that the Secretary of the Ætna and the President of the Knickerbocker resemble each other in many particulars. Both are energetic and shrewd; but these are qualities which they possess in common with other underwriters. But how few have so little to say as Mr. Lyman or Mr. Endors? How few make so little fuss? How few can afford to speak so well of their rivals? If both are occasionally envied themselves, that they

cannot help; nor does it seem to disturb their equanimity much, even when this envy assumes an aggressive form. We have recently had an interesting illustration of this in an attack made on the Ætna Life by a certain agent, who, in his bewilderment, must have fancied for the moment that he represented the most unprincipled company in this city, instead of one of the most respectable. But a company that has 40,000 patrons to vindicate its integrity can afford to be attacked. We are glad to learn that the person who has been guilty of the indiscretion has been rebuked as he deserved by the company which he represented, or rather misrepresented. It may become a "monarch" very well to act upon the Macchiavellian precept, that a sovereign is perfectly justified in making a timely onslaught on his neighbor; but the New York Life has far too high a sense of honesty and honor to tolerate such a course. We are much mistaken, therefore, if it does not transpire one day that the aggressor in this case was but a cat's paw in the hands of the party that issued private circulars about the same time abusing the Connecticut Mutual; but with no better arguments than "wooden nutmegs," "wooden nutmegs!"

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the Charter Oak Life of Hartford to speak authoritatively of it from our own knowledge; but no company has a better reputation, and but few have a larger pile of assets or a larger income, the former being nearly three millions, the latter a million and a half. It is a pretty good sign that while it has paid a million to the insured and their heirs it has no lawsuits. Companies like the United States would do well to learn from it how it guarantees annual dividends; then, perhaps, their policy-holders would not have reason to grumble, as they do now, that when there are dividends "once in a long while" it is the stockholders that profit most by them. Intelligent and experienced underwriters know better than to pursue this course. Thus, for example, the original charter of the Globe Mutual contained a clause which set aside twenty per cent. of its surplus or net profits for the stockholders. But the company has caused the charter to be amended, so that the amount is now "declared to belong to the policy-holders." This is as it should be, and it is creditable to the veteran presiding officer, at whose suggestion and through whose influence the change has been made.

The Phœnix Mutual of Hartford bids fair to outstrip all rivals in its endowment department. It has always been a popular company, and deservedly so; but the liberal manner in which it is carrying out the endowment plan has considerably increased its popularity at home and abroad. Last year its income was over $600,000; from present appearances, that for this year will exceed one million. Certain it is, in a word, that there is no other *Phœnix* in this country so worthy of its poetical name.

The quiet, unassuming managers of the Phœnix always remind us of

those of the Manhattan. Both are very Quaker-like, not only in saying little and doing much, but also in taking care that their expenses will only bear a certain proportion to their receipts. The Manhattan, whose annual income now amounts to two millions, shows, in a circular to its agents, that its percentage of expenses is less than that of any of twenty-nine companies which it enumerates.

The Continental Life of New York continues to make strides which will soon prove that it is eminently worthy of its name. More than once we have expressed our regret that the Life company which has assumed the name of Washington has been acting rather as the stepfather than the father of the Republic*; but the old Continentals, Washington's soldiers, have now a faithful exponent of their probity and courage in the institution so ably managed by Lawrence, Scribner, and Rogers. There are several new companies on which we are unwilling to make any comments until they have had time to give some proof of their qualifications. But in the meantime we would advise them to take some lessons in underwriting. Nor would we send them to any very old office. That of the National, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, is as good a school as we could refer them to; for although the company is young, those who manage it are veterans in life insurance, and they give instructions in honesty and straightforwardness as well as in the other various branches of the profession.

There has not been much change in the Marine or Fire department since our last, but those personages who, like empty vessels used to make the loudest noise, have become wonderfully quiet and modest. They now seem very much in the mood of the pious individual who, when his two legs were broken, thanked God that his thigh was still safe.

The next excitement after that caused by the bursting of the great insurance bubbles was that occasioned by the objections of several insurance companies to "Jew risks." The Jews were, of course, greatly indignant; and why should they not? They who have always been so much trusted and respected everywhere except in the United States! Yet, the most amusing part of the whole affair was the letter of Mr. C. J. Martin, President of the Home Insurance Company. Such a sample of grammar, logic, and common sense is so rarely seen that it ought to be neatly framed with brass and sent to the Paris Exhibition as a specimen of what an American Fire and Inland President, who boasts of having millions at his command, can do when he gets a pen into his hand. We have, however, learned one fact from this curious epistle; for we had hitherto supposed that the author was himself a Jew.

The Hope Fire has recently had an election of directors, and the first act of the new board at a subsequent meeting was to elect Mr. Jacob Reese, unanimously, as President. Had they done otherwise they would

* The Washington Fire, however, does justice to the Father of his Country in the protection which it always affords in the time of need.

hardly have inspired much public confidence either in their intelligence or sense of justice; for no underwriter is more universally esteemed by our business men than Mr. Reese. The only change that has occurred therefore, in the Hope is the retirement of Mr. Hartshorne from the secretaryship, and the appointment of Mr. James A. Moore, a gentleman well qualified for the position, in his place.

PROSPECTUS

FOR 1867.

THE

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M., LL. D.

A LITERARY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL OF THE FIRST CLASS ; EACH NUMBER CONTAINING OVER 200 PAGES. PUBLISHED IN MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, AND DECEMBER.

THIS journal has just closed its seventh year with the present (March) number. The liberal increasing patronage extended to us even during the gloomiest period of the late rebellion, and for which we are sincerely grateful, affords us the most gratifying proof that, in subjecting to fearless and searching criticism whatever has a tendency to vitiate the public taste, and exposing charlatanism of all kinds, we enjoy the approbation of the educated and enlightened in all parts of the country.

Nor have we to rely on mere inference. Were we to avail ourselves of private letters emphatically commending our course, we could fill pages with the briefest extracts from those of distinguished men and women, including authors, artists, lawyers, clergymen of different denominations, chancellors and professors of colleges, principals of academies, seminaries, and schools. We assure all who have thus encouraged and aided us that we will exert ourselves more and more in the future to merit their approbation.

While it affords none more pleasure to do justice to the merits of good books, we shall continue to criticise those of the opposite character. A notice in a paper which must necessarily be brief may be more appreciative than the character of the work noticed deserves and yet not imply any dishonesty or bad faith on the part of the editor; but if a Quarterly does not make some attempt at separating the wheat from the chaff, but praises every book it notices, it is simply a *puffing* machine, not a *Review*.

We do not make this remark with the view of depreciating any other journal, or finding fault with the manner in which it is conducted, but simply to show that if our criticisms sometimes seem harsh, it is not because we are actuated by personal feeling against any one. In proof of this our readers will bear us testimony that under no circumstances have we ever made an attack on private character ; that if we have denounced men of all grades, we have, in every instance, confined ourselves to their public acts ; nor shall we do anything different in the future.

All subjects of public interest will continue to be fully and fearlessly discussed in the REVIEW, but without impugning anybody's religious creed, although, as long as we have control of its pages, we shall oppose bigotry and intolerance. Talent and culture will always be welcome to its pages, and as much as possible encouraged.

Education in every form, including art and science, will receive prominent and friendly attention; and whatever seems calculated to retard or vitiate it, whether under the name of a text-book, a painting, a seminary, a gallery, or a college, will be subjected to fearless but fair and temperate criticism. In short, no pains or expense will be spared to render the work worthy of the character assigned to it by the leading organs of public opinion at home and abroad—namely, "*The best of American Reviews.*"

Whilst aiming at being cosmopolitan—doing justice as far as possible to what every nationality has contributed to civilization and human progress—the "NATIONAL REVIEW" is decidedly American in feeling and sympathies and unalterably attached to our free institutions.

To Contributors.

All articles should be received at least a month before the day of publication. Contributions from all parts are equally welcome; they will be accepted or rejected solely according to their merits or demerits, their suitableness or unsuitableness.

CONTENTS OF No. XXIX.

JUNE, 1867.

I.—The Ancient Phœnicians, and their Civilization.

II.—Ornithology of North America.

III.—Origin of Alphabetic Writing.

IV.—Virgil and his new Translator.

V.—Release of Jefferson Davis, *vs.* Military Domination.

VI.—Fichte and his Philosophy.

VII.—What the Politicians make of our Postal System.

VIII.—Euler and his Discoveries.

IX.—Notices and Criticisms.

AGENTS

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CONTENTS OF NO XXX.

ART. PAGE.

I. THE JEWS AND THEIR PERSECUTIONS..... 207

1. *The History of the Jews, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* By Rev. H. H. MILMAN.
2. *Histoire des Juifs depuis Jésus-Christ, pour servir de suite à l'histoire de Josèphe.* Par JACQUES BASNAGE.
3. *Anglia Judaica, or the History and Antiquities of the Jews in England.* BLOSSIERS TOVEY.
4. *Essai sur la régénération physique, morale, et politique des Juifs.* Par M. GREGOIRE.
5. *Histoire, doctrine, et opinions des toutes les sectes religieuses passées et présentes des Juifs, en France, en Espagne, et en Italie, pendant la durée du moyen age.* Par PETER BEER.

II. HAVE THE LOWER ANIMALS SOULS, OR REASON?..... 242

1. *Histoire naturelle, générale, et particulière, des animaux.* BUFFON.
2. *Lettres philosophiques sur l'intelligence, et la perfectibilité des animaux.* LEROY.
3. *Essai philosophique sur l'âme des bêtes.* DE BOULLIER.
4. *Discours de la connaissance des bêtes.* PARDIES.

III. WINCKELMANN AND ANCIENT ART..... 263

1. *Winckelmann und sein Jahrhundert* (*Winckelmann and his Age*). GOETHE.
2. *Lobschrift auf Winckelmann* (*Panegyric on Winckelmann*). HEYNE.
3. *Winckelmann und die Archaeologie* (*Winckelmann and Archæology*).
4. *Biographie Winckelmann's* (*Biography of Winckelmann*). PETERSEN.

IV. DANTE AND HIS NEW TRANSLATOR..... 286

The Divine Comedy of DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

V. WHAT HAS BACON ORIGINATED, OR DISCOVERED?..... 316

1. *The Works of* FRANCIS BACON. Collected and edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M. A., ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M. A., and DOUGLASS DENON HEATH.
2. *Works of* LORD BACON. Edited by MR. MONTAGUE.
3. *Essay on* BACON. By LORD MACAULAY.
4. *Address of* BARON LIEBIG.

ART. PAGE.

VI. ASSASSINATION AND LAWLESSNESS IN THE UNITED STATES.. 333

Reports of different Trials for Murder which have taken place in the Principal Cities of the United States. 1861–1867.

VII. THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA AND ELSEWHERE..... 346

The Jesuits in North America, in the Seventeenth Century. By FRANCIS PARKMAN.

VIII. THE CIVIL SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES..... 365

1. *A Bill to Regulate the Civil Service of the United States, and to promote the efficiency thereof.* Reported in the House of Representatives December 18, 1866, by MR. JENCKES.
2. *Speech in Support of the Civil Service Bill.* By Hon. THOMAS A. JENCKES. January 29, 1867. Washington Globe, January 30, 1867.
3. *Report on the Civil Service.* Read January 31, 1867. Doc. 39th Cong., 2d Sess.

IX. NOTICES AND CRITICISMS..... 384
Belles-Lettres..... 384
Education..... 391
Science..... 395
Insurance..... 398

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No. XXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

ART. I.—1. *The History of the Jews, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* By REV. H. H. MILMAN. New York.

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4. *Essai sur la régénération physique, morale, et politique des Juifs.* Par M. GREGOIRE. Metz.

5. *Histoire, doctrine, et opinions de toutes les sectes religieuses passées et présentes des Juifs, en France, en Espagne, et en Italie, pendant la durée du moyen age.* Par PETER BEER. Paris.

THE story of the Jews is not merely interesting in itself; it is curious and instructive as a commentary on the laws, dispositions, and prejudices of almost all other nations of ancient and modern times. For nearly two thousand years they have been strangers everywhere; but none have treated them so cruelly as those who owe them most. It is a singular fact that the most uncivilized Pagans have treated them more gently than the most enlightened Christian nations; but certain it is that neither the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, nor the Romans, oppressed them more than the Spanish, the English, and the French. Christianity is blamed for this, but unjustly; there is nothing in

its precepts to justify the cruelties perpetrated on the Jews, but much to condemn those cruelties as unworthy of man.

It is because the Jews have crucified Christ that they have been more persecuted by the Christians than by Pagans, Bhuddists, Brahmins, or Mahometans. But this affords no justification; if the Jews did wrong once in their lives, this was no reason why the Christians should continue to do so for centuries. Christ himself forgave those who put him to death, "because they knew not what they did." In reply to this it is alleged that the forgiveness of Christ extended, not to the whole Jewish people, but to those who actually took a part in putting him to death; and in proof of the fact we are reminded that God has never ceased to punish the Jews since the death of Christ. Those who reason in this manner forget that the Jews had suffered several captivities thousands of years before Christ was born; and that it is as captives, or slaves, they first appear in history.*

All Christians agree that the books of Moses are the oldest records extant; and in these books the Jews are described as in cruel bondage in Egypt under the Pharaohs. Even in the Land of Promise they were ninety-six years in captivity; they served eighteen years under Eglon, the king of Moab; under Chushan-Rushataim, king of Mesopotamia, eight years; under Jabin, king of Canaan, twenty years; &c., &c. It was during their servitude to the Phœnicians (whom they called the Philistines) that Samson performed the prodigies of strength and valour described in the Bible.

It is necessary to bear in mind, in forming an opinion on this subject, that the kingdom of Israel lasted, altogether, only two hundred and fifty-four years. At the death of Solomon the ten tribes revolted; and one of the results of this revolt was that they were conquered by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, and led into captivity.† Another result of the revolt was the establishment of the kingdom of Judah; but this was invaded and conquered, in turn, by the Chaldeans under Nebuchadnessar, who carried the people to Babylon. Here they remained until the Babylonian empire was conquered by Cyrus, king of Persia,‡ who had the

* See Montesquieu, *Esprit des Lois, liv.* x., p. 264; Milman, *History of the Jews*, vol. i., 245; vol. ii., 6, 9.

† *Dissertations critiques*, &c., par L. M. Boissy; Milman's *History of the Jews*, vol ii., 158.

‡ Two-thirds perished in Babylonia, but the third part, as we are told by one of their sacred writers, were treated "as silver is refined and as gold is tried." Zecharia xiii. 9.

generosity to permit the Jews to return to their own country, rebuild their temple, and enjoy their own religion and laws.*

All this, be it remembered, had happened several centuries before the birth of Christ. We are told in the Acts of the Apostles that in less than two months after the death of Christ, Jews had come to Jerusalem from every nation under heaven to celebrate the feast of Pentecost; according to Josephus, the assembled Jews at this time included Parthians, Medes, Arabs, Cappadocians, Mesopotamians, Egyptians, Lybians, &c., &c. This shows how widely the Jews had been dispersed by the conquerors of Asia and Africa long before Jerusalem was destroyed by Vespasian.† Nay, at this time their captivities had ceased; it is true that some of the Roman emperors persecuted them severely; but nevertheless it is certain that since the death of Christ their worst enemies have been the Christians.

It is but just to bear in mind, however, that the Christian Church, as such, has seldom, if ever, taken any active part in the persecution of the Jews; even when they were persecuted by the Inquisition it was against the will of the Pope—after that tribunal had ceased to be ecclesiastical in any proper sense; when the king of Spain made it as much his own as any other Spanish tribunal or institution. It is true that the Church has often attempted their conversion, and with this view it has sometimes had recourse to coercive measures; but it has always been opposed to treating them with cruelty. There are abundant proofs of this on record; but it is sufficient for our purpose to refer, in passing, to the appeals of different Popes to the Spanish kings for mercy to the Jews.

With these general observations as an introduction we proceed to show that, whatever have been the faults of the Jews, there is no good reason why they should receive any

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* *Histoire des Israelites, &c.*, M. Jost, Berlin; Milman's *Hist.*, vol. ii., 10.

† There are eminent investigators who are of opinion that the Afghans, who have maintained their independence for centuries, setting at defiance all efforts to subjugate them, expelling invaders after invaders, including the British, are the descendants of the ten tribes of Jeroboam dispersed throughout the East. "Ce qui paraitra plus singulier," says M. Halevy, "c'est que, suivant une opinion assez généralement répandue, les Afghans ne seraient que les descendants des dix tribus de Jéroboam dispersées dans les contrées orientales. Les érudits prétendent avoir trouvé dans la langue de ce peuple de nombreuses racines hébraïques, et les voyageurs ont remarqué qu'en dehors du mahométisme, qu'ils ont subi pour échapper aux vexations de leurs dominateurs, ils pratiquent une foule de prescriptions du Pentateuque."—*Résumé de l'histoire des Juifs.*

unfriendly treatment as a people from the Christians, but that, on the contrary, there are many cogent reasons why we should regard them rather as friends than as enemies. None can deny that it is their sacred writings which form the foundation of our religion.* Moses, Abraham, David, Solomon. Jeremiah, Daniel. were all Jews. Christ himself sprung from the Jews; all his apostles had been brought up in the Jewish faith. Whether we call ourselves Protestants or Catholics, every chapter read from the Bible at our churches or our firesides was originally penned by Jewish hands.

If the Jews have certain failings from which others are comparatively free, rather than condemn them as incorrigible we should remember the circumstances in which they have been placed for thousands of years. Who will deny that servitude and oppression exercise a debasing influence? None can long continue scrupulously honest and high-minded who are constantly exposed to the contempt and scorn of their fellow-men. None can be habitually despoiled of their property without learning cunning, which is the strength of the weak.

It may be said that the Jews are no longer in servitude; that in our time they are not oppressed. Strictly speaking, this is true; but no people can be said to be free who are excluded from society. The Jews are so excluded even in the United States; they are excluded in every country in Europe. That those who have wealth are sometimes received into the best society does not disprove this. Such are but exceptional cases; even in these instances it is the Jew's money, not himself, that finds an *entrée* into society. And when he is admitted on these terms he always feels under restraint; he feels that he is a stranger, perhaps in the very street in which he was born. Not being received as an equal in society, he has no motive to prepare himself for it. Is it strange then that when he is met with incidentally he is generally found coarse in his manners? How can he be expected to conform to rules which he has never had an opportunity of learning? Hence it is that when he is most anxious to render himself agreeable, whether in the dining-room or in the parlor, his habits are often offensive.

* "The Jewish covenant and the old revelation of the Hebrews," says Schlegel, "formed the chief corner-stone on which Christianity was founded; and the first apostles of the new religion were all chosen from among that people."—*History of Philosophy*, p. 288.

But in order to understand what strong claims the Jew has on our indulgence in these respects, it is necessary to remember at least a portion of what he has suffered in the past. In refreshing our memory, however, we must confine ourselves to modern times. Fortunately, it is not necessary that we should do otherwise, for much more is remembered of what the Jews suffered three thousand years ago than of what they suffered only as many centuries since among our own kindred. It is very generally forgotten, both by the English and their descendants, that nowhere have they been treated more cruelly than in England. We mention this simply as an historical fact; not as a reproach to the English of the present day, who can be held responsible only for their own conduct. It seems that they did not attempt to settle in that country to any considerable extent until towards the close of the eleventh century, for they suffered persecution from their first arrival among the Saxons;* and so early as 1089 large numbers were massacred in cold blood in the city of London on the coronation day of Richard I., although they had purchased from William the Conqueror, not only the right of settlement in the country, but also the right of protection from all who should attempt to molest them. In accordance with this compact William Rufus treated them with much favor, but he made them pay liberally for it. Much as they had suffered in former reigns, from both Saxons and Normans, it was not until the reign of Stephen that their persecution may be said to have fully commenced in England. The pretext for attacking them at this time was that they had crucified a child at Norwich. Soon after this they were accused of having committed the same atrocious crime at Gloucester and at St. Edmondsbury. No satisfactory evidence has ever been adduced of their guilt in those instances, but nevertheless they were slaughtered in large numbers.

That the love of money had much more to do with those persecutions than the love of Christ is sufficiently evident from various circumstances; but we need only mention the remark of the Jewish historian of that period. "This crime," he says, alluding to the alleged crucifying of Christian youths, "they never are said to have practised but at such times as

* Milman's *History of the Jews*, vol. iii. 268.

the king was manifestly in want of money."* Henry II. neglected no means by which he could extort money from them. Even Richard I. persecuted only as long as money was to be gained by doing so. We have an interesting illustration of this in the case of a Jew named Benedict, who, in order to save his life, at the general massacre alluded to above, had submitted to baptism. As soon as he thought the danger had passed he appealed to the king to release him from his engagement. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Baldwin) happening to be present, the king referred the case to him, and we quote his answer as a specimen of the spirit in which the dignitaries of the Church acted, in nine cases out of ten, when it was in their power to prevent violence or bloodshed. "Why," replied the archbishop, "if he is not willing to become a servant of God he must even continue a servant of the devil."†

This saved the Jew for the time; but even the Pope could not restrain a bloodthirsty mob, taught by the example of their king, that the Jews ought to regard it as a privilege to be allowed to live after they had been plundered of all they possessed. Accordingly another attack was made on the Jews at Lincoln soon after the release of Benedict, who, notwithstanding the judicious and kind decision of the archbishop, did not long survive the usage he had received from the mob. The Jews of Lincoln, taking warning by the fate of their brethren in other parts of the country, took refuge in the castle of York. Here they were besieged by the furious populace aided by the sheriff of the county. The Jews resisted manfully until all their provisions were exhausted and they saw that their fate was inevitable. Then they agreed to hold a council for the purpose of deliberating on what was best to be done. After some discussion their rabbi, who was one of the most learned men in the kingdom at the time, addressed them as follows: "Men of Israel, the God of our fathers, to whom none can say 'What doest thou?' calls upon us to die for our law. Death is inevitable, but we may yet choose whether we will die speed-

* "Though these acts of violence against the Jews," says Hume, "proceeded much from bigotry, they were still more derived from avidity and rapine. So far from desiring in that age to convert them, it was enacted by law in France, that if any Jew embraced Christianity, he forfeited all his goods, without exception, to the king or his superior lord. These plunderers were careful lest the profits accruing from their dominion over that unhappy race should be diminished by their conversion."—*History of England*, vol. ii., p. 66.

† Milman's *Jews*, iii. 272.

ily and nobly, or ignominiously, after horrible torments and the most barbarous usage—my advice is that we voluntarily render up our souls to our Creator, and fall by our own hands. The deed is both reasonable and according to the Law, and is sanctioned by the example of our most illustrious ancestors." Some approved and others condemned. The rabbi rose again with the tears in his eyes and said: "Let those who approve not of my proposal depart in peace." A few obeyed, but the large majority resolved to die. Knowing that plunder was the chief object of their enemies, the first care of the devoted party was to collect their most valuable effects, burn all that was combustible, and bury the rest. This done, they set fire to the castle in several places, cut the throats of their wives and children and then their own. Only two survived—the Rabbi and Joachim. By mutual agreement the former slew the latter, and then pierced himself to the heart. "The next morning," says Milman, "the populace rushed to the assault with their accustomed fury. They beheld flames bursting from every part of the castle, and a few miserable wretches, with supplications and wild cries, running to and fro on the battlements, who related the fate of their companions; they entreated mercy; they offered to submit to baptism. No sooner were the terms accepted, and the gates opened, than the fanatic multitude poured in and put every living being to the sword. Not content with this triumph they rushed to the cathedral, demanded all the bonds and obligations which had been laid up there in the archives, and cast them all into an enormous bonfire."* These atrocities were but the natural results of the avarice, oppression, and cruelty of the king. Well, indeed, might he have been called Cœur-de-Lion had he spilt no other blood than that of the Jews, except that, furious and bloodthirsty as the lion is, it is said of him that he has sufficient generosity to spare a prostrate foe.

Still more horrible, if possible, were the sufferings of the Jews in the reign of Richard's successor, John; although the latter first signalized himself by treating them with more favour than they had been treated by any other sovereign since the death of William Rufus. But those who knew him best were aware that it was not for love of them he gave them so many privileges and induced so large a number of foreign

* *History of the Jews*, by Rev. H. H. Milman, vol. iii., p. 274. See, also, Hume's *History of England*, vol. i., p. 367.

Jews to settle in England. He encouraged them as a source of revenue, the same as the grazier increases his flock of sheep in order that he may avail himself first of their wool and then of their flesh. He held out every inducement to them to accumulate wealth. In order to remove all suspicion he granted a patent to their high priest so that the latter should be recognized as such by all; in order to inspire still more confidence he styles the Jewish functionary "*dilectus et familiaris noster*" (our beloved and our friend).

This was entirely satisfactory to most Jews; but remembering their former treatment, there were some who had still their misgivings. In order to satisfy these, the king granted a new charter the following year by which the Jews both of England and Normandy were restored to all the privileges which they enjoyed under William the Conqueror and Henry I., and granted new privileges which they had never possessed anywhere before. Henceforth they were to be tried only in the king's court; in disputes with Christians they were to be tried only by their own peers; and all the subjects of the realm were called upon to protect the Jews and their chattels as the chattels of the king.

It is true that even as an inducement for ulterior purposes they did not obtain all these royal favours for nothing, for they had to pay his majesty four thousand marks, which was a very large sum at this time. It pleased the king so well accordingly that he granted yet another charter soon after, which empowered the Jews to determine all their own suits by their own law. What more could they ask than this? Even in Palestine they could not have expected more privileges; and they thanked God for it, and offered up prayers in their synagogues for John, whom they now began to regard as a second Solomon, feeling satisfied that he only wanted a favourable opportunity to declare himself a convert to the Jewish faith. But what the result of all this was we will allow an English clergyman of the Established Church to relate in his own words. "John passed," says Milman, "to the extreme of cruelty against the miserable Jews. Every Israelite, without distinction of age or sex, was imprisoned, their wealth confiscated to the exchequer, and the most cruel torments extorted from the reluctant the confession of their secret treasures. The story of the Jew of Bristol is well known—who was to lose a tooth a day till he betrayed his hoards. Ten thousand marks of silver was demanded from this wealthy merchant; he obstinately lost seven teeth, and

saved the rest by paying the ransom demanded. The king gained 60,000 marks by this atrocious proceeding. A second time demands equally extravagant were made; and these unhappy wretches, who paid so dearly for the privilege of being the vassals of the crown, were still further plundered by the barons as *belonging to the king*. Their treasures in London were seized, and their houses demolished to repair the walls, by the stern asserters of the liberties of the land."*

Henry III., like his predecessor John, on ascending the throne, pretended to be very friendly to the Jews, but like the same unprincipled monarch he robbed and plundered them according as he thought they had anything which it was worth while to rob or plunder them of. Having found them in prison, he liberated them; he knew they could make no money for him there; and in order that they might be easily identified as his vassals, they were commanded to wear a distinctive mark on their dress, which consisted of two stripes of coarse white cloth or parchment, in the shape of a cross.

It was always the habit of the Plantagenet kings to exempt the Jews from the jurisdiction of the Church whenever they contemplated to plunder them; one of the first acts of Henry III. was to declare them amenable only to the king. As the stories about their crucifying Christian children had now become stale, and were no longer believed by any sensible person, it was necessary to have some other pretext to rob them. Accordingly they were charged with clipping the coin of the realm, and a demand was made of them of a third of their movables to be paid into the exchequer by way of making restitution. The Jews responded so well—that is, when forced to do so—that another demand was made on them two years after (1232). This time they had to pay 18,000 marks; three years after they had to pay 10,000.

Some idea may be formed of the means had recourse to in order to extort these enormous sums, from the fact that the daughter of Hamon, a Jew of Hereford, paid to the king five thousand marks on condition that no violence would be committed on her. Another Jew, known as Aaron of York, solemnly declared to Mathew Paris that in seven years the king had exacted from him 30,000 marks of silver, together with two hundred of gold paid to the

* *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., pp. 276, 277.

queen. But all did not satisfy his avarice and cupidity. Two years after he was as needy as ever, and in the mean time the Jews must have made some money. But for appearances' sake a new plan must be tried to get it from them. To the surprise of the nation a Jewish parliament is summoned. The sheriffs receive their writs in the ordinary way, and we are informed that, on pain of the severest punishment for disobedience, they must return six of the richest Jews from each of the large towns, and two from those where they were in fewer numbers. "This parliament met," says Milman, "and like other parliaments, was graciously informed by the sovereign that he must have money — 20,000 marks was the sum demanded — his majesty's faithful Jews could boast no parliamentary privileges, nor were permitted to demand freedom of debate. They were sent home to collect the money as speedily as possible; it was to be assessed and levied among themselves; and as this enormous charge was not immediately forthcoming, the collectors were seized, with their wives and children, their goods and chattels, and imprisoned."*

In time the parliament became jealous with the king; they began to think that such immense plunder ought to be divided. In compliance with their wish Henry consented that one of the two justices of the Jews should, in future, be appointed by parliament. This was equivalent to parting with half the spoils; the parliament regarded it in that light, and accordingly demanded 8.000 marks from the Jews the next year; the penalty of failure to pay being transportation to Ireland. No wonder that the poor Jews were anxious to evade this new exaction; they proceeded to remove their families to places of concealment. But this was soon discovered, and a proclamation was immediately issued declaring all outlaws who attempted to remove wife or child from their usual place of residence. This had the desired effect, and the plan succeeded so well that during the next three years 60,000 marks more were levied on the Jews, the king and parliament vieing with each other in inventing new means to despoil and plunder that unfortunate people.

His Majesty surpassed his parliament, however, in his exactions from the Jews. It was in vain that the Rabbi Elias was deputed to wait upon him, expressing the unanimous determination of all his brethren to quit the country

* *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 27.

rather than submit to further burdens. After exacting all he could from them he actually sold to his brother Richard all the Jews in the kingdom for 5,000 marks, giving him full power over their property and persons.*

In order to justify this bargain, it seemed necessary that the Jews should be charged with some new crime. This it was not difficult to do; it was alleged that a Christian child called Hugh of Lincoln had been crucified. The accused were duly tried; as a matter of course they were found guilty, and eighteen were hanged. This conviction, obtained without any evidence worthy of the name—simply by means of a story which refutes itself—afforded a new pretext for robbing and maltreating the wretched Jews.

The next purchaser of the Jews was Prince Edward, who in turn farmed them out to certain merchants of Dauphiny. But the king, anxious to recover so valuable a source of revenue, violated his contract with Prince Edward, and took back the Jews under his own control. One of his last acts before his death was to order the arrears of all charges due by the Jews to be peremptorily paid under pain of imprisonment. "Such was the distress caused by this inexorable mandate," says the historian, "that even the rival bankers, the Caorsini, and the friars themselves were moved to commiseration." The king would have the money, however; but he died while exacting it, and once more the Jews regarded themselves as released from worse than Egyptian bondage.

It was but a brief release, however, for one of the first acts of Edward I., the successor of Henry III., was to demand a new talliage on the Jews, which was to extend to the women and children. Nor would the new king suffer any evasion; all had to pay within a certain time, or leave the country. This was no mere threat; the defaulter had to proceed to Dover at once, taking with him his wife and children, but leaving his house and property to the king. Large numbers suffered from this cruel edict, which was followed by several others, all influenced by the same spirit.

In 1277, they were again accused of clipping and adulterating the coin. It may be that they had recourse to this means for indemnifying themselves for their recent losses; under all the circumstances it is not strange that they should.†

* Hume's *England*, vol. i., p. 469; Milman's *Jews*, vol. iii., p. 28.

† There was no evidence of the fact, however. Hume, in commenting on the charge, remarks: "As this crime required more art than the English of that age, *who chiefly employed force and violence in their iniquities*, were possessed of, the imputation fell upon the Jews."—*History of England*, ii. 73.

Be this as it may, 280 were hanged and quartered. A few years after, the old charge of crucifying a Christian child is once more preferred against them; and fifty of them are drawn at horses' tails and hanged. Even the king could not save them now; the mob throughout the country bound themselves by oaths to destroy them; and, valuable as they were as a source of revenue, his Majesty consented to expel them, preferring to get all he could at once rather than wait for periodical exactions. The edict for their banishment is issued, and 15,660 Jews are apprehended in one day, and all are banished.

It is almost superfluous to remark that their property was seized as soon as themselves; and when the Archbishop of Canterbury begged that the unfortunate people should be treated as gently as possible, and not despoiled of their means of subsistence in going into exile, the reply of the king was that they would be treated far better than they deserved, and that a large part of what he gained by expelling and plundering them in this manner should be devoted to pious uses. But the Church never got a penny of it; although the general impression among a certain class of Protestants is that it got at least half, and that it aided the king in his persecutions on this condition. But no respectable historian makes any such allegation. The testimony of Milman, who is no friend of the Catholics, is, that "all their property" (that of the sixteen thousand expelled Jews), "debts, obligations, mortgages, escheated to the king."* All he alleges against the Church is that "the convents made themselves masters of their valuable libraries, one at Stamford, another at Oxford, from which the celebrated Roger Bacon is said to have derived great information."† When it is remembered that their libraries were confiscated with the rest of their property, it will be admitted that no better disposition could have been made of them than to add them to the collections of the convents, which were open to the public.

In France, also, the Jews were severely persecuted, though only for a comparatively short time. Voltaire says that they were "put in prison, plundered, sold, accused of magic, of sacrificing children, of poisoning the fountains. They were driven out of the kingdom," he adds: "they were suffered to return for money, and even while they were tolerated they were distinguished from the rest of mankind by marks of

* *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 286. † Ib.

infamy."* It is sufficient to say here of their treatment in France, that, although they did not suffer as much in that country as they did in England, they were cruelly persecuted by several of the French kings.

It may well seem impossible from the above sketch that the Jews could have been more cruelly persecuted anywhere than they were in England; yet they suffered still more in Spain. One of their own historians calls England their purgatory and Spain their hell. The chief difference is that they were not so long persecuted in England as they were in Spain. They came to the latter country centuries before they came to the former, and they were expelled from it two centuries later. But as long as they were permitted to remain none could have treated them worse than the English kings and English mobs. Although no mention is made of the Jews in England before the time of the Saxon kings, none of their historians doubt that they had come to the island so early as the time of the Roman domination; they say that if the historians of that period are silent in regard to them it is only because they were not molested on account of their religion. Be this as it may, it is certain that many of them settled in Spain as early as one century after the death of Christ; they are not spoken of until the time of the Gothic invasions of the Peninsula, because the Celtic inhabitants never persecuted them.

There was no persecution until the arrival of the Goths. It was the Visigothic kings and their barbarous followers that first commenced the persecution of the Jews on the pretext of their being the enemies of Christ and his people. So early as the time of Recared I., first Christian king of the Goths (587), an active persecution of them was organized. One of the first acts of this monarch was to promulgate a series of laws against them, the titles of which, given as follows, sufficiently indicate their character: "Laws concerning the promulgation and ratification of statutes against Jewish wickedness, and for the general extirpation of Jewish errors: that the Jews may not celebrate the Passover according to their usage; that the Jews may not contract marriage according to their customs; that the Jews may not practise circumcision; that the Jews make no distinction of meats; that the Jews bring no action against Christians; that the Jews be not permitted to bear witness against Christians;

* *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, art. Les Juifs.

of the time when their converted descendants are admissible as witnesses; of the penalties attached to the transgressions of these statutes by the Jews."

We have no authentic record of any persecution of the Jews on the ground of their being enemies to the Christian religion earlier than this. From the phraseology of the statutes it might appear that they originated with the Church; many have blamed the Church for them accordingly; but the truth is that the Pope procured their suspension. This is admitted by Milman, though rather in an ungracious manner. "It is suspected," he says, "from a passage in a letter of Pope Gregory, that the Israelites paid a large sum of money for their suspension."* There is really no ground for any such suspicion. The conduct of Sisebut, Recared's successor, would go far to prove this by itself. He disregarded the request of the Pope, and took the advice of the Emperor Heraclius, who feared that his empire was in danger by the increasing power and influence of the Jews. But we have the views of Gregory on record. M. Cassou, who, if a Catholic at all, is certainly no bigot, informs us in his History, that the Pope took the Jews under his protection: "Grégoire 1er," he says, "que l'Eglise appelle saint Grégoire, disait pour les defendre contre les vexations: 'Le veritable moyen de les convertir n'est pas de se faire craindre en poussant la sévérité jusqu'à l'exces.'"

The same sentiment was formally promulgated in the following language by the Fourth Council of Toledo, composed exclusively of the clergy of Spain: "That men ought not to be compelled to believe, because God will have mercy on those on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth. As man fell by his own free will, in listening to the wiles of the serpent, so man can only be converted by his free acceptance of the Christian faith."†

We mention these facts in passing, not that we think the Catholic Church needs any defence at our hands; we mention them simply as we do any other facts which we think serve to vindicate the truth of history; and because we like to do justice to all, as far as it is in our power—especially to those whom all must admit to have done incalculable good, let their faults be what they may. Accordingly, whenever

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* *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 210.

† See M. Depping's *Les Juifs dans le moyen âge, &c.*, p. 127; also Moldenhauer's *Histoire des Juifs en Espagne*, p. 201; and *Milman's History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 212.

similar facts present themselves to us we will not hesitate to state them, let who will be pleased or displeased.

But to return to the Gothic king. Like most other tyrants, Sisebut paid little attention to the wishes of either Pope or synod. If he did not expect more from pleasing Heraclius, he feared him more than he did the Church; however, he issued an edict commanding the Jews either to renounce their religion, or quit his dominions, at once. Thousands were thrown into prison and treated with the utmost rigor. Those who paid large sums were permitted to escape; it is stated that 90,000 submitted to baptism; but all the rest had to seek an asylum wherever they could get it, and leave Spain forever.

When the Gothic kings found that they incurred dangers themselves by their persecutions even of the Jews, they had recourse to various means in order to secure the sanction of the clergy. Thus, for example, the king appeared in person at an ecclesiastical council held in Toledo in 693, and addressed the assembled clergy as follows: "Already, this people, defiled by the blood of Christ, and infamous for the profanation of their oaths, have meditated ruin against the king and kingdom—and proclaiming that their time is come, have begun the work of slaughter against the Catholics."*

Who would not be moved by a speech like this at such a time? Would the most pious clergy of any Christian sect have been proof against it? Who will say that it would not have influenced both a Luther and a Calvin? Is it any wonder then that the synod permitted itself for the time to be made the instrument of the king for carrying out his oppressive and avaricious views. The Catholic historians assure us, however, that the council confined itself to precautionary measures which would not seriously injure the Jews, except they persevered in their alleged conspiracy against the king and the Catholic religion.† Milman attributes to the council greater severity. "The affrighted and obsequious churchmen," he says, "passed a decree to confiscate all the property of the Jews to the royal treasury—to disperse the whole race as slaves through the country—to seize all their children under seventeen years of age—to bring them up as Christians, marry them to Christian wives, and to abolish for ever the exercise of the Jewish faith."‡

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* Moldenhauer, *Histoire des Juifs en Espagne*, p 180.
† Halvehy, *Résume de l'histoire des Juifs modernes*, p. 129.
‡ *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 217.

We need proceed no further in this direction in order to show that the Jews were not to blame even if it was true that they were anxious that the Saracens would invade Spain and conquer it, especially if it is borne in mind that throughout the East their brethren had in general been kindly treated by the caliphs, and that even Mahomet allowed them liberty of conscience everywhere except in the vicinity of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. We should, therefore, have thought the Jews very foolish if they had not welcomed the Arabs with joy, however much we may deplore that Christians should have proved themselves more intolerant and more cruel than Mahometans, for that they did prove themselves so in reference to the Jews is beyond dispute.

No sooner did the Saracens succeed in rendering themselves masters of Spain than all was changed with the Jews. "Ils formaient au milieu des mahométans," says Cassou, "une nation régulièrement constituée, paisiblement regié." Far from oppressing them, the Mahometan sovereigns gave them every encouragement. Their synagogues were permitted to nominate judges, who were styled "kings of the Jewish nation," and who served as an intermediate power between the Jews and the Saracen government. The Talmud, instead of being proscribed and burned, was carefully translated into Arabic by order of Alhakem II. (961). Schools and academies were established by the same monarch, in which half the instructors were Mahometans, the other half Jews; the avowed object of the combination being that the two sects and peoples might mutually enlighten each other. In short, so great was the generosity of the Saracen kings to the Jews that the Christians throughout Europe could account for it in no other manner than by taking it for granted that it was the result of gratitude for important services rendered by the Jews to the invaders. "But," said Hixem to the ambassadors of France, "do we not treat your Christians exactly in the same manner? Do we not admit them into every employment for which they are capable?" This was undoubtedly true. If Christians were sometimes banished by the caliphs it was not for their religion, but for their efforts to restore the Gothic kings.

That the Jews made the best use of their privileges is sufficiently proved by the part they took in rendering the school of Cordoba the most learned and celebrated in the world in its time. And what perhaps, does them more honor than their learning at this time is the fact that they evinced no

enmity towards the Christians, but, on the contrary, were as careful in instructing those who attended their schools as they were in instructing their own children.

This conduct on the part both of the Mahometans and Jews exercised an influence which extended far beyond Spain. Pepin and Charlemagne had the perception to see that however wrong the caliphs were in their religious faith, they were politically right, at least in their treatment of the Jews, and accordingly they imitated their example to a great extent, so that under Charlemagne the Jews had fleets of merchant vessels at Marseilles and Narbonne, which kept up a constant communication with the East, and contributed vastly to the importance of France at this period. The Jews were not only the bankers of France during the greater part of this monarch's reign; they were also the physicians, the teachers of languages, &c. When the emperor wanted to send an ambassador to the court of the famous Caliph Haroun al Raschid, he thought no one better qualified for the mission than a Jew named Isaac. Nor was the successor of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonaire, less liberal or less friendly towards the Jews. Several of his courtiers were Jews, and his most confidential adviser was a Jewish physician named Zedekiah.

From 711 to 1454, the Moors were more or less masters of Spain, and, just in proportion as they had power the Jews were happy and prosperous; upon the other hand, in proportion as the Christians recovered their power the Jews were persecuted; although the conduct of the Moors influenced a few of the Christian kings to some extent. It is but too true, however, that, to use the words of M. Cassou, "La tyrannie et la misère revinrent avec les chrétiens." Their historians say that the return of the Christians cast them back again into hell, after having been several centuries in Paradise. We find that in 1036, Ferdinand I. of Castile resolved to declare war against the Moors, and that, as a preliminary measure, he issued a decree commanding the massacre of all the Jews within his jurisdiction. In this instance, also, the Church interfered in behalf of humanity, and it is pleasant to add that it succeeded in saving the lives of thousands.* This is admitted by all to their honor.

The last of the Christian kings that treated them with

* "Ferdinand 1er de Castile ayant déclaré la guerre aux Arabes, crut ne pouvoir mieux l'inaugurer que par massacre des juifs; les évêques osèrent s'y opposer et reussirent."—*Histoire des Juifs en Espagne*, par M. Moldenhauer.

consideration was Alfonso VIII., whose prime minister was a Jew; to this it is hardly necessary to add that during the reign of this sovereign the Jews were permitted to continue their cultivation of the sciences. Nor were they ungrateful for the privilege; Isaac Ben-Sid, who was one of the greatest astronomers of his time, called his astronomical calculations, to which even Kepler has acknowledged his indebtedness, the *Alfonsine Tables*.

The conduct of Alfonso, however, was but exceptional. In Arragon the first care of the Christian king, after he had defeated the Moors, was to drive the Jews from all public employments; but this was the mildest treatment they received from him, for hundreds of the most respectable of them, including some of the most useful men in Spain, were brutally massacred towards the close of his reign (1238). Their condition became worse from year to year, after the Moors had been expelled, until the beginning of the fourteenth century, when they were overwhelmed with misfortunes of all kinds. In 1331, they were accused of having caused the terrible plague which ravaged all Europe as well as Spain, and numbers of them were put to death for it with the most cruel tortures. They were expelled in turn from all the cities upon which they had shed lustre under the caliphs by their learning and genius. In Toledo alone there were fourteen thousand Jews; these included many of the most respectable as well as the most wealthy inhabitants; but all were driven out—hunted away as if they had been wolves and tigers. Their famous synagogues at Cordova and Seville were torn down by command of the king.

Even the common people soon began to think that the unfortunate infidels were too cruelly treated. Like the kings of England, the kings of Spain always sought the aid of the Church, as a means of soothing the consciences of the people, by making false representations, such as those we have already alluded to. And thus it was that the Inquisition was introduced into Spain. The Pope was assured that all that was intended was to frighten the infidels, so that they would become Christians and give no further trouble. This had the desired effect, the fatal bull was issued, and the king made the most of it. The Jews themselves were so well aware that the Pope had been imposed upon that many of them fled to Rome to appeal to his Holiness against their judges. This too is admitted by Milman. "The Pope himself," he says, "*trembled at his own*

act. He wrote to the sovereigns complaining that the inquisitors exceeded their powers."* But it was too late; the Inquisition soon ceased to be an ecclesiastical tribunal. The king boasted that it was the most important tribunal he had, and that he could not allow Pope or emperor to control its action, as long as the hated infidels had so much wealth to be confiscated to indemnify the nation, at least in part, for the injury inflicted on it by the other infidels (the Moors) with whom the Jews were in league. He had nothing to fear now from the Church, perhaps nothing to expect; for before he had done anything to the Jews he had obtained the titles of "The most Christian King" and "Ferdinand the Catholic." Be this as it may it is certain that the Pope gave him no further aid in his oppressive and cruel measures, after he assumed the supreme control of the Inquisition. The edict of banishment which he issued in 1492 was therefore exclusively his own work and that of his queen Isabella. It is true that several of the inquisitors were in favor of the expulsion, but these, whether lay or clerical, were the creatures of the king; the Pope had no control over them. They knew that their king was in need of money; and that by this proceeding he could obtain abundance.

The best proof that he could no longer depend on the support of the Church is to be found in the fact that, soon after the publication of the edict commanding all the unbaptized Jews to quit the realm in four months on pain of death, he found it necessary to issue another edict prohibiting any Christian from harboring a Jew after that period. "For three centuries," says the historian, "their fathers had dwelt in this delightful country, which they had fertilized by their industry, enriched with their commerce, adorned with their learning. Yet there were few examples of weakness or apostasy; the whole race—variously calculated at 300,000, 650,000, or 800,000—in a lofty spirit of self-devotion (we envy not that mind which cannot appreciate its real greatness) determined to abandon all rather than desert the religion of their fathers. They left the homes of their youth, the scenes of their early associations, the sacred graves of their ancestors, the more recent tombs of their own friends and relatives. They left the synagogues in which they had so long worshipped their God; the schools where those wise men taught who had thrown a lustre

* *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 293.

which shone, even through the darkness of the age, upon the Hebrew name." The results of their expulsion are too well known. The sufferings of the wretched exiles are admitted even by the Spanish historians to be indescribable.

"Such is popery," many say. This is the general remark in every Protestant country in regard to the persecution of the Jews; but the more we investigate the subject, altogether independently of Catholic authority, the more unjust and unfounded we find the charge to be. We find the evidence of this injustice in a hundred forms; and we are sure that none of our readers have any desire more than ourselves to cling to a falsehood which can do no service to any one. What benefit, spiritual or temporal, can we derive as Protestants from attributing to the Church of Rome atrocities which it never committed? We know that many say that it could at least have prevented those atrocities; but this is calculating far too much on its power. How often has it seen its own property seized and confiscated in Catholic countries? We should remember that even the Jews were not more cruelly treated than were the Catholic clergy of France during the first revolution, and that both monks and nuns were hunted like wild beasts. Has not the Pope himself been seized upon in our own times by the sovereign of a Catholic country, treated with every indignity, and forced to die in exile? How absurd it is, then, to hold the Pope or the Catholic Church responsible for every injustice kings or mobs choose to perpetrate in the name of religion?

But, as we have already remarked, the Jews themselves were well aware that it was not the Church, but the king, that persecuted them. The best proof they could have given of this was to rush to Rome in thousands on their expulsion from Spain. All admit that no Pope ever wore the tiara who was so badly qualified for it as Alexander VI.; but even he was moved to compassion, according to the testimony of Protestant writers, by the wretched condition of the fugitive Jews. Seeing that their own people at Rome received them inhospitably lest the increased numbers should bring evil on the whole community, he threatened to expel them for their selfishness.* But they improved in their hospitality, and all were allowed to remain.

In short, nowhere have the Jews been better treated than throughout Italy. While persecuted in Spain, England, and

* Milman, iii. 297.

France in the manner indicated, they were doing a prosperous business in all the principal cities of Italy. "In almost every town in Italy," says Milman, "they pursued their steady course of traffic. They were established in Verona (1400), Genoa, Pisa, Parma, Mantua, Pavia, Padua, Sienna, Bassano, Faonza, Florence, Cremona, Aquila, Ancona, Leghorn, besides *their headquarters at Rome.*° It is but fair to admit that when the Popes did place restrictions on the liberties of the Jews they did so, in general, in a mild, humane way. Thus, for example, we are told that Gregory the Thirteenth caused a bull to be suspended at the gate of the Jews' quarter, prohibiting the reading of the Talmud, *blasphemies against Christ*, or *ridicule against the ceremonies of the Church;* but the same Protestant historian who adverts to this bull also informs us that Pope Sextus the Fifth annulled at once all the persecuting or vexatious *regulations* of his predecessors, opened the gates of every city in the ecclesiastical dominions to these enterprising traders, *secured and enlarged their privileges*, proclaimed toleration of their religion, subjected them to the ordinary tribunals, and enforced a *general and equal taxation.*†

The historians of France and Germany bear similar testimony, informing us that with rare exceptions, instead of being their enemies or persecutors, the popes have ever been the protectors of the Jews. "Cependant," says M. Moldenhauer, "les papes étaient encore les seuls souverains de l'Europe qui traitassent les juifs avec ménagement, et ceux-ci sentaient si bien que les papes étaient leur providence, qui la translation de la papauté à Avignon amena dans cette ville un grand nombre de juifs espagnols, français, et allemands."‡ It is absurd to think that the Jews would have followed the popes to Avignon had they not experienced their protection and friendship. It is recorded of Alexander III. that when he returned to Rome from exile the Jews marched before him in a body with their national standard-bearers, their judges, and their priests, bearing in their arms the Law of Moses on marble tablets. This Pope, we are informed, not only forbid them from being disturbed in any manner in the practice of their religion, but it was a Jew named Benjamin, of Tudela, he made chancellor of his exchequer. Many of those expelled from other countries, who settled in the

° *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 302. † Ib., p. 304.
‡ *Histoire des Juifs en Espagne*, p. 203.

States of the Church, had acquired wealth and influence at the close of the fourteenth century, and, with the permission of Boniface IX., they built a magnificent synagogue at Bologna, and soon after an academy, which rivalled the best in Europe at that period.

As already intimated, it is true that some popes have placed certain restrictions upon their liberty; but it is not the less true, as M. Depping says, that in all vicissitudes they have been more protected in the States of the Church than in all the other Christian states.*

Nor are they differently treated at the present day; in the Jewish quarter of Rome, called the Ghetto, there are as many wealthy, respectable men as there is in any other part of the city. The only restriction placed on them is that they shall not blaspheme Christ, speak disrespectfully of the Virgin Mary, or ridicule the ceremonies of the Church. It is well known to every one who has visited Rome that the lower order of them violate these rules; but it is equally well known that their punishment is not very severe even when prosecuted and condemned for the offence. As an illustration of the benevolent feeling of Pius IX. towards the Jews, we may remark that a Protestant clergyman of this city reminded us a few days since that one day when the Pope was out driving he saw a poor man run over by a vehicle; he immediately ordered him to be put into his own carriage; some of the bystanders cried out, "But he is a Jew—a Jew!" "No matter," said the Pope, "he is a man!" It is almost needless to say that this noble reply had an excellent effect.

So much, then, for the "popish" character of the persecutions of the Jews in Catholic countries. But there is yet another light in which the question may be viewed for the satisfaction of those who, from reading works like Fox's Book of Martyrs, persist in believing that all persecutions since the middle ages that had anything to do with religion, nominally or otherwise, must necessarily have been popish. What were the feelings of the Reformers towards the Jews? What would Calvin, who burned Servetus, have done to them if he had had his will? Nor did any one detest them more than Luther. No respectable Protestant writer denies that for most of his life he was in favor of the most violent

* "Mais à travers toutes ces vicissitudes les juifs furent ici plus protégés que dans tous les états chrétiens; ils y furent toujours sous le régime des lois."—*Les Juifs dans le moyen âge*, p. 115.

measures towards them; but fortunately for his reputation he lived long enough to learn that this was wrong, and, accordingly, he was kindly disposed towards them in his last years. Milman admits that if the Reformation did any service to the Jews, "it was partly by affording new and more dangerous enemies to the power of the Church."* Must it not be confessed that this was a bad motive? It did not save the unfortunate Jews, however, all Protestants not being so clear-sighted as to see that however hateful the Jews were, they could be used with good effect against the Church. Milman touches but lightly on this part of his subject, however. "They were still," he says (that is, under Protestant rule), "liable to the arbitrary caprice of the petty sovereigns or free cities of the Empire; but we have no space to enlarge *on the oppressions* of the landgrave of Thuringia; the popular commotions of Nuremberg, Frankfort, and Worms; the expulsion of the Jews from the Mark of Brandenburg."†

In short, it is not to be doubted that, had Protestantism existed in the tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries in England, France, and Spain, that those who persecuted the Jews would have done so as Protestants with just as little scruple as they did as Catholics. Not one of the tyrant kings whose atrocities we have glanced at above would have been in the least restrained in his avarice and cruelty by the teachings of Luther and Calvin. The truth is that it is the disposition of the people, and of their sovereigns, and not the creed of either, that has rendered them oppressive or otherwise to the Jews. Wherever the Goths, the Visigoths, or the Suevi have had the power, they have ruthlessly persecuted the Jews.

This is plainly shown by the statistics of the Jews themselves, which are verified by the official reports of the different nations of Europe. It has always been found that the Jews have increased or diminished in any particular country according as they were well or ill treated. Taking this as a criterion, we shall see how the Jews stand at the present day in Protestant and Catholic countries. Since the fall of the republics of Venice, Florence, and Genoa, Italy has been one of the worst business countries in Europe; as for commerce, it has scarcely had any; and it is well known that the Jews have always evinced decided preference for commercial,

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* *History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 305. † Ib., p. 305.

enterprising states. Yet, according to the statistics before us, there are over 48,000 Jews in Italy at the present day, whereas in the Protestant kingdom of Sweden there are only 2,000. In Catholic Bavaria there are 65,000, whereas in Protestant Saxony there are only 1,500. In Catholic Austria there are 650,000, whereas in Protestant Prussia there are less than one-third that number (197,000).

It is everywhere characteristic of the Poles and Russians —especially the former—that, whatever may be their faults in other particulars, they are very hospitable, social races, that have no disposition to persecute those who reside amongst them; and accordingly we find that the number of Jews in those countries is nearly two millions and a half—almost if not quite as many as in all other countries put together. In the provinces which constituted the ancient kingdom of Poland alone there are nearly two millions of Jews. The reason is that they have enjoyed full liberty in that country. "At the beginning of the eighteenth century," says their most reliable historian, "Poland and the adjacent provinces had for some time been the headquarters of the Jews. As early as the fourteenth century their privileges had been secured by Casimir the Great. In that kingdom they formed the only middle order between the nobles and the serfs. Almost every branch of traffic was in their hands. They were the corn merchants, shop-keepers, inn-keepers; in some towns they formed the greater part of the population, in some villages almost the whole. Poland was also the seat of the rabbinical papacy. The Talmud ruled supreme in the public mind; the synagogues obeyed with implicit deference the mandates of their spiritual superiors, and the whole system of education was rigidly conducted so as to perpetuate the authority of tradition." Now what was the religion of the Poles at this time? Nearly all were Catholics. Certainly not one out of fifty were Protestants; there were no Protestants but some of the Germans who resided in the larger towns.

All countries, Protestant and Catholic, that have expelled the Jews have admitted them back, on certain conditions, with the sole exception of Spain, from which they are still excluded. But if we inquire into the treatment which they have received in the various countries after their return, we shall find that if they have not been worse treated by Protestants than by Catholics they certainly have not been better treated by the former than by the latter. But let us not be misun-

derstood; our object is not to cast odium on Protestantism, or to eulogize Catholicism at its expense; but to render the two great sections of Christianity as liberal and charitable to each other as possible. We wish, in passing, to vindicate the Catholics as such, from those charges, partly because we are convinced they are not guilty of them, and partly because they may be regarded as strangers in this country; in other words, we try to do justice to them as the weaker party. We would take similar pains in a Catholic country to remove prejudices against Protestants and prevent their being accused of what they were not guilty of; for we do not envy those who prefer aiding the strong side, and encouraging it to be unfriendly, if not oppressive to the weak, however much they may serve their own interests in doing so.

It is precisely with the same feeling that we remind our readers of the persecutions of the Jews, showing that they have been cruelly treated by Protestants and Catholics alike. We cannot expect to render ourselves agreeable to either party by denouncing the atrocities of their ancestors; and still less can we expect to benefit ourselves by saying a word in behalf of the Jews, and asking that they be treated considerately and liberally even at the eleventh hour; for, as already intimated, although they are restricted by no laws in this country, more than any other portion of our citizens, it cannot be said that they are yet socially free amongst us.

In this spirit we proceed to show that up to the present time the Catholic countries of Europe have been, not only as tolerant to the Jews as the Protestants, but, in general, more tolerant. In pursuing our inquiry, we begin with England and France, as we did before. We see at the outset that if Cromwell and Napoleon were alike in nothing else, both proved themselves friendly to the Jews; but the Protestant English and the Catholic French viewed that friendship in a very different light. No sovereign that ever ruled that country had more control in England than Cromwell, but when his power was at its meridian and his influence greatest he could not induce the bigoted Puritans to be tolerant or generous to the Jews. After their having been banished from England 365 years, the Protector made a sort of treaty with Manasseh Ben Israel by which they were to be readmitted into the kingdom under certain restrictions.

When the fact was made public it created the greatest excitement and indignation. Cromwell was accused of hav-

ing insulted the Christian religion for £500,000, alleged to have been paid to him for the bargain by the Jews. "The plain fact was this," says the historian: "A physician of great learning and estimation among the Jews, Manasseh Ben Israel, presented a petition to the Protector for the re-admission of his countrymen to the realm. The address was drawn with eloquence and skill—it commenced by recognizing the hand of God in the appointment of Cromwell to the throne; it dexterously insinuated the instability of all governments unfavorable to the Jews, and it asserted the general courtesy with which the ambassadors of the republic had been received in the synagogues of the Jews. Manasseh Ben Israel issued a second address to the commonwealth of England. It complimented the general humanity of the nation, stated his sole object to be the establishment of a synagogue in the kingdom," &c., &c.*

Cromwell assembled a council composed of two lawyers, seven citizens of London, and fourteen divines, to consider the question—first, whether it was lawful to admit the Jews; secondly, if lawful, on what terms it was expedient to admit them. It is to the honor of the lawyers that they did not hesitate as to the legality; the citizens were divided on the question of admission, though the majority were in its favour; but the disputes of the Puritan divines seemed interminable. After waiting several weeks for an agreement among the latter, Cromwell had to postpone the question to a more favourable time; but although the Puritans were thus opposed to the readmission of the Jews they were quite willing to sell, or "farm out" to them Ireland. This may seem incredible, but the fact is recorded by several historians, including Milman, and the question is fully discussed in the "Oceana" of Harrington, one of the republican writers of the day. However, Cromwell did not dare to ratify the treaty, and the Jews had to wait until the accession of Charles II., when they settled in England in large numbers. James II. was still more indulgent to them than his predecessor; he relieved them of an alien impost which restricted their traffic, but as soon as William III., "of pious and immortal memory," as he is styled by the Orangemen, came to the throne, he revoked this indulgence.

Thus were they still kept under restrictions, and persecuted more or less, from the accession of the Prince of Orange

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* Milman.

to the throne until 1753, when a bill was introduced into parliament for the naturalization of all who had resided three years in England without being absent more than three months at a time. This allowed them all the privileges of British subjects except that of serving in civil offices; and it passed both houses, received the royal assent, and became the law of the land. But all England indignantly protested against it. "The mayor and citizens of London," says the historian, "for mercantile jealousy mingled with religious prejudices, took the lead in denouncing this inroad on the constitution, and insult on Christianity. The pulpits thundered—a respectable clergyman, Tucker, who had written a defence of the measure, was maltreated by the populace. The ministry and the houses of parliament found it necessary to repeal the obnoxious statute."[o]

Such is the tolerant and liberal spirit in which the Jews were treated in Protestant England until within the last three years, when one of their own race, Benjamin D'Israeli, with the aid of the money of the Rothschilds, secured the Jewish Disabilities Bill, which, however, has already proved one of the most unpopular enactments ever made by the British parliament.

Now let us see how differently Napoleon I. and France have acted towards the Jews. Napoleon did not wait for any petitions or offers of money from wealthy Jews. In 1806 he astonished Europe by summoning a grand Sanhedrim of the Jews from all parts of the world to meet at Paris. As usual, the worst motives were attributed to him by his enemies, but the results fully exonerated him from all charges of dishonorable intentions. Indeed, the questions which he propounded to the Sanhedrim would have shown by themselves that he was actuated by no merely selfish motives. The pith of these questions is given as follows by the historians of the time: I. Is polygamy allowed among the Jews? II. Is divorce recognized by the Jewish Law? III. Can Jews intermarry with Christians? IV. Will the French people be esteemed by the Jews as strangers or as brethren? V. In what relation, according to the Jewish Law, would the Jews stand towards the French? VI. Do Jews born in France consider it their native country? are they bound to obey the laws and customs of the land? VII. Who elect the Rabbins? VIII. What are the legal powers

[o] Ibid.

of the rabbins? IX. Is the election and authority of the rabbins grounded on law or custom? X. Is there any kind of business in which Jews may not be engaged? XI. Is usury to their brethren forbidden by the Law? XII. Is it permitted or forbidden to practise usury with strangers?

These questions having been answered to the satisfaction of Napoleon, the Sanhedrim was formally assembled in 1807, for the purpose of forming a regular organization of the Jews throughout the empire. After some deliberation it was agreed that every 2,000 Jews were to have a synagogue, and a consistory of one head and two inferior rabbins. The members of the consistory chose twenty-five notables above thirty years old for their council. The central consistory of Paris was to be a supreme tribunal with the power of appointing and deposing the rabbins. All arrangements deemed necessary having thus been made by the Sanhedrim they were duly confirmed by an imperial decree; and ever since the Jews have remained unmolested in France. In no Protestant country except the United States have they enjoyed so many privileges or so much liberty; a comparison which holds good at the present day. Not only do they enjoy all the civil and political rights of Frenchmen, but their religion is recognized and their rabbins are paid by the state the same as the Catholic and Protestant clergy.

Nor would England, or any other Protestant country, save the United States, appear to better advantage if compared to Austria. Thus, while George III. would have regarded himself as already in the hands of Satan had he given any encouragement to the Jews, the Emperor Joseph the Second of Austria was issuing edict after edict for the amelioration of their condition. By one of these edicts he opened to them, not only the public schools, but the universities of the empire, and gave them the privilege of taking degrees in philosophy and civil law. We have the authority of Milman, among other Protestant historians, for the fact that the only force used by Joseph in relation to the Jews was to require them to establish primary schools for their children as a preliminary measure.

At the present day they are much more free in Catholic Austria than in Protestant Prussia—nay, they were more free under Maria Theresa than they are under King William. It is perhaps not generally known that if the Prussian Jews wish to occupy important positions in the state they must become Protestants; and probably still less is it known that

not fewer than twelve of the professors of the University of Berlin are Jews who have professed the Protestant religion as a necessary condition of their being allowed to render their superior learning available to the nation at large. Nor is this state of things peculiar to the Berlin university; that of Kœnigsberg has nine converted Jews among its leading professors—that is, Jews who conform externally to the doctrines of the Protestant religion, in order that they may be able to devote themselves to their favorite pursuit.* Yet nowhere have the Jews fought more bravely than in the Prussian army. According to the official reports of the time five hundred of them fell at Waterloo under Blucher. None admired Napoleon more than the Jews; those of every nation of Europe felt the warmest gratitude towards him, for they were well aware that it was not alone the Jews of France that he served, but those of all Germany, nearly all the German princes having been more or less influenced by his example.

Had the Pagans committed the atrocities we have alluded to on the Jews, there might have been some reason for them; but that the Christians should adopt all their sacred writings, recognize their religion as the corner-stone of Christianity, and then try to exterminate them like wild beasts, is an inconsistency so strange that it has excited the wonder of the rest of mankind. But we have already shown that it was particular races rather than particular Christian sects that persecuted them. Had we received neither the Old nor the New Testament from the Jews—did we owe their sacred writings nothing either in a religious or literary point of view—did we give them no credit for the sublime thoughts of their prophets or their psalmists, or for the laws of their lawgivers—they would still have left us sufficient to show that notwithstanding all their calamities they are far too noble a race to be enslaved. We need not go to Moses, Jeremiah, Job, or Ezekiel for noble specimens both of poetry and prose. They have produced works even in captivity, when most cruelly persecuted, which prove that they are not inferior in intellect to any other people. There is no country of Europe or Asia whose literature is not more or less indebted to Hebrew genius.

We have already shown that Spanish literature forms no

* "The Emperor of Austria," says Milman, "has afforded to Europe the novel sight of a Jew created a baron and invested with a patent of nobility." —*History of the Jews*, vol. iii., p. 837.

exception to the rule; although what it really owes to the Jews will never be known save to the studious few who are not discouraged in their researches by prejudices or any other obstacles which it is possible for the investigator to surmount. It is true that all the Spaniards are not intolerant or ungenerous. Many of them have devoted fine talents and extensive learning to the vindication of the Jewish intellect. Suffice it to mention, as an example, Rodriquez de Castro, whose *Bibliotcca* is the great repository of everything relating to the culture of the Spanish Jews. In this work there are many fine, but brief, specimens of Jewish poetry. There are also many Jewish poems in manuscript in the libraries of the Escuriel and Madrid which have never been published until lately. Mr. Ticknor gives some extracts from two or three of these in his History of Spanish Literature. The most interesting—at least in connection with our present subject—is a poem addressed by the Rabbi de Santob to Peter the Cruel on his accession to the throne. The manner in which the poet begs more than once that his moral precepts and counsels may not be undervalued because they come from a Jew, shows but too plainly the scorn and hatred with which his brethren were treated at the time:

"Because upon a *thorn* it grows
The rose is not less fair:
And wine that from the vine-stock flows
Still flows untainted there.

"The goshawk, too, will proudly soar
Although his nest *sits low;*
And gentle teachings have their power
Though 'tis the Jew says so."[o]

As for the learned and distinguished Jews who flourished in Spain under Moorish rule, a mere catalogue of their names would fill the space which we can devote to our whole article. We must, therefore, content ourselves with mentioning such as Hassan the astronomer, Hasdai the mathematician and physician to the caliph, Menahem the lexico-

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[o] Por nascor en el espino,
La rosa ya non siento,
Que pierde; ni el buen vino,
Por salir del sarmiento.

Non vale el agor menos,
Porque en vil nido siga;
Nin los en exemplos buenos
Porque Judio los diga.

grapher, Abulmalud the grammarian, David Mottamez the philosopher, and Moses Ben Ezra the poet. Under the Christian kings, as we have seen, the light of Hebrew genius was soon extinguished. But under the Popes in Italy during the same period there were Jewish poets like Moses de Rieti, Messir Leon, and Immanuel the imitator of Dante; also, Jewish astronomers, grammarians, and philosophers, such as Emanuel Ben Isaac, Aaron Colon, and Elias del Medigo.

Only a few of the literary and scientific men of the present age who are Jews are known as such. Some of the most learned critics and comparative philologists of France and Germany are Jews. It is only those who have characteristic names that are known to the public as belonging to the persecuted and despised race to which belonged David and Solomon, Paul and John the Evangelist, nay, Jesus Christ himself. But had we no Jewish men of genius but Moses Mendelssohn and Salvator Rosa, they should be sufficient to awaken kind feelings in favour of their brethren. This is particularly true of Mendelssohn, who is one of the greatest metaphysical and philosophical writers of modern times, and whom no offers or inducements could induce to abandon the faith of his fathers. It is, however, equally true of the astronomers Stern, Beer, and Slonimski, and of the mathematicians Sklow and Witzenhausen. There are no Orientalists of the present day superior to Oppert, Weil, and Dernburg; no anatomist superior to Hirshfield; no physiologist superior to Valentin; how few composers have given us sweeter music than Meyerbeer? and how few have shed more lustre on the genius of tragedy than Rachel?

Fortunately, the Jews are not much persecuted anywhere at the present day; but it is not the less true that nowhere in Christendom are they cordially treated by the people in general as fellow-citizens and neighbors. Even in France and Poland, where they occupy a better social position than anywhere else, they are still regarded with some jealousy. Is it not true that very few wish to associate with them in this country? We have already remarked that as long as this is the case we cannot expect them to do justice to themselves. Since it is society that polishes the manners we cannot expect those who are excluded from it to have much knowledge of the refinements of life; nor can we expect them to devote so much attention to the cultivation of their minds as they would be likely to do under more favourable circumstances. If those, Protestants or Catholics

who persist in disliking them on account of their religion, would only reflect, and learn their history, they would soon discard their prejudices; for they would see that no great writer or thinker of either religion has ever attacked the Jews; whereas their cause has been espoused by many of each—by the most eminent patriots and philanthropists of all the principal nations of Europe, not excepting Spain.

Those who have sought to render them odious are men like Voltaire, Bayle, and Gibbon, who, as Paley expresses it, "wished to wound Christianity through the side of Judaism." With this view there is scarcely a revolting or unnatural crime of which any nation or people have ever been accused which they do not attribute, not only to the modern Jews, but to those of the patriarchal times. Thus, for example, among the questions proposed for discussion by Voltaire, are, "Did the Jews eat human flesh? Did the Jews immolate human victims? Were the Jewish ladies intimate with goats?" And he would have his readers believe that each should be answered in the affirmative. In the same spirit he ridicules all their prophets and all the events which they record. On no other subject is Bayle more sarcastic than on the ancient Jews, their religious faith, their miracles, &c.* Gibbon treats the Jews more fairly, in general; at the same time he makes an elaborate attempt to prove that even in their palmiest days they were an obscure, unsocial, and obstinate race of men.†

The object of this is twofold: first, the Jews and their patriarchs and prophets are ridiculed as the founders of a system which forms the basis of Christianity; they are also represented as intolerant and cruel to all who differed with them in religious faith; and then it is maintained that their followers, the Christians, are very much like them in their worst characteristics. In order that both Jews and Christians may seem at once odious and absurd to the world they are both contrasted with the ancient Pagans, including the Egyptians and the Hindoos as well as the Greeks and Romans, all of whom, we are told, were very tolerant and friendly to those who chose to differ with them in religion.

There is no doubt that this sort of reasoning has exercised a powerful influence among the half-educated

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* Vide *Dictionnaire historique et critique*, passim.

† *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. i., pp. 508, 509, *et seq.*

classes of every country in Europe—indeed, among all who affected to be liberal and philosophical without taking the trouble to examine what were the religious views, superstitions, prejudices, or resentments of the ancient Pagans. But those who have paid any intelligent, earnest attention to the subject are aware that much as both Catholics and Protestants have permitted themselves in turn to be influenced by the spirit of persecution, it is not true that either have committed worse excesses in the name of religion than the Pagans who are so much lauded by philosophers of the school of Voltaire, Bayle, and Gibbon. The Egyptians are represented as much more enlightened, and consequently more tolerant to those who differed with them in religious faith, than the Jews; but the records of the ancient historians exhibit the former in a very different light, at least in regard to their religious tolerance. Both the Greek and Roman historians concur in the statement that an Egyptian thought himself defiled if he happened to drink out of the same cup or eat at the same table with a man of a different religious faith from his own. It is true that Jews and Christians have put others to death for what they considered setting at defiance the Creator of the universe; but the Egyptians put people to death for similar disrespect to some of the meanest of the lower animals which they thought proper to worship as gods. "He who has voluntarily killed any sacred animal," says the historian, "is punished with death; but if any one, even involuntarily, has killed a *cat* or an ibis, he cannot escape the extreme penalty: the people drag him away, *treat him in the most cruel manner*, sometimes without waiting for a judicial sentence. * * Even at the time when King Ptolemy was not yet the acknowledged friend of the Roman people, while the multitude were paying court with all possible attention to the strangers who came from Italy, a Roman, having killed a cat, the people rushed to his house, and neither the entreaties of the nobles, whom the king sent to them, nor the terror of the Roman name, were sufficiently powerful to rescue the man from punishment, though he had committed the crime involuntarily."[o]

The Persians have the reputation of being the most liberal of all the enlightened nations of antiquity; but even they committed as cruel excesses as can be attributed to

[o] *Diod. Sic.*, i. 83.

Catholics or Protestants when they were most fanatical and intolerant. Herodotus tells us that when Cambyses conquered the Egyptians, he condemned the magistrates of Memphis to death because they offered divine honors to their god, Apis; he then caused the priests to be scourged, and next issued an edict commanding the massacre of the people for celebrating the festival of the national deity. When those more thoughtful than the rest asked the conqueror what god they should worship, he replied, "The only true god, whom all but infidels and fools know to be the sun."

But even the Egyptians had scarcely more absurd deities than the Greeks; yet at the period of their highest enlightenment the latter allowed none to disrespect their gods or their religious faith with impunity. This fact has been well illustrated by that indefatigable investigator and historian the Abbé Guenée, as follows: "Let us not here," he says, "refer to the cities of Peloponnesus and their severity against atheism; the Ephesians prosecuting Heraclitus for impiety; the Greeks armed one against the other by religious zeal, in the Amphictyonic war. Let us say nothing, either, of the *frightful cruelties inflicted by three successors of Alexander upon the Jews*, to force them to abandon their religion, nor of Antiochus expelling the philosophers from his states. Let us not seek our proofs of intolerance so far off. Athens, the polite and learned Athens, will supply us with sufficient examples. Every citizen made a public and solemn vow to conform to the religion of his country, to defend it, and to cause it to be respected. An express law severely punished all discourses against the gods, and a rigid decree ordered the denunciation of all who should deny their existence. * * The practice was in unison with the severity of the law. The proceedings commenced against Protagoras; a price set upon the head of Diagoras; the danger of Alcibiades; Aristotle obliged to fly; Stilpo banished; Anaxagoras hardly escaping death; Pericles himself, after all his services to his country, and all the glory he had acquired, compelled to appear before the tribunals and make his defence; * * a priestess executed for having introduced strange gods; Socrates condemned and drinking the hemlock, because he was accused of not recognizing those of his country, &c.; these facts attest too loudly to be called in question, the religious intolerance of the most humane and enlightened people in Greece."*

* *Lettres de quelques Juifs à Mons. Voltaire*, i., p. 221.

So much, then, for the charges of infidels against Christians as compared to Pagans. While it is certainly to be regarded as a stigma on the Christian religion that Catholics and Protestants have persecuted the Jews in the cruel, barbarous manner indicated above, that persecution is no valid argument against the truth of Christianity, and its superiority to all other systems of religion. As we have already remarked, it is not Christianity that has persecuted the Jews, or any other people, but the evil passions of men calling themselves Christians, pretending to act as such, but really seeking only to gratify their own avarice, their jealousy, or their resentment.

As to the charge that the Jews are incapable of any more intellectual calling than dealing in old clothes, it is simply the result of vulgar, thoughtless prejudice. Yet it is daily repeated in our own country by a certain class of those who regard themselves as public instructors. And still less foundation is there for the charge of general dishonesty, such as that made against them recently by certain of our insurance companies—parties who are much more dishonest themselves than the Jews, and much more disposed to swindle the public; those of a different character know better, and are incapable of abusing any people on account of their race or religion. Although the attack we allude to has passed off harmlessly, many a less serious charge has caused the unfortunate Jews to be massacred in hundreds. Fortunately even the most thoughtless and ignorant class of our people have better common sense than to permit themselves to be excited to outrage against any class of our citizens by self-eulogizing charlatans. That there are bad men among the Jews far be it from us to deny; we have no conceivable interest in denying anything of them of which we think them guilty; but we are convinced that if our criminal records are carefully examined they will show that, far from the Jews being more dishonest or greater transgressors in proportion to their numbers than the rest of our citizens, they are the reverse; and if their conduct were examined still further it also would be found that they are far more sincere friends to the widow and the orphan than those who accuse them as a body of habitual fraud and dishonesty.

ART. II.—1. *Histoire naturelle, générale et particulière, des animaux.* BUFFON.

2. *Lettres philosophiques sur l'intelligence et la perfectibilité des animaux.* LEROY.

3. *Essai philosophique sur l'âme des bêtes.* DE BOULLIER.

4. *Discours de la connaissance des bêtes.* PARDIES.

WE are surrounded with living animals of different species and of different habits, and we often observe in them phenomena which excite, at the same time, our admiration and our curiosity. Hence, we naturally inquire of ourselves whence come these wonderful phenomena? Are they from intelligence and reason such as the human species possess, or are they the effects of that marvellous endowment which is called instinct, and, if so, what is the nature of this instinct? In fine, have they souls properly so called, and, if so, what is the nature of these souls; are they spiritual, or material, or of a nature intermediate between spiritual and material? To these several questions we hope to give satisfactory answers, though not exactly in the order in which they are enumerated.

It need scarcely be remarked that the answers which philosophers, physiologists, and naturalists have hitherto given to these questions have been, with few exceptions, extravagant and absurd, some inclining too much to materialism, and the others to an exaggerated spiritualism, or, rather, an inconceivable mechanism. Hence it is evident that more satisfactory answers than any that have yet been given in our literature are needed and demanded.

The study of comparative anatomy, that is to say, the anatomy of the lower animals as well as that of man, has long been justly considered a useful means of making us more intimately and thoroughly acquainted with our own physical constitution and organization; but what may be called comparative psychology has not received the same attention. What, it has been asked, would be its utility? What light on the interior principle that presides over our action could be furnished by the correspondence of the instinct of the brute creation with their movements, when we find in ourselves, and with much more clearness, the distinct knowledge, or rather the undoubted consciousness of the evi-

dent influence of our will upon our actions? Still this study cannot be devoid of interest and even utility, were it only to give us a higher opinion of our own origin, to incite us to the fulfilment of our moral obligations, to make us reflect on the dignity of human nature and therefore of our own destiny, and to give us another confirmation, if any more were needed, of the truth of the sacred words: *Minuisti eum paulo minus ab angeliis; gloria et honore coronasti eum: et constituisti eum super opera manuum tuorum.* We venture to say that correct opinions upon these subjects will be found to lie at the foundation of all true progress, and consequently of true happiness, whether of the individual or of society at large.

The student of Roman history is familiar with the importance, as a means of divination, which they called augury, the ancient Romans attached to the inspection of the livers and entrails of animals, the flight of birds, &c. Indeed, Pagan philosophy, chiefly for that purpose, made the lower animals a particular study; but, as may be expected, this study was neglected when Christianity, terminating the long childhood of the human race, came to sustain man in his highest aspirations and thoughts, and to occupy him almost exclusively with the knowledge of himself and of his Creator.

Before proceeding further it may not be improper to remark here that though *soul* is the name which is appropriately given to the spiritual, rational, and immortal principle that animates man, yet philosophers and the schoolmen have not hesitated to give the same name to the principle that animates and governs the lower animals, and the only question with them was with regard to its nature. Even St. Augustine, an authority which few will reject, did not shrink from allowing them to possess souls. The following are his words: "Anima humana habet aliquid quod non habet anima pecorum. Nam et pecora animam habent, et animalia vocantur. Non enim vocarentur animalia nisi ab animâ; et videmus quia et ipsa vivunt; sed quid habet amplius homo? Undè factus est ad imaginem Dei? Quia intelligit et sapit, quia discernit bonum à malo; in hoc factus est ad imaginem Dei. Habet ergo aliquid quod non habent pecora."*

We trust, then, that the sensibility of any of our readers will not be offended if, in the course of this article, following

* S. Aug., enar. 11 in Ps. 29.

the example of the high authorities we have just alluded to, we assign *souls* to brute animals.* We do it, however, merely for want of a more appropriate term to express our meaning, and in order to avoid perplexing circumlocutions.

Many of the French philosophers of the last two centuries could see no difference, save in degree, between the instinctive principle of animals and the reason (and even the souls) of men. Both were in their estimation pure matter, or if you will, transformed sensations. Hence they freely awarded to them as well as man intelligence, reason, the faculty of forming general ideas, &c. But we will let this opinion pass for the present.

Are brute animals pure automatons deprived of all sensations, or simple machines prearranged for all the movements they have to execute; or have they in themselves a principle that animates their organs, that experiences sensations, and that forms determinations? Is this principle material or immaterial, intelligent or only sensitive? Such are the questions we now proceed to investigate.

Descartes, with the rigid defenders of the exclusive spirituality of the human soul, makes of animals pure machines in all the force of the expression, "machines arranged in advance," says one of them, "for all the movements which the conservation of the individual and the propagation of the species necessitate, and which we may afterwards in some respects arrange ourselves for our wants and ply to certain movements and certain habits. Once the omnipotence of the Creator being admitted, it appears not to those philosophers more contrary to reason to suppose natural organized machines for a succession of movements tending to a determined end, than to explain (the power of man being given) the mechanism of artificial machines organized by men for a succession of movements tending to any result whatever."

Between the opinion which makes of beasts pure machines and that which attributes to them intelligence properly so called, there is an intermediate opinion which seems to us the only one which gives at the same time reason for all the phenomena, by removing all the difficulties. Accord-

* Rorarius, the nuncio of Clement VII. to the court of Ferdinand, the king of Hungary, wrote a work to prove, not only that brutes have reasoning souls, but that they frequently reason better than man. In dedicating this to a brother cardinal, he uses the following language: "Scripseram libellos duos in quibus ostenderam animalia bruta sæpe ratione uti melius homine; idque faceram, ut quorundam impudentiam, anne potius dementiam retunderem," &c. The same views have been maintained by Pereira, Straton, and Enesideme. See Vossius, lib. iii., cap. xli., p. 938.

ing to this hypothesis the souls of beasts may be defined a substance intermediate between spirit, or rather intelligence, and matter; this substance is capable of receiving sensations and images, which, according to Bossuet, are only continued sensations, and this is what distinguishes it from matter; but it is incapable of ideas, of thinking, of reasoning, and of reflection; and this is what essentially distinguishes it from human intelligence.

But it is only just that we should acknowledge that this hypothesis originated with Dr. Debreyne, professor of medicine in *La Grande Trappe* in France, one of the soundest thinkers of modern times. And as it receives our full assent we will take occasion to develop it to some extent.

According to Professor Debreyne four grand primordial laws, independent of the action of the imponderable fluids, govern all created beings. These four laws are the intelligent force or power, the vital sensitive force, the vegetative vital force, and the attractive force, or simply attraction.

These forces, as secondary causes, give to inert and passive matter movement and life. Now that which gives movement and life is active, and that which is active has nothing in common with that which is only passive or inert, as is the case with matter; then these vital forces are independent of matter, that is to say, they are immaterial. The following is the hierarchical order of the universality of terrestrial beings, according to M. Debreyne:

1. The mineral kingdom, which increases by inorganic juxtaposition. This kingdom is governed by the attractive force only, or attraction and the imponderable fluids, as heat, light, electricity, &c., and comprehends brute inorganic matter: proved by observation.

2. The vegetable kingdom, which grows and lives by organic intussusception. It is governed by the vital vegetative force and the imponderable fluids. This kingdom comprehends plants, vegetables, &c.: proved by observation.

3. The animal kingdom, which grows, lives, and feels. It is governed by the vital sensitive force and the imponderable fluids. This kingdom embraces all the non-intelligent sensitive beings unfree, imperfectible, and incapable of suicide. These are the brute animals, beasts, birds, &c.: proved by observation.*

* The vital sensitive force is that which in philosophy is called the souls of beasts (*l'âme des bêtes*). It is immaterial, capable of sensations and of receiving images. It is subject to matter and perishes with the body to which it is united, and for which it solely exists.

4. The anthropological or human kingdom, which grows, lives, feels, and thinks. This kingdom is governed by the intelligent force, or by the twofold power of the soul, the intelligent faculty, and the sensitive faculty, and the imponderable fluids as to the physical and material life. These beings are at the same time intelligent and sensible, capable of sensations, of intellectual, moral, abstract, and general ideas; of thought, of judgment, of memory, of reflection; free and perfectible; capable of suicide. This is the reasonable and immortal soul; it is man, whose intelligent and sensitive soul is proved by observation.

But, perhaps, on this question, as on many others, our spiritualistic philosophers dispute only because they do not understand each other. The term soul revolts the one class, that of machine the other; but it is useless to contest about words. We are not now inquiring precisely whether beasts are machines, nor yet whether they have souls of any kind. Now, in the first place, every animated being, even man, is, in a certain sense and in one part of his being, a machine; that is to say, a portion of organized matter, for a definite end, which is analogous to artificial machines which are the work of man. In the second place, all machines are put in action by a material motor which gives the primary impulse to all the secondary movements: it is the air, water, caloric, a spring which unbends itself, a weight which descends, the oscillation of a pendulum, &c. This motor is as it were the soul of the machine. The question, then, is to know if this mechanism of brutes has in itself, or outside of itself, the principle of its movements, and of what nature that principle is. We now see in what the animal resembles man. It will be easy for us hereafter to prove that notwithstanding this resemblance there is an infinite distance between the one and the other.

So, like man, the beast has its organs, and often far superior in energy to the same organs in man; like him it sees, hears, tastes, smells, feels, in a word, by means of its organs it perceives sensations in its own way, and receives images. We ought, therefore, to admit in the animal an interior principle, or a certain faculty capable of feeling and imagining, or, if you prefer, imaging. It would consequently be to refuse all the proofs of analogy and experience to suppose, with Descartes, animals to be pure machines deprived of all sensations whatever. What, we would ask, would be the use of all that organic apparatus so uniform and so

admirable? Why should organs so similar have no *rapport* in their destination? For what purpose are there eyes, ears, &c., in the beast as well as in man? Does not good sense exclaim that with the one, as with the other, the eyes were equally made to see and the ears to hear? No, no, we can never be persuaded that these diverse organs of beasts were not destined by the Author of nature for the uses which are indicated by experience and analogy; and besides, man and the animals give externally the same signs of internal images and sensations, the same sign, for example, of hunger, of thirst, of pain, of pleasure, &c. Thus we are led by a natural and irresistible tendency to attribute to them those sensations and those images. Now does not this judgment, which we make universally, and anteriorly to all reflection, appear to appertain to good common sense? Is it not the voice of nature, and, to suppose it erroneous, would it not be to make the Author of nature himself fall into a mistake? Among the most civilized people as well as the most barbarous a defender of the Cartesian opinion could only excite laughter in wanting to prove by subtleties that a dog, for example, burnt with the fire or famished with hunger, experiences in reality no other sensations than a tree when its trunk is cut or when its roots are watered.

The Cartesians make no difference between an animal and a clock in this sense, that they refuse sensibility and sensations to one as well as to the other. Yet all the people on earth would tax with cruelty the person who would take a barbarous pleasure in tormenting animals, without reason and without utility, whilst nobody would think of regarding as cruel the person who would break his clock or who would throw its parts into the fire. By an invincible and universal sentiment, then, all men judge that an animal is sensible, and that a clock is insensible. It is a law of our nature, anterior to all reflection and to all reasoning. "God would deceive us," says Flotte, "if beasts were only pure machines, since He would place under our eyes a multitude of phenomena whence results, and whence ought to result in the mind of every man, the idea of a cause which however does not exist. "Consider well what you say," a Cartesian would reply. "If you admit sensation properly so called in an animal, it is necessary, to be consistent, to attribute to it an immaterial principle, alone capable of perceiving the sensation; and is not this playing into the hands of materialism, and meriting the reproach of assimilating in some manner man with the brute?"

No doubt, in admitting sensations in the animal, we suppose it to possess an immaterial faculty, since, as may easily be proved, matter, whether organized or inorganic, is no less incapable of sensations than of intelligence. But let the spiritualists not feel troubled about the consequences from this admission; between sensation, and intelligence, which is the proper characteristic of the human soul, the distance is as far and the difference as great as between matter and sensation. Thus, in limiting, as we ought to do, the instinct of animals to sensation or to perception, as say some physiologists, and to the reminiscence of images, there will yet be an infinite difference and distance between animal instinct and the intelligence of man. Upon this point we agree with Buffon, who says, "Animals have sensations, but not ideas;" and with Bossuet, who says, "It seems to be the best that can be done for animals is to allow them sensations."

However this may be, to us it appears absurd to attribute the sensations of brutes to a mechanism of which nobody sees the connexion with any of the effects, and which by itself renders no reason for any of the appearances; whilst we find a cause which naturally reunites and explains perfectly all the appearances and all the effects.

In sound philosophy the connection of a large number of appearances and of a train of effects united with one cause which explains them, proves indubitably the existence of that cause, when the cause supposed can alone give reason for all the phenomena. We know of no other mode of philosophizing. Now, in the mechanism of animals we discover a very wise end—an end verified by experience in similar cases; it is to be united to an immaterial principle, and to become, by means of this union, an instrument of sensation and of action. Take away this destination to which this wonderful combination of organic springs composing the body of the animal has evident relation; deny the immaterial principle feeling and acting by means of the mechanism for the conservation of all, and you see no more any object for this admirable mechanism. There is, then, in beasts an immaterial principle united to their mechanism, made for it, as the latter is made for the former, and which by its means or its agency receives sensations and images.

Our opinion, far from lending arms to the materialists, is, on the contrary, the most capable of disarming them. "Supported by the common sense of all people, this doctrine," says M. Debreyne, "will triumph over all the subtle

cavillings of sophists in invincibly establishing the essential and immense difference which is between man and the beast, and the destiny of one and the other." It is not the same in our judgment with the Cartesian opinion, which to us appears but sorry reasoning, and which the materialists may avail themselves of with more success to support their odious systems. If, in effect, philosophy had laid down the principle that beasts ought to be refused any interior cause of sensation, notwithstanding all the evident marks that are seen of their having an internal and sensitive motor, in opposition to common sense, which everywhere and at all times attributes to them sensations the most real, would it not be to authorize the materialists to cross the Rubicon and to conclude, by the same reasoning, the absence of all intelligence in man, and to recognize in him but an organization more perfect as the only cause of his superiority over the brute?

But if the souls of brutes be immaterial they are then immortal. We answer with Flotte: "I deny the consequence. The certainty we have of the immortality of our own souls is founded solely on the idea we have of God. Have we not often said, the good man suffers and is unfortunate on earth; if he be not recompensed in a better world, where is the justice of God? The good man suffering and unfortunate on earth is sustained only by the hope of a future recompense. If he hope in vain, where is the providence of God? Man by his nature sighs for light and for happiness, and he cannot on earth content this desire. If even after death he cannot satisfy it, where is the wisdom of God? Now, if some animals suffer on earth, it is not to virtue they owe their sufferings, since, having no knowledge of the law, they cannot conform their conduct to it. Having no idea of future recompense, they neither can desire nor expect it. Limited by their nature to the sole care of the body, the earth offers them the wherewith to content them. Consequently the justice, the providence, and the wisdom of God require not that they should be compensated like the good man in the better world."*

But tell us, if you define the brute a being endowed with sensibility, the means of distinguishing the plant from the animal? Will the sensitive then be confined to the animal species?

In asserting that beasts experience sensation, we take

* Flotte's *Philosophie.*

the sensibility for the perception of sensation and of images; but the word perception, as we here use it, conveys no idea of intelligence. We use it in the sense in which it is usually employed by physiologists, that is to say, in a purely sensitive sense. It is a fact that this faculty cannot reasonably be refused to the animal or to the being that presents the characteristics essential to animality. These characteristics are the digestive cavity and apparatus and the nervous system, or at least some rudimentary traces of a nervous system; whereas no experience has proved that any plant whatsoever enjoys these faculties, or offers any traces of these two characteristics of animality. Certainly some movements operated in a plant upon the occasion of contact, of a shock, or of resistance from a foreign body are no signs of sensibility, and it will never be proper to confound sensibility properly so called with such movements.

If naturalists sometimes appear to attribute sensations to plants, it can only be in a figurative and poetical sense, and never in the proper and philosophic sense. Some writers, as already remarked, have been pleased to attribute to animals intellectual faculties, judgment, and reasoning; but the supposition is quite gratuitous, to say no more.* To establish it, it would be necessary to produce the proofs of the interior intelligence given by animals, and to demonstrate that an intermediate substance, equally distinguished from matter and from spirit, is from its nature impossible, or, in other terms, that it implies a contradiction; but this, we venture to say, can never be done.

And why could not the Author of nature, who could create substances endowed at the same time with intelligence and with the faculty of experiencing sensations, and material substances deprived of one and the other of these faculties, why, we would ask, could not this omnipotent Being produce intermediate substances, such as we suppose, deprived of intelligence, but capable of sensation. From the circumstance that because we have not any distinct ideas of this intermediate substance, would it follow that there is no medium possible between matter and spirit. Does not man find himself placed between angelic creatures and irrational animals, in this sense, that he is an intelligent and sensible being served by organs? Profound philosophers

* However, besides the great Christian writers already alluded to, and many others, the theory is maintained by ancients like Serminedes, Empedocles, Democrites, and Anaxagoras.

they are indeed who comprehend clearly all the substances existing and possible. But let them explain to us the essence of any substance whatsoever. Are they ignorant of what is universally acknowledged in philosophy, that the essences of the different natures are known only by their effects? If, then, we observe in brutes operations which surpass the capacity or rather the properties of matter, but which do not prove intelligence, we are authorized to conclude an intermediary substance which is necessary and which suffices to give reason for all the operations of the animal. We now proceed to other questions.

St. Augustine, as already shown, says expressly that beasts have souls, and he makes the principal difference between them and man to consist in this, that man is intelligent and knows how to discern good from evil.

St. Gregory the Great distinguishes three kinds of souls —that of the angel which is not clothed with a body, that of man which is united with a body which it survives, and that of the beast which perishes with its body. It remains for us to prove that all the operations of animals are purely instinctive in the sense which we have shown.*

And certainly those who have so liberally accorded to animals intellectual faculties will not, it is to be hoped, dare to attribute to them any morality, any idea of good and of evil, of what is just and of what is unjust, &c. This is good enough for fiction and poetry, but can only excite laughter in sound philosophy. An evident proof of the absence of all moral ideas in beasts, is that they are sure to follow without any shame or remorse all the movements of their appetites, or, if the expression be preferred, their passions. "The monks of St. Bernard," says M. de Bonald, "go in search of the unfortunates lost in the snow; their dogs go also, and discover the poor sufferers sooner and more surely. Dare we say that in a similar action the men and the dogs are governed by the same motives? Certainly not. It is repugnant to good sense to recognize any morality whatsoever in the animal. But an intelligence without morality would be an intelligence without knowledge of the motives

* "Tres quippe vitales spiritus creavit omnipotens Deus: unum qui carne non tegitur; alium, qui carne tegitur, sed non cum carne moritur; tertium qui carne tegitur, et cum carne moritur. Spiritus namque est qui carne non tegitur angelorum; spiritus qui carne tegitur, sed cum carne non moritur, hominum; spiritus qui carne tegitur et cum carne moritur jumentorum, omniumque brutorum animalium. Homo itaque sicut in medio creatus est, ut esset inferior angelo, superior jumento."—*Dial.*, lib. iv., cap. iii.

which would determine one action rather than another; consequently it would be an intelligence without reason."

If it be necessary, with Condillac, to attribute to brutes the faculty of conceiving general ideas, that highest function of intelligence, it would be necessary to accord them reflection, or at least a knowledge of their state, and some faculty of comparing it with ours. They then ought to be conscious of what we make them suffer and desire to free themselves from our domination. The empire which we exercise over them ought to appear to them an odious tyranny, and, far from coming to seek the stable which confines them and caress the hand which oppresses them, they should avail themselves of their strength, of their swiftness, even of their number among those that are the weakest, to escape our domination, and return to the forests to lead independent lives. "And yet," as M. Debreyne well remarks, "our empire over them continues to be exercised in the most despotic manner, and meets on their part but obedience the most servile. It is not enough for us to subdue them, to break them, to prescribe for them work or repose at our will, but we can accustom them to be led even by a child."

We have now to notice that suicide is an act of despair absolutely impossible for the animal. By the laws of its organism it is invincibly driven, impelled to tend to its preservation, however unhappy it may appear. No contrary instinctive movement can oppose itself to this law of organic conservation; a certain proof that there is in the beast no principle intelligent and free, capable of knowing its state, and which can urge or command the body to depart from it by suicide.

Man, in his quality as an intelligent being and as universal proprietor of the physical world, disposes in some manner of all nature; he employs even the elements, water, fire, and air, as the first agents of all mechanical proceedings. All these, it is true, serve also the animal for its preservation; but it appropriates them directly and without any proceedings or operations on its part. "Man alone," remarks M. de Bonald, "has received the power of producing fire (from which, notwithstanding, almost all animals experience an agreeable sensation)—fire, that powerful and terrible agent of creation or of destruction, the disposal of which the Supreme Ordainer has committed only to intelligence, which can regulate its employment—a cabinet secret which the Monarch of the world has confided only to his prime minis-

ter." "The dog and the monkey," says M. de Maistre, "will approach a fire, and will likewise warm themselves with pleasure; but never can you teach them to put a stick into it, for fire does not appertain to them, otherwise the dominion of man would be at end."

But, it will be said, art and industry shine in certain actions of animals: can it be denied that there is art and an admirable art, for example, in the nests of birds, in the hives of bees, &c.? Without doubt art shines in several instinctive operations of animals; without this they could not fulfil their end, and their diverse movements would produce no results; but this marvellous art is entirely foreign to them, and they do not even know it. They execute blindly the movements necessitated by the preservation of the individual or of the species, as the child walks without knowing the laws of equilibrium. "Thus," says Bossuet, "reason shows us that those things which animals make with the greatest industry are made in the same manner by flowers, trees, and by other animals, that is to say, with art on the part of God, but without its being inherent in the animals themselves."

All these operations of beasts are surely in those things only which enter directly into the sphere and order predetermined by their instinct. Put there an extraordinary obstacle, foreign to their mechanical habits and contrary to their instinctive foresight, and you will derange the plan of all their works; henceforward they will act without aim and without foresight; no intellectual process, no interior light, no reflection will come to their succour, to redress or to conquer the obstacles which have supervened. At the approach of the season fixed by nature, furnish the materials suitable for a female bird, shut her up in a cage, and you will see her laboring, though alone, to build a nest and garnish it with soft down for the little progeny which she never will have. Where here do we find reflection or foresight?*

Gall, the founder of phrenology, mentions as a proof of the intelligence of animals the following fact: "Two swallows came to nestle every year in the house of my friend, Streicher, of Vienna. During their absence a bell was

* Rorarius tells us that he was an eye-witness to the hanging of two wolves with the view of striking terror into the rest, and he observed that this made a deeper impression on the other wolves than the mark of a hot iron or the loss of the ears makes on a robber. He also relates that it was a common habit in Africa, in his time, to crucify lions for the purpose of terrifying the rest, and he adds that it had a powerful effect.—*Rorarius*, lib. ii., p. 78.

placed there whose clapper passed precisely where their nest was; at their return in the spring they made their nest in the accustomed place, but they took care to leave an opening for the clapper in such a manner that it could play freely without touching their eggs or their little ones." Gall pretends by this fact to prove the intelligence and foresight of animals in extraordinary and unforeseen circumstances, and we, for our part, conclude quite simply that it proves nothing else than their want of intelligence and foresight, or their stupidity. And in truth, if these birds had been capable of a certain degree of intelligence, of foresight, and of reflection, would they not rather have chosen a neighboring corner to build their nest, in place of constructing it in a place become so improper for it, and at the risk of incommoding and troubling their small family by the noise and agitation of the clapper of the bell, and by the cold which the current of air must have caused by the two opposite openings? All this evidently proves that animals are blindly and fatally urged by their instincts, and that all they do is by a physiological and organic mechanism without a trace of intelligence, of foresight, or of liberty.

But it will be said, if animals are deprived of all intelligence, if they have no other faculties but those of their senses, whence comes the foresight which is remarked in some of them? Why those provisions for living observed among bees and ants, to enable them to subsist during winter? Does not this presuppose a notion of time and a certain knowledge of the future? Buffon answers these questions: "The foresight of ants," he says, "was only a prejudgment given in their favor on their being observed with but little attention, but it has been withdrawn from them on their being observed with greater care. They are all torpid during the winter; their provisions, then, are only superfluous stores accumulated without object and without knowledge of the future, since by the same knowledge they could have foreseen all its uselessness. Is it not natural that animals which have a fixed residence, and where they are accustomed to carry the provisions for which they have actual need and which appeases their appetite, should transport there more than they need, determined alone by instinct and the pleasure of the odor, or by those of the other senses, and guided by the habit they have of taking provisions to eat them in repose? Does not this prove that they have only sentiment, and no reason? It is for the same reason that bees accumulate

much more wax and honey than they have need for: it is not then of the product of their intelligence, but of the effects of their stupidity, that we profit; for intelligence would necessarily teach them to amass only about as much as they would consume, and to spare themselves the pain of any more, especially after the sad experience they have that this labour is a pure loss, that all superabundance is taken away from them, and that, finally, this superabundance is the sole cause of the war that has been made on them, and the source of the desolation and trouble of their society. It is so true that by blind sentiment they labour, that they can be urged to labor, so to speak, as long as wished, by taking care that they never want for flowers."

It is the same as regards the foresight of birds. Not only do animals not know what is to come, but they do not know the past. A hen distinguishes not her own eggs from those of another fowl; she sees not that the little ducks she has hatched are not her own progeny; she will sit on balls of chalk, from which nothing can result, with as much care as on her own eggs; consequently, she knows not the future or the past, and deceives herself as regards the present.

The author last quoted well remarks elsewhere, that "it is not by an intelligence like ours that animals have a certain knowledge of the future, since we have of it only very doubtful and very imperfect notions; why, therefore, accord to them so inconsiderately a knowledge so sublime? why degrade ourselves so untowardly. Would it not be less unreasonable, supposing that the facts could not be doubted, to refer the cause to mechanical laws, established like all the other laws of nature by the will of the Creator? The surety with which animals are supposed to act and the certainty of their determinations suffice alone for us to conclude that these are the effects of a pure mechanism. The most marked characteristic of reason is doubt; it is deliberation, it is comparison; but motions and actions which announce only decision and sureness prove at the same time mechanical prearrangement and stupidity." That is to say, the intelligence of the Author of this mechanism, and the stupidity of the being in which it is found.

God alone knows the past, present, and future. He is of all times, and sees in all time. Man, whose duration is comparatively of so few moments, sees only during these moments; but an immortal living power compares them, distinguishes them, and regulates them; it is by this power that he knows

the present, judges the past, and foresees the future. Take away from man this divine light and you would obscure and efface his existence; he would be ignorant of the past, he would have no suspicion of the future, and would not even know the present.

The most marked trait of the essential difference between man and the brute is that man is born ignorant of everything he should know, but with the faculty of learning from his equals everything he is ignorant of, and of knowing himself. The brute animal, on the contrary, comes into the world instructed in everything he has to do, but incapable of going further. The reason of man is uncertain, because it comes to the knowledge of truth only by degrees and with the aid of reasoning. The instinct of the animal is sure, because, having nothing to learn, it must have received everything for the end designed for it. We repeat it, the animal comes into the world perfect, or rather finished; man is born perfectible and unlimited, if we may say so, in his capabilities. As regards the animal, relative perfection is in the individual, imperfectibility in the species; as regards man, on the contrary, imperfection is in the individual, and perfectibility in the species or in society. The animal species recommences always and turns unceasingly in a circle which it cannot overstep; the human species never stops, because it follows a straight line the end of which it can never reach.

Some animals, no doubt, do many things which the ingenuity of man cannot attain, but those kinds of talent are natural and instinctive to them; they owe them neither to reflection nor experience. The animal creates nothing, invents nothing; it does not improve its own knowledge; it is just now what it was at the commencement of time, and it will be only what it now is at the end of time. Its labours bear the impress of perfection, but they are always the same, like works done in moulds or in power-looms; the webs of spiders and the six-sided or hexahedral cells of bees are now only what they were at the beginning of the world. "There is no cunning, no ingenious plan of conduct, no form of building which some insect does not adopt, and these operations are not learned. The individual practises them as soon as it is ushered into life, without having ever seen its equals, and absolutely like theirs. And often its operations are disinterested; it is not for itself that the insect labours, but for a posterity it will never behold."*

* Cuvier's Notes on the *Trois règnes de la nature.*

Man may direct and train to a certain point the instinct of the animal, give it some habits, teach it to imitate some of his movements; but what we thus teach animals proves solely our intelligence, not theirs, since in the animal the best trained these artificial actions are always made with an automatic regularity, and often at the wrong time.

It is certain that thought cannot be made known but by expression spoken or figured, that is to say, by words or by signs; now, animals having none of these expressions, it should be concluded that they are devoid of the faculty of thinking and reasoning. But the full consideration of this highly interesting topic and the answering of the objections that may be raised against it would lead us too far.

Perhaps it is not impossible to deduce from the differences between the soul of man and the instinct of the brute some remote deductions on the immortality of the one and the mortality of the other. The ideas of order, of reason, of justice, &c., are eternal, like God, who is the type of them: the soul which conceives these ideas is then immortal, since it has the faculty of contemplating an eternal object. But the faculty which animals have of receiving images and sensations having for their object this material and perishable world, we have reason to believe ceases when there is no longer reason for its existence, and when the object has disappeared by the destruction of the senses destined to perceive it.

The partisans of the Cartesian opinion will perhaps ask how, according to our hypothesis, do we reconcile the justice and goodness of God with the state of suffering to which the poor brute is exposed, since, under a just God, no creature can be miserable without having merited it.

This objection would perhaps puzzle those who recognize in the animal an intelligent principle; but as regards ourselves, it can in no sense embarrass us. Let us continue our observations. The animal no doubt suffers, but it is not miserable, no more than it is happy in enjoyment; because pain and pleasure are sensations which every organized and animated being may experience, and because happiness and misery are sentiments or feelings of which moral and intelligent beings are alone susceptible.

Reason shows us that the being alone is happy who has ideas of the supreme good, and whose natural destination is to supreme happiness, of which he makes the application to all objects that present some traits of the good

and the beauty he knows, and some foretaste of the happiness he expects hereafter; that he alone is miserable who can compare his present state of suffering with the sentiment of his dignity and the grandeur of his hopes; that he alone is happy who, in his delight sees or thinks he sees in some manner the plenitude of his existence and the realization of his high destiny; that he alone is miserable who regards pain as a chastisement, as a degradation of his being and a forfeiture of the domination he has the right to exercise over sensible beings and over himself; and that the animal which has neither these ideas, nor these visions, nor this destination, nor these hopes, and which can make no comparison of its present state with a former or with a future one, whether it suffers or whether it enjoys itself, is not truly happier than a plant that is watered; and if we should not torment it through caprice nor destroy it but through necessity, reason permits us to use it, as it does all sensible objects, with moderation, and according to the exigency of our wants.

What leads us into error in regard to the intelligence we assign to animals, and in regard to the affections similar to our own which we attribute to them, are the relations of organization and of habits which they have with us; and once more it must be observed that these relations of organization and of habits have been strangely exaggerated by thoughtlessness, love of the marvellous, and the spirit of party. Even in regard to the animal in which these relations are most apparent, and which for that reason has been called the man of the woods, the prince of naturalists, M. Cuvier, reduces to its just value this pretended resemblance. "There has been," says he, "a ridiculous exaggeration of the resemblance the ourang-outang has with man, and although a modern writer has gone so far as to say that man is a degenerated ourang-outang; the truth is that the celebrated ourang-outang of Borneo, the ape that approaches most to man, attains but three or four feet in height, is incapable of walking upright without the aid of a stick, crawls on his all-fours rather than walks, and has no agility but when he climbs trees. His physiognomy, when seen in front, reminds one somewhat of the negro, but on a profile view being taken, the saliency of his snout (*museau*) shows very quickly the beast; the inordinate length of his arms gives him the hideous air of a spider, and although his movements are somewhat less impetuous than those of other apes, his disposition more gentle, more affectionate, and more docile, it does not

appear that he is much superior to the dog in intelligence; but his conformation will always give his actions and his gestures a resemblance to ours which is calculated to make an impression on the vulgar."*

We return to the relations which animals have with man. If, as Cabanis himself says,† "it is difficult for even the most reserved person to avoid ever recurring to final causes for the explanation of physical phenomena," we dare maintain that it is necessary to have recourse to these final causes to explain the phenomena of the physical relations of animals with ourselves.

If the animal were to have been in the hands of man but an instrument or an agent purely passive, like wood, stone, the metals, &c., it would have with him no other relations but the material ones these inanimate substances have with the human body—relations of distance, of extension, of weight, of adhesiveness, or of the divisibility of the parts—relations which all bodies have with each other, and which render the materials which serve for our wants or our pleasure appropriate for being fashioned by our industry. But animals were to have been for man animated instruments, active agents, and not merely inert materials. They were to have been aids in his labours, companions of his pleasures, and his allies against his enemies. It was necessary then that they should have relations with us of another kind. It was necessary that the animal should see us in order to know us, know us in order to find us again, hear us in order to obey us, that he should be attached to us in order that he may remain with us. And these same faculties which make useful animals accustomed to man, he needed to escape the assaults of other hostile animals which multiply in all places where man is not found.

For these reasons, then, an organization somewhat like that of man was necessary for animals in order to serve man and occasionally to be served by him—the faculty of imagining, that we may transmit images to them, the faculty of feeling, that we may give them habits; and destined to be reproduced on earth as long as it will be the abode of man, they needed domestic affections, or something like it, to seek and be united to each other, and take the care of their progeny that we cannot take ourselves; that is to say, that

* Cuvier's Notes on the *Trois règnes de la nature.*
† *Rapports du physique et du moral.*

animals needed all they have and nothing more; for the intelligence, and consequently the reason which have been gratuitously assigned them would be as inconvenient for man as it would be useless for the animals. They would be less submissive if they were intelligent, and perhaps, too much like man, they would reason where they should obey.

Animals cannot have the faculty of reasoning but for our utility or for their own: if it is given them for our service they are only our slaves, and the pre-eminence and sovereignty of man remain undoubted; but if it is given them for their own advantage to enlighten them, what use do they make of this interior light? In what does it serve for their happiness or in ameliorating their condition? Thousands of generations that have succeeded each other since the time of Aristotle have added nothing to the perfection of any of the species.

Now as regards ourselves, what would be the consequence in case we should conclude to assign intelligence and reason to animals? The service of intelligent and thinking animals would lose all its charms for us. This dog so watchful and faithful that reposes by our side, that horse so sure-footed and gentle, that has borne us over floods and precipices, if they think, if they reflect, if they reason, will they never reason but to obey? and if the thoughts of an unknown man, of our own equal, whom we encounter alone in a lonely place, inspire us sometimes with well-founded fear, would we never experience a sentiment of fear in finding ourselves helpless and disarmed in the midst of a crowd of animals that think and reason as we do ourselves, and whose means of attack are so superior to our means of defence?

Let us now make a *resume* of our observations: The interior faculty which guides brutes and urges their movements is limited in each species by its particular organization; then this faculty is an instinct, and is not an intelligence, a reason, since the characteristic of intelligence and of reason is to be served and not limited even by organs, and to know no end to their researches and to their progress.

The interior faculty which guides man and commands and directs his actions is not limited by his organization, since man invents every day new means of extending the power of his organs, or to supply for their feebleness, and to make, in a word, with artificial organs, what his natural ones refuse him. Thus he sails on the waters, he elevates himself in the air, he traverses the earth, he measures the heavens;

as he knows the past, he judges the present, foresees the future, and submits that which is, and even that which is not yet, to the action of his thoughts or of his industry. Then this faculty is an intelligence. If it be necessary for their preservation and the destiny they have received that animals draw some inductions from the images that occur to them, that they contract some habits by the frequent repetition of the same actions, these inductions, or rather consecutions, which go not out of the limits of their instinct and which make part of it, are not reasonings; and if you wish to call this instinct, with its inductions and habits, reason, you only change the acceptation of words. But reason, limited solely to material objects and circumscribed in a circle of simple inductions and involuntary habits, is not what men have always understood by the word reason; then, you dispute only about words, and if you wish to be candid you will admit that the instinct of brutes is not by any means the intelligence of man, and has neither the use nor the same destination. We dare say that if you examine your mind you will find that you are no more interested in the intelligence of animals than in that of man; but you wish to make man doubt of his own reason, and of all it prescribes and inspires; you wish, in thus lavishing intelligence on animals, to take away all value from a faculty which is so noble, and that man, uncertain among so many intelligences, may believe in no intelligence whatever, and recognize in himself perhaps only an instinct. In attributing intelligence to beasts you help, without perhaps being aware of it, to throw the defenders of the immortality of the human soul into "the uncertainty," as De Bonald says, "of knowing whether the souls of men are mortal like those of beasts, or whether those of beasts are immortal like those of men."

There is, then, an infinite distance between man and the brute creation as regards intelligence. Animals have a faculty of receiving images, but no intelligence of ideas; sensations, but no sentiments; habits, but no reflection. They perform movements necessitated by instinct or impulse, but not actions commanded by a will. There is, then, neither real happiness nor real misery for these beings; they are without moral power, without duties, without dignity, without liberty; they are merely masses organized to live, reproduce, and die in the service of man, and which he may use as he does all the things submitted to his empire

and permitted for his needs. Without doubt his own interest and still more that of society prescribe that he should use them with moderation, and his reason itself forbids his behaving towards them with cruelty, violence, or caprice; but sentiments of respect or affection he owes only to beings like himself, and he cannot without puerility and even profanation extend them to beings unendowed with reason and sentiment, and which can neither appreciate nor return them.

To return once more to our theme: It must be remembered that intelligence is active and free, matter inert and passive. Where there is intelligence there is moral liberty; but surely it will not be maintained that animals are endowed with moral liberty or free will; then, they do not possess real intelligence. And what is the characteristic of reason? Is it not that it is the faculty which "distinguishes truth from falsehood, and good from evil, and which enables the possessor to deduce inferences from facts or from propositions"? But no candid person will concede that animals are thus endowed; then they do not possess reason properly so called.

Besides, the instinct so sure and certain of animals, and their sensations so keen and vivid, suffice to explain these images or resemblances of intelligence and reason which are observed among the higher animals, such as the dog, the elephant, and the ape. But it is not their instinct that reasons; it is itself *reasoned* in advance and preordained to reach infallibly its end.

Finally, it is only an intelligent, reasonable being, that is to say, man, that is made to the image of God. If you accord, then, intelligence and reason to animals, you would be forced to acknowledge that they bear some degree of resemblance to God—a conclusion which would be supremely absurd and ridiculous. But we trust we have said enough upon these different subjects to place them in their true and proper light, and to show that it was not without a good right that man has received, and always will receive, the glorious title of lord and monarch of the terrestrial creation.

ART. III.—1. *Winckelmann und sein Jahrhundert* (Winckelmann and his Age). GOETHE. Stuttgart.

2. *Lobschrift auf Winckelmann* (Panegyric on Winckelmann). HEYNE. Cassel.

3. *Winckelmann und die Archaeologie* (Winckelmann and Archæology). Greifswalde.

4. *Biographie Winckelmann's* (Biography of Winckelmann). PETERSEN. Leipzig.

AT a period when the history of ancient art was a vast wilderness, it occurred to the mind of John Winckelmann to undertake its exploration. The material to aid him in his investigation was to be found only, or mainly, in Italy. He spent years in preparing his mind for the work, and then, having fixed himself in Rome, he won in the contest with the Italians themselves, who at that time nearly monopolized the knowledge as well as the collections of ancient art, as also with all other competitors, the name of the father of ancient art history, as justly as any man ever gained such distinction in connection with any branch of inquiry.

Winckelmann's life, as well as his works, is remarkable enough to be sketched. His father was a poor shoemaker in Stendal, in the kingdom of Prussia, where the son was born on the 9th of December, 1717, and destined by his father to inherit his bench and tools, and nothing more. The boy had no taste for this life, and besought his father to let him enter the Latin school of the town. The latter yielded, much against his feelings, but the rector of the school, Tappert by name, perceived and cherished the boy's genius, and his own misfortune became the lad's best luck, for, becoming blind, he took young Winckelmann into his family to lead him about, and in their rambles the teacher's large stock of knowledge, pertaining to antiquity and the classics, was transferred to his pupil.

Winckelmann passed through the usual course at Halle and Jena, and was intended by his friends for the Protestant ministry; himself thought of medicine, obtained successively two places as family teacher, and afterwards spent five years as classical instructor in the college of Seehausen, for which he received two hundred and fifty thalers, equal to about one hundred and seventy-five dollars of our money, per annum; and out of this he must live and aid his aged

father.* The poverty of teachers in North Germany is proverbial. An anecdote tells of a village schoolmaster who once purchased more than usual at the shop where he was accustomed to procure his little supplies. The shopkeeper asked him how it happened that he was able to do so. He replied that he had been promoted to a herdsman's place. The story is not too strong for the truth, even considering the herdsman's position as humble as one would naturally do.

Winckelmann had one purpose and he never lost sight of it, though without the means of carrying it out, and having no good ground to hope for them. This purpose was to visit Rome, and inspect its treasures of art. The stores of archæological lore which he had gathered by husbanding the hours of night for the study of the ancient classics and works upon them were large, and he yearned to look upon the artistic remains of antiquity, of which he had learned so much. The way for this realization was preparing by a process of which he could not foresee the issue.

Count Buenau, minister of Weimar at the court of Saxony, had in his country residence, in the little town of Noethnitz, near Dresden, a library of three hundred thousand volumes, one of the largest and most tastefully arranged private libraries in the world. He called Winckelmann to be one of his librarians, of which he had two. The Papal nuncio, Cardinal Archinto, was a frequent guest of the count, and having observed the talents, attainments, and resistless bent of mind of the poor librarian, invited him to his palace at Dresden, and offered to aid him in finding a place at Rome, perhaps that of librarian at the

* This position was obtained for him by the Orientalist, Boysen, who, actuated by compassion and generosity, resigned it himself in order to make room for Winckelmann. The circumstances under which the boon was conferred are described by Boysen in a letter which shows not only the miserable condition of the future archæologist, but also his utter failure as a teacher. "In returning to Magdebourg," he writes to Gleim, "I met at the inn of Heimersleiben a candidate named Winckelmann. He had studied with us at Halle, and you must have seen him more than once in the public libraries. When, contrary to all expectation, I met him at the place mentioned, he was so badly clad and so much changed by poverty that I scarcely knew him. He made known his situation to me with a sadness that wrung my heart. ° ° After having convinced me by indubitable proofs, of his rare talents and of his strength in Greek literature, I became deeply interested in his case, and resolved to do him all the service in my power. In short, I succeeded in securing my own place for him. But, will you believe it? (Mais le croirles-vous?) several of my friends reproached me in the most angry manner. The new regent did not know how to preach; and it would seem that he was not much better at teaching. Perhaps the scene was too limited for him; at all events, the number of his students was constantly diminishing, and Winckelmann begged me verbally, and by letter, to place him elsewhere."—*Nouvelle biographie générale*, tome xlvi., p. 767.

Vatican. Winckelmann was ready to seize such an offer without much inquiry as to the terms upon which it might be made, and there was in this case one condition which involved the conscience, and would have caused hesitation in many a mind not more scrupulous than his—he must become a Catholic. This, it is said, he would not have chosen to do, but it did not frighten him. He must see Rome and its collections of ancient art. This was the end which sanctified all the necessary means. His sovereign, too, Augustus Frederic, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, the successor of the great patron of the Reformation, had set him the example.

Before Winckelmann left for Rome he published a little treatise on the *Imitation of Greek Works in Sculpture and Painting*,* the style of which is said to have been unknown till then in the German language—"forcible, pithy, without one unnecessary word." It gave rise to Lessing's *Laocoon*, in which the author is somewhat criticised, and Wieland says of the two: "Lessing, with all his subtilty, logical precision, and antiquarian learning, will never be a Winckelmann." This was translated for the *Journal Etranger* at Paris, and its reputation was to meet him at Rome. It dimly shadowed forth his future.

The picture is not a little ludicrous, as we see our author, after years of waiting, at the age of thirty-seven years, ready to depart for the Eternal City. He has in his pocket the nuncio's certificate of conversion to the Catholic faith, also a letter from his eminence to Cardinal Passionei, a few ducats, and a letter of credit for two hundred thalers ($140). As travelling companion he has a young Jesuit, Roos by name, whose company, he says, was tormenting, though he dared not refuse it. They travelled by extra-post—that is, doubtless, a kind of one-horse wagon, just large enough for the two, which the postmasters by the way got up for them. They carried their own wine, which was probably neither worse nor dearer on account of Roos's father being chief butler to the court, and it would not be strange if the provision relieved a little the torment of his companionship, and operated as one of the reasons why he dared not decline it, though the main one was doubtless that which made him a Catholic—to insure a support in Rome. They were sumptuously and kindly entertained at all the Jesuit houses by the way until they

* *Gedanken über die Nachahmung der griechischen Werke in der Malerei und Bildhauerkunst.*

reached Newburg on the Danube, and there Winckelmann was relieved of his tormenting companion, as doubtless also of the court butler's wine, left his trunk, and travelled on foot and alone thirty-five miles to Augsburg. At this place he remained eight days, vainly attempting to arrange for a conveyance, as all the Jesuit means of transportation were in requisition for a pending election of a general of the order at Rome. He finally finds a chance to crowd himself in with a family made up of a man, his wife, two children, and a eunuch. It took him fourteen days, and cost him fifteen ducats ($33) to Venice, a distance now made in about thirty hours, including sixteen hours by diligence, and at an expense of about ten dollars of our money.

The sublime mountain scenery of the Tyrol impressed him deeply. Apart from its natural grandeur this land, now one of the poorest in Europe, was then one of the richest. In no part of his journey did he fare so well. He mentions as worthy of note that at Innsbruck he dined in a company of twenty persons, each of whom had a silver knife, fork, and spoon, and they had twelve courses at dinner. Tyrol had its golden days, when its mines of the precious metals made millionaires of peasants—when its people, too, were returning enriched every year from their little trading enterprises in foreign lands, and when the carrying trade from Venice to Augsburg, Nuremberg, and thence to all central Europe, was by way of this Breuner road, and made rich all who dwelt upon it. Winckelmann saw this land towards the evening of the day of its glory, for its glory in respect of thrift has long since passed away, leaving it, however, still one of the most interesting countries in the world to visit. The change indeed from wealth to poverty has not even abridged the traveller's interest. Strong social developments—frugal habits—the wildest religious superstitions—legends of saints, angels, devils, and witches, wild and wanton, and akin to that unspeakable grandeur of mountain-peaks, valleys, and gorges, which no popular revolution can change—these are now the elements of interest in this land; and the tradition that its people were once rich, as Winckelmann saw and described them, seems like a fable.

Winckelmann remained five days in Venice, and then found passage by ship to Bologna, which was reached in three days and three nights. Here he remained five days, and he was eleven days more in reaching Rome by way of Ancona and Loretto, which journey he made in the company

of a citizen of Bologna, that spoke only his *patois*, and made the way excruciating for poor Winckelmann, who must apply all his powers of attention, and then guess at what was said. He found it necessary to renounce all fastidiousness in regard to food and beds, and the case grew worse as he drew near Rome, the country becoming a desert as the traveller enters the Flaminian way, thirty-three miles from the city, the accommodations growing bad accordingly. The whole journey from Dresden occupied eight weeks, a period which would now suffice for a tour from New York to Rome and back, allowing more time for the latter city, and for Paris, than the average of American travellers spend in those places.

Our author is now in the capital of Christendom. Fortune favours him, not with funds, but with friends. He never received, all told, more than four hundred dollars of our money per annum, and in the early part of the time his pay was much less. A portion of this was in the shape of a pension of one hundred thalers from the court of Saxony, coming through the king's Jesuit confessor; but he had a letter from Dietrich, painter at the court of Dresden, to Mengs, painter of the same court residing at Rome. This man had been eleven years in the city, and had a reputation above that of any artist there; indeed Winckelmann's partiality makes him the equal of Michael Angelo, and whatever the truth may be in regard to this, it is true that he painted the portraits of the Pope and cardinals, and of the royal family of Naples, and in after years was called to the court of Spain with a salary of 8,000 scudi, together with house, horses, and livery, raising it to 10,000—a fair sum, when it is considered that the artists are about the poorest set of men in Europe, their average pay not being more than half that of our journeymen mechanics. This became a friendship of the highest value to Winckelmann, for Mengs found him lodgings across the way from his own, and besides this, took him into his own house and heart, and the former writes to his friend Behrends in Germany, that "Rome would have been a desert to him without Mengs' acquaintance." In Mengs' room he had his books, there he took his coffee, and, on fast-days, his meals. As he had become a Catholic to gain his purpose in relation to art, and Mengs had done the same in order to marry a beautiful peasant girl at Rome, who had served him in the presence of her mother as a model for a Madonna, they may both have preferred Protestant fare on fast-days, and contrived together to secure it. Where Mengs had access, Winckelmann could also go. The most important

connection to which this aided him was that with the princely family of Cardinal Albani, to which we shall again refer.

Cardinal Archinto, who, as papal nuncio at Dresden, had first hinted the way of sending Winckelmann to Rome, had, in the mean time, been himself transferred from this nunciature and made secretary of state at the Vatican. He had recommended our poor adventurer to Cardinal Passionei as librarian, a service which he did not enter, and does not tell us why, though in his letters to friends he says much of a determination to remain a freeman, hints various interferences with his liberty, and in a letter to his friend Hagedorn, of February 6, 1756, when he had been less than six months in Rome, he writes that plots against his freedom had ceased, and he knew that he should be able to live for his main purpose; but still long subsequently he refers with like obscurity to attacks made upon his liberty.

Archinto was cold towards him, perhaps because he had not entered Passionei's service, but still the cardinal secretary gave Winckelmann, during the second year of his residence in Rome, a suit of rooms in the Chancellerie, he himself residing in the Vatican, and yet the coldness continued; while between Winckelmann and Passionei there sprang up a most intimate friendship. He made his investigations at the latter cardinal's library, his eminence looking up the books for him. Winckelmann gives some curiously interesting traits of this patron. In writing to Count Buenau, May 12, 1757, he says:

"I can boast of being received as one of the friends of the cardinal, for those whom he invites to his splendid pleasure castle at Frascati are so regarded; and as he never sets his foot over the threshold of any man's door in Rome, and wishes to be regarded as odd, in order not to be molested by any one, he receives none who do not please him. Indeed, a couple of years ago he flatly refused admission to a cardinal who had gone thither and confidently announced himself."

He often refers to the freedom with which he lived in the house of this cardinal. He says that from the very beginning of the acquaintance he could speak to him with his hat on, contrasting with bitterest sarcasm his eminence and others of his rank in Rome, with the persistent strenuousness of a petty German superintendent in regard to the trifling details of etiquette. They sat down to the table together in slippers and study cap; nay, even in their shirt sleeves, as they might happen to be in the pursuit of their investigations in the library. The cardinal was at this time about seventy-seven years of age. Winckelmann, when with

him, sat at his bedside before he rose in the morning, and always rode out with him. Once, after dinner, they were riding together, and met another cardinal in his carriage:

"His eminence," says Winckelmann, "said to me: 'Do you know this man?' 'Yes, by sight,' I replied. 'Sir,' said he, 'you must learn to know people thoroughly. This cardinal is an unworthy man. This surprises you, does it not? But so we speak in Rome, the only place in the world where men can speak thus freely, as I, who have lived for a time in all the free republics of Europe, can confidently assert.' 'Your eminence,' said I, 'does not remember the Holy Inquisition.' 'For shame,' said he, 'to hold that up to me; you must know that if one does not erect a pulpit in the Spanish place, and publicly teach that the Pope is Anti-Christ, he has nothing to fear. In other respects one can say what he will without being in the least molested on account of it. The times of Pius V. have gone by, and the spirit of Christian toleration is everywhere becoming prevalent.'"

Winckelmann then goes on to say that this cardinal might be Pope if he only desired it. After adding in his letter to the count that Passionei's special regard for himself had somewhat confused the mind of Archinto, he states the details of an interesting call on the cardinal secretary, in whose palace he had for five months occupied a suit of rooms without having called upon him. On reading this account one is inclined to observe that the fewer such that are made, the more pleasant will it be for both parties:

"I have not," says he, "called upon Cardinal A. for five months, for the reason that the last time I called he kept me some hours waiting, and I began a long sermon in the antechamber, as follows: 'I am a man who knows the value of time, the only treasure which all rational beings have under their control. It is unworthy of me to count the stones in the antechamber. I am perhaps the only one who comes to speak to the cardinal without asking, and, indeed, without accepting some favor.' Finally the cardinal came out, acted as though he had forgotten that I had been announced, or if he had actually forgotten it—it is all the same to me—and asked me if I had any thing special to say to him. He remained standing, and as I was not to be drawn into saying any thing, he passed on. 'Why do you not say for what you came?' said the court servants. 'Because I am not accustomed,' said I, 'to be questioned in this way, as it is known that I am without need, and never come to ask for any thing for myself, but come on the cardinal's own business.'"

Perhaps Winckelmann exaggerated a little in the above account, in order to improve his character for independence or bluntness of expression. Indeed, we find him in one of his letters revealing one of those tricks of his time which we call white lies, as though he never thought of it as unworthy of him. Cardinal Passionei had left with him for transmission as a present to Count Buenau a copy of the Pope's

work entitled *De Synodo Diocesano*, and had at the same time written to the count. Winckelmann would not, perhaps *could* not, send the book at his own expense, and would not send it unpaid. He told the cardinal that he had sent it, and then, in writing to the count, desired him in answering the cardinal's letter to acknowledge the receipt of it, though it still lay in his own hands at Rome. He not only quietly tells this lie, but asks Count Buenau to tell one for him in order to cover it up—a favor which we may presume was readily granted.

As Winckelmann did not call at Archinto's, and was so much with Passionei, the former was led to inquire into the reason for this course on the part of his *protegé*, and this led to an arrangement by which Winckelmann dined two days in the week with the cardinal secretary of state.

There was another cardinal whose friendship contributed more to our author's work than that of any other man: this was Alexander Albani, of the princely family of that name, one of whom had been Pope under the title of Clement XI. The private library of this Pope had fallen to his nephew; is was the best in Rome, especially in manuscripts, and has since been added to the Vatican collection, of which it forms a most important part. Albani had also the finest villa in the neighborhood of Rome, and the greatest gallery of ancient art in the vicinity of that city, if not in the world. To this gentleman's favorable notice our author had probably been introduced by his friend Mengs, who had assisted the cardinal in making his collection. After the death of Archinto, which occurred early in Winckelmann's residence in Rome, he accepted lodgings with Albani, and remained there excepting brief intervals till his death, performing a merely nominal service as librarian. His several cardinal patrons had not only the best libraries and art collections in Rome, but were themselves, especially Albani, the best informed in antiquity, and what they knew they transferred to their *protegé*. Albani was even more attached to him than Passionei had been, and embraced him from the depth of sincere affection every time they met after an absence.

Taking as a main ground of our conclusion Winckelmann's talents and knowledge of antiquity, then the society into which he fell at Rome, and adding to these the favourableness of the juncture into which he was thrown, and the numerous concurring aids, we shall be prepared to perceive why no other man, either before or since his time, has been in a con-

dition to effect so great an amount of progress towards a history of ancient art as he effected. No such work had ever been done. The material for it existed at that time only in Rome, and the industry or talents or learning, or perhaps all these, were wanting among the Italians to accomplish such a work. Winckelmann says there was not a man in Florence capable of even reading the proof of the Greek words in his catalogue of the Stosch Museum in that city. He says that the man in charge of the Greek department of the Vatican library could not read Greek. He admits but two or three men in Rome who were learned in this language, and says that they had no desire for authorship.* Of the large commission appointed by the king of Naples to describe the remains of antique art discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, but one had the learning necessary for his work, and he was at the time 80 years of age, and indisposed to write. Albani and Passionei he thinks might have done

* None capable of judging, who have visited Rome and taken any interest in its institutions, would believe this statement from Winckelmann or anybody else. But the great archæologist was very fond of disparaging the learning of others; besides, he was often rather hasty in his conclusions, even when he intended to be most accurate. It is well known that there are very few if any of the cardinal-bishops who are not Greek scholars; it is still better known that none but accomplished linguists ever get charge of the Greek or Latin department at the Vatican. In almost every instance those placed in such positions are persons distinguished for their learning, and who have received their appointments on account of that distinction—generally for the purpose of aiding them, the same as Winckelmann himself was aided.

But without any knowledge of these facts it would be easy to understand that there are some good Grecians at Rome. Be it remembered that in the time of Winckelmann, as well as now, there was a first-class university in Rome, in which not only the Greek was taught by several professors—generally from four to six—but also the Sanscrit, Hebrew, Syriac, and Arabic. And there are several other colleges in which those languages are also taught; but we need only mention the College *de Propaganda Fide*, whose library contains works in *thirty languages*, and has a printing office in which most of those languages are used for the purpose of communicating with dignitaries of the Church and missionaries in all parts of the world.

Let it be borne in mind also that, immense and invaluable as the library of the Vatican is, with its numerous, ancient manuscripts, of which no copies are to to be found elsewhere, it is not the only great collection in Rome: there are eleven other libraries, including that of the Augustinian convent, called the Angelica, which contains 90,000 volumes and 3,000 manuscripts; and the Minerva, which contains 120,000 volumes and 4,500 manuscripts. There is not one of these libraries which has not a Greek department, to which scholars from all parts of the world are admissible. If the gentleman in charge of it is called to for a book he gets it as promptly as he can, but rarely makes any attempt to display his knowledge of Greek or of any other language; in nine cases out of ten he is just as well pleased to be considered ignorant as learned, if there happens to be no particular need for his knowledge. No doubt it was one of this character Winckelmann must have found in charge of the Greek department at the Vatican; at least we prefer to think so, rather than accuse the great archæologist of having indulged in deliberate falsehood at the expense of his benefactors and friends.—Ed.

something in this way, but preferred to be the patrons rather than the laborers. The only others from whom anything of this kind could have been expected were the foreigners resident in Italy, or passing through on hasty tours of the Continent or the Orient. Of these the French, according to Winckelmann, had become a by-word. The Germans were mainly princes, nobles, and artists; the last had no time, apart from the pursuit of their respective arts, and the two former had no talents. A prince of Dessau-Anhalt is mentioned as an almost solitary exception. The English in Italy were either there for pleasure or attempted nothing beyond superficial descriptions of individual objects or general views.

Winckelmann, on the other hand, entered Italy not only master of the ancient classics, but having read them with an eye to this special work. His friend Hagedorn, at Dresden, had written a book on the subject which had deeply impressed his mind, and is referred to in one of his letters as the most important book of the age. He entered Rome a convert to the Catholic faith from the land of Luther, which gave the highest value to all his other credentials. Most of the converts to the Catholic church are probably sincere. Not so with Winckelmann; he had a mind and heart for a special work, and it was with him a business matter to put himself where he could best accomplish it. Nor did he either lose this working spirit, or gain any new views of religion, so far as appears, for he sent to Göttingen for a Lutheran hymn-book, which he could get into Rome only by giving it a false name. From this smuggled hymn-book Winckelmann sang in his room, and he pathetically regretted in a letter to Heyne that his favorite hymn was omitted in the edition sent him.* He

* It may be that Winckelmann was not sincere in becoming a Catholic, but changed his religion merely through worldly motives—in order that he might be enabled to pursue his favorite studies. But we have no evidence of the fact, whereas it is denied by those Catholics who knew him best, and would be least likely to bear false testimony. As to his liking a particular hymn in a Lutheran hymn-book, it is perfectly consistent with his being a sincere Catholic. He may have liked it for the poetry, or for some agreeable reminiscences which it recalled. Again it is quite possible that, although his first profession of the Catholic religion was but a matter of convenience, his feelings underwent a change after his going to Rome. We must either believe this or regard him as an arrant hypocrite. To us the former seems much more likely than the latter, for various reasons. In the first place it was natural enough that a man of his disposition should be much influenced by constant contact with benefactors and friends who had enabled him to realize his fondest wishes; and if he was not thus influenced, why did he confess and receive extreme unction as soon as he found that his wounds were mortal? And if he was not sincere in the affection that he professed for Cardinal Albani, why did he make a will in

was, however, taken into the embraces and hearts of the princes of the Church. Presented soon after his arrival in Rome to the head of the Catholic Church, he was dispensed from the etiquette of kissing his toe, but to our imagination the most ludicrous of pictures is that of John Winckelmann, the once shoemaker's boy of Stendal, the singer of Protestant hymns at Rome, sitting between the Pope and the Cardinal, reading to the Holy Father a religious production of his own pen.

Our author was in Italy at just the right time. Besides the collections then already made, to all of which he had access, the work of search was then being prosecuted with unusual vigor. Scarce a letter of Winckelmann to his friends in Germany is without some announcement of discoveries of more or less interest and importance. Indeed, he was himself chief mover in this search; for none had so much power to carry on these investigations as Archinto, Albani, Passionei, and Spinelli, and none could influence them so much as Winckelmann, whom they had taken into their embraces for this very purpose. He had studied the topography of ancient Rome and its environs, and knew where every villa of the times of the republic and the empire had stood, and where discoveries might be expected. To these places he called attention, and not without results. Nor did he allow an object discovered to fail of its contribution to his purpose. He was the ghost of antiquity in this city of the republic, the Cæsars, and the Popes, and persistently haunted every place where its dust had not been disturbed and sifted. The time, too, twelve years, which he spent in this work, was long, compared with that given to it at the very headquarters of its operations by any other of the great archæologists. His reckless energy appears in such incidents as one which he gives in relation to his gaining admission through a porter to see a gentleman's statuary, for the close inspection of which he must climb up somewhere. As the result, a statue tumbled down, and he himself narrowly escaped serious injury. In this predicament, he first thought of running to escape detection in his accidental mischief, but bethought himself, and, aware that the porter knew where he was, concluded to stop his mouth with a bribe.

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his last moments bequeathing his Eminence those precious collections of ancient art-specimens to which he had devoted his life? He might have lived much of his time a hypocrite, but he could have had no motive to die one, especially when so far from Rome, and while there was no one near that could be supposed to have any influence upon him.—Ed.

He was in Italy, too, at the most interesting period of the discoveries about Naples—at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ—he visited the sites of these ruins four or five times during his residence in Rome, remaining from four weeks to two months each time. Having letters from the court of Saxony to that of Naples he was well received there, and the king always called him Baron von Winckelmann. Between himself and Count Firmian, the Austrian, and Sir William Hamilton, the British embassador at Naples, sprang up warm friendships, which were of great value to him. The latter visited him at Rome, and received suggestions from him in regard to his work on the discoveries about Naples.

Soon after his arrival in Italy he made also the acquaintance of Baron de Stosch at Florence, and a most intimate friendship was the result. This gentleman had at the time one of the largest collections of the cameos and engraved gems of antiquity in the world, of which he desired Winckelmann to make a catalogue, a work which the latter executed for De Stosch's nephew and heir, and resided for the purpose nine months in Florence. To assign the age and name and the subject of each of these required immense archæological knowledge, and not only brought into use his earlier attainments in that direction, but doubtless greatly extended them by placing in his possession the information which Baron de Stosch himself had gathered while making the collection.

It was an age, too, when some remarkable minds were just beginning to move for antiquarian researches. These men in their tours must pass through Rome and tarry there a time. Winckelmann's reputation and position with the great ones of that city brought all such to him. In addition to these, however, there came many princely, noble, and wealthy blockheads, professing to seek from him information on works of art in Rome, and instruction in general on a subject which they had neither talent to comprehend nor taste to appreciate. This often brought his nervous nature to the highest pitch of excitement, and to the resolution never to serve such persons again. In writing to his friend Behrends in Germany, less than a year after his arrival in Italy, he says: "All the cavaliers come here fools and go away again asses. This class of men deserve not to be taught. To a certain nation Rome is intolerable. A Frenchman is incapable of improvement. He and antiquity mutually renounce each other." It was, however, good for

him to be stirred up a little, in this way, occasionally. He did not keep his resolution to avoid such people, and he learned something from these fools; or at least he derived collateral benefits from such of them as the Duke of York, brother of the English monarch, and the Duke of Gordon, that sovereign's prime minister; and if he had not, his association with such men as Pococke, Barthelemi, and the Duke de Rochefoucauld repaid a hundred-fold all the time consumed by the demands made upon him in this way. *His* knowledge of the literature of antiquity, and *their* observations on Greece, Egypt, and the Orient, were the mutual inspirations to an enthusiasm which nothing but such personal intercourse could have inspired.

Over and above all the special advantages which fortune threw in Winckelmann's way for writing the art history of the ancients, was a remarkable and peculiar order of genius, embracing among its elements the rarest logical power, to which industry added its indispensable aid, and a unique precision and pointedness of style its highest charm. Learned Germans often intentionally avoid the popular style of writing, and use in its stead one which the common people can scarcely understand, its phrases being put together much like the most complicated string of algebraic formulas. They seem to think that science is degraded by clothing itself in the language of life, and exalted by being placed out of the reach of the people. This indeed could be of little moment, if it did not also blunt the point of truth, even to the educated mind, nay, impede the progress of investigation itself. No man is more free from this fault than Winckelmann. None ever came nearer to that highest attainment in the expression of thought, to use no needless word. He preferred bluntness to obscurity, though this trait appears mainly in his private letters, when his indignation explodes at some demonstration of human ignorance, stupidity, or folly.

For the work which Providence had for Winckelmann to do, he was the right man, in the right place, at the right time. Half a century earlier the material for such a work would have been insufficient at Rome. Half a century later this material was again scattered; at least it was no longer piled up in Italy. The collection, for instance, of Baron de Stosch was soon after carried to Berlin. Immense quantities of art remains went to England and Germany. Napoleon's cupidity found nothing which pleased it so well as Italy's art treasures, and he carried them away. Although these treas-

ures were not thus sent away beyond the reach of inquirers in this field, but on the contrary were placed before a greater number of such, it is well that they had first been subjected to the action of such a mind as Winckelmann's; and his work had been done before this general dispersion. Though it was not free from errors, but doubtless had many, it was a way cut through an almost unbroken forest, leaving to others the easier labour of straightening and repairing. That which required the skill of the great engineer had been accomplished.

If a man has had the genius and fortune to mark with his name an epoch in the development of some branch of science or art, he is assigned a place in the popular mind above ordinary mortals. History very properly drops his foibles, as unworthy of its dignity; eulogists often change them into virtues, and give us a picture of the man without those frailties which would have made him one of us, and make him a kind of agreeable monster. Winckelmann, so far as he continues to be known, has become such a character. The scientific and literary world know him generally as the great archæologist. The *man* has been quite forgotten. It is not well to lose sight of the weaknesses and frailties which have been connected with the genius and learning of historical persons, and we have but to read our author's private letters in order to feel that he is one of us. The following passage of a letter to Baron de Stosch (1757) will serve our purpose:

"I shall, perhaps, towards the middle of the month, go to Camaldoli, because all the cardinal's rooms are occupied. I think, however, there is still another reason why I am not one of the first whom the cardinal* sends thither. A certain French abbé, an original of rash stupidity, and a great blower,† has insinuated himself into the regards of this gentleman, whose fault, if he has one, is a passion for the French nation. I know not how it has happened that I have on all occasions sought to make this man ridiculous, as indeed he deserves. This began during the late *villeggiatura*,‡ and went so far at the cardinal's own table that he arose and left it. To give this man rest, I must be absent. I should not go subject to this suspicion if I had not another motive for doing so. I have hitherto played among the people the part of the plain, silent man, and have observed that a man loses in Rome by acting this part. Henceforth I shall turn the pelt, and as I meet a couple of French abbots in the Camaldoli, one of whom pretends to be my friend, who go about saying that there is nothing in the Dutchman, and Cardinal Passionei is inclined to make much out of this, I shall seek occasion to stop their mouths in his presence."

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* Passionei. † Windmaker.
‡ The period of summer residence in the villas.

When this promised rebuke occurred, if it ever did, the old cardinal probably jumped up from the table again, and left the gladiators to each other's tender mercies; and if Winckelmann would talk to rival combatants as he would write about it to friends, the terms bandied would be such as beasts, asses, fools, and blockheads.

Examples kindred with the above are numerous. Indeed his private letters to his friends seem to have furnished a kind of safety valve for the excess of steam generated in his contacts with the world. But perhaps he has improved his own bluntness by the narration in these letters, and if so, he has further exposed another practice which we have before caught him exercising.

His letters often throw out to his friends the first crude forms of thought afterwards elaborated for his works; but they contain also thoughts on other subjects, and these are sometimes wild. For instance he treats the whole French nation with one comprehensive sneer, though he himself no doubt made as many exceptions in their favor as almost any other man would have done. Of Lord Kames' chapter on beauty, in his elements of criticism, he says that "a Greenlander might have written it." The celebrated John Wilkes—whose persecutions, rather than his talents, were the basis of his celebrity—whose fame on the Continent was but the echo of this persecution in England, and of the excesses which he committed, and the swell which he made in his continental travels—was one of Winckelmann's great men. He had with him in Rome a beautiful dancing girl from Venice, whom he provided with a separate equipage at his own expense, with fourteen post-horses from Rome to Naples, from which latter city he wrote to Winckelmann, that he had lodgings there ready for him. This John Wilkes he calls a second Milton, and says that he had contracted not only acquaintance but friendship with him. The Puritan poet, had the two been contemporary, would doubtless have defended the libertine demagogue against the arbitrary annoyances of the government, but the two would have eventually shunned each other's contact. This is one of the many instances of our author's vanity of acquaintance with the great, and is the more strange since he professed to value nothing but learning, and this, too, must pertain to antiquity and antique art. But in this instance he allowed prodigality and show to take its place. His greatest fault was egotism, which, however, he shared with Cicero, perhaps the greatest of the old Romans.

Used to the profound quiet of a German town, under the control of a vigilant police, Winckelmann was greatly disturbed by the noises in the streets of Rome. In the daytime he says there was tolerable quiet, but nights the devil was let loose, and he could not sleep. This led him to divulge a habit which he doubtless overstates; for he says that he was accustomed to drink himself drunk in order to induce sleep. The genuine drunkard is rarely so calculating in the act, or so frank in its avowal. Indeed, his letters, without professing anything in particular, give us a most lively picture of his inner and outer life; of his life with those cardinals with whom his lot was cast, of their mutual animosities, their freedom of speech in regard to each other and the Holy Father, their filial piety towards his Holiness, which Winckelmann echoes in such exclamations as "Oh, the Pope is resolved not to die; he is still riding out!" He gives us, too, his life in the streets and in the precincts, where tourists seldom or never go, where he could walk for miles through orange groves without ever stepping from under their shade. These incidental sketches bear us back to the middle of the eighteenth century, and place us in the lanes and alleys, the streets and promenades, the palaces and art galleries of the Eternal City and the neighboring villas, in the company, not of the great archæologist whose works form an era in ancient art history, but of that other person, blunt, genial, frank, and social, whom we have before us in the letters of John Winckelmann, written from Rome to his friends in Germany.

The subject of our sketch shows one trait which many of our readers will not be able to appreciate. He shall state it himself in the following extracts from two letters to his friend Berg, dated Rome, June 9, 1762, and February 10, 1764.:

* * * "All the names that I could give you are not sweet enough, and reach not the depths of my love, and all that I could say to you is much too weak to speak the feelings of my heart and soul. From heaven, and not from human impulses sprang friendship. I was drawn to you by a kind of reverence, and hence at your departure seemed to have been robbed of the highest good. What should I have to write to make even one of hundreds of my readers comprehend this great secret! My dearest friend, I love you more than any created thing, and neither time, nor chance, nor age can diminish this love; but to be parted without being able to reach each other by letter is even more painful to me than the separation itself. * * *

"As a tender mother weeps inconsolably for her beloved child, whom an arbitrary prince has wrested from her and exposed to instant death upon the battle field, so do I, my sweet friend, bemoan with tears, which flow from my very soul, my separation from you. A mysterious impulse,

not awakened by form or stature alone, caused me from the very moment I first saw you to feel in me the motions of that harmony which is above human comprehension, and is set in tune by the eternal order of things. In the forty years of my life, this is the second instance of the kind with me, and will most likely be the last. My dear friend, so strong an affection can no other man in the world bear to you; for full concord of soul is only possible between two persons; all other affections are but scions from this noble stock."

Perhaps most men in our country who have strong impulses to domestic life, either early form a family circle, or at least have this before them as a part of their plan soon to be carried out. They either love this circle, or feel that they ought to love it, and so feel themselves debarred from such intense outside attachments. Few men, therefore, with such instincts ever advance, among us, so far into the interior of bachelor life as to settle down into a sense of its necessities. But everywhere in Europe the case is quite another. In Germany many a man of strongest domestic instincts is shoved along the track of life in such a way that he does not find, or even hope to find, a place where he can stop and form this relation. In the family man the domestic impulses are constantly, though silently, expending themselves in rocking the cradle, playing with the babies, or in answering the thousand more pressing demands of the mother and older children; while the bachelor, whose impulses in the same direction are of equal strength, has no constant means of discharging their surplus electricity, and hence their occasional explosions under the attraction of more distant objects must be often more violent, as in the instance of Winckelmann and his friends, Lamprecht and Berg. It is a kind of David and Jonathan affair, and must be left to those who have deeper insight into such matters.

From Winckelman's letters it would seem that there could have been little in his soul which he did not at some time attempt to discharge through them. As most of these were written to his friends in Germany they are in the German language. But some were written in Italian, some in Latin, and some in French, and in the edition of his works before us they are printed in the several languages in which they were originally written.

How rarely does the author of a great work live to enjoy the support, and be fanned by the pleasant breezes of fame which he had promised himself from it! Winckelmann's chief work, the *History of Ancient Art*,* had been published

* *Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums.*

a little over three years before his death and had of course yielded him next to nothing. He had given his strength to this study, had accomplished his purpose, and would have effected little more of moment had he lived to the age of threescore and ten years. The eyes which had served him so nobly in the examination of works of art were beginning to need helps. He found his first leisure in 1768 to visit Germany, and he seems, indeed, never to have abandoned the thought of returning thither to live and to die. There were three places in that land which he might have had: one at the court of Saxony, one at that of Hanover, and one at that of Prussia, and he nursed these along, so that in case his props in Rome should break under him he might have other support. He cherished also the idea of the priesthood, a canonicate, and various other places in Rome, which shows his own worldly prudence, gained in the severe school of his youth, as also the precariousness of the means of subsistence among men of this class in Europe.

On the 16th of April, 1768, Winckelmann started for his native land, accompanied by a Roman artist named Cavaceppi. How deceived is human nature often as to its love for objects absent and long unseen! What had he not promised himself from this visit? It was already May when our tourists reached the Tyrol, and there Winckelmann began first to speak in terms of contempt of its heavy and uncouth architecture, perhaps in regard to the very houses in which twelve years before he had enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries of life, so far in his estimation above anything in the rest of his journey, or in Rome itself. His friend at first thought him joking, but soon found that he was in deepest and saddest earnest. In that land which he had deemed the most glorious he had ever seen, snow was still lying, the sight chilled his spirits, and he talked of returning to Rome. Cavaceppi had all that he could do to keep him moving northwards. He had supposed his German home still dear to him; but his residence in the Eternal City had made an impression, the strength of which he had not suspected until it was put to this test. Had Goethe's song, then not yet written, of Mignon, been sung to him:

> "Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows,
> Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows,
> Where zephyrs from heaven die softly away,
> And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay,
> Know'st thou it?"

he would have responded from a full soul:

> "I know it well—
> Thither, O, thither would I go."

Winckelmann, however, was never again to see his native home in Germany, or his adopted one in Italy. His companion drew him along to Munich, where he was received with great honor, but without effect upon his spirits; then to Ratisbon, on the Danube, and at this point his sense of justice to his friend, whom he had brought with him on this visit to his native country, proved too weak. Providence had used his strong and strange impulses and vast learning and talents to elucidate the treasures of ancient art, and this work now accomplished, a fatal impulse hurries him on to his tragic end. Here he left his friend and turned down the river to Vienna, where high honors from the Empress Maria Theresa awaited him. She gave him several medals, and offered him a place. But his heart was in Rome, and thitherward he pressed his way. Leaving Vienna on the 28th of May, he reached Trieste on the 1st of June, just before dinner, seated himself at a hotel table, and inquired of the landlord in regard to ships for Venice. The latter knew of none, but a person sitting near professed to have the needed information, and offered to accompany him to the harbor to make arrangements for the passage. A kind of travelling acquaintance sprang up, although during eight days which must intervene before he could sail, he concealed his own name and character. In the mean time, he and Archangeli, for such was the stranger's name, were much in each other's rooms, took their coffee together, and together went into the streets for their purchases or their promenades. Winckelmann showed his medals from the Empress and some from Albani to this new friend, invited him to the cardinal's villa in case he should visit Rome, all of which but increased Archangeli's wonder as to who the honored stranger might be. The ship in which Winckelmann had engaged his passage was to sail on the 8th, but in the forenoon of that day, Archangeli entered his room, asked some indifferent questions, threw a noose over his head, and drew it tight. He attempted to push the murderer away, but the latter drew a dirk with which he gave his victim several thrusts, and a servant entering, both assassin and servant fled in alarm. The wounded man wandered around to find some one to remove the noose; a frightened maid fled before him, but he finally found help. Surgical examination showed the wounds to be mortal. He confessed, received extreme unction, and made his will, but was unable to sign it when it was written. This, however, was of little consequence.

His effects would merely have been pleasant mementos to friends. His work was accomplished. A monument to commemorate him stands in the city of Trieste, but his great monument is that his name is so nearly synonymous with the history of ancient art. We leave the man here, where, at the end of such a life, he drops so tragically from human observation, and add a few words in a more general way.

Most authors in all ages have been inclined to travel where the way is easiest and most agreeable. Some charming valley with a smooth and easy path passing through it invites them, and they enter; when the way becomes too dim or precipitous, they leave it for one more grateful to their sense of ease. Winckelmann was not of this class. He sought an end. As he found no way thither, he made one, and belongs therefore to the class of great original explorers.

Perhaps it is a necessity growing out of the immense extent of the fields of inquiry, that our knowledge is sought mainly from compilations made by men of moderate ability, and not from the greater works of men of genius. How seldom, except in poetry and fiction, is the body of students even, much less of others, brought into an immediate contact with those original minds which have been from time to time commissioned of heaven to impart to the world those mighty impulses which have sent it forward? Often there is good reason for this. Newton's *Principia*, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, and Kant's *Critic of Pure Reason* may not present truth in the best shape to be comprehended and impressed. Compilers flock around these like crows about the carcase of a dead lion, seize and appropriate everything which can interest the public, as they think, and serve it up in a style to attract. But why should this be true of such works as those of Winckelmann? Why should not the student follow in the path which genius has marked out and trodden, without the intervention of compilers? In so inviting a field as that of ancient art, this would seem desirable. The history of art is the history of humanity. A statue, a vase, a painting, an engraved gem, is in itself nothing but a mirror of the people with which it originated. The whole difference between the polished Greeks and the rude tribes which formerly inhabited Central America is seen at a glance in a comparison of the Apollo Belvidere with some rude statue found by travellers in Honduras or Nicaragua. It is not then the clay, metal, and stone of antiquity which Winckelmann places before us, but it is the people.

There was another German, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, born twelve years later than Winckelmann, but, of course, contemporary with him, whose impress is deeply stamped upon German literature and thought, and whose literary career may properly be referred to in connection with Winckelmann's, since the two came at one point in contact with each other.

The best treatise ever written by the great critic, the *Laocoon*, was called forth by a work of the great archæologist. This was written to trace the boundaries between poetry and painting. As incidental to this purpose, the ancient Laocoon group of statuary is subjected to the action of the author's critical power; other works of antique art are treated upon by the way; other critics are criticised; all, however, in subserviency to the purpose announced in the opening of the work. This treatise of Lessing opens with a quotation from Winckelmann's first published essay, *The Imitation of Greek Works in Sculpture and Painting*, and closes with a reference to his great work, the *History of Ancient Art*, and hence very naturally contains the critic's opinion of the archæologist. The opinion is appreciative, and, unlike most of Lessing's critiques, generous. Taking into account its occasion, and then both what it says and what it omits to say, the *Laocoon* may be looked upon as either being, or expressing, or implying as high praise as was ever bestowed upon Winckelmann. Lessing was accustomed to use his satiric power as if mercy were alien to his nature, as appears in his controversy with Goetze and his review of Lange's translation of Horace. But he employs no word of wit at Winckelmann's expense. His sagacity had not failed to perceive the genius of the man with whom he was dealing, nor did his sense of justice fail to recognize his merit.

Just before the *Laocoon* was finished the *History of Ancient Art* was announced from the press, upon which Lessing opens one of the latest sections of his work as follows: "Herr Winckelmann's *History of the Art of Antiquity* has appeared. I venture not another step without having read this work." Here the critic doubtless dropped his pen in order to fulfil this purpose. His opinion, made up from this reading, may be gathered from such passages as the following:

"In addition to the immense learning and the most extensive and delicately critical knowledge of art which Herr Winckelmann brought

to his work, he labored with the noble trust of the ancient artists, who applied all their industry to the main point, treating collateral things with a kind of purposed neglect, or leaving them entirely to other hands.

"It is no small praise to have committed only such errors as any one could have avoided. These are apparent on the first hasty reading, and if they may be mentioned, this must be done only with the design of suggesting to certain persons who think that they alone have eyes, that these things do not deserve to be mentioned at all."

Winckelmann chose his work and went whither he must go in order to perform it. He excavated for the foundation of his structure and laid it so well that all since his time have been content to build thereupon. On the other hand, Lessing's work—and this may be a kind of necessity in case of critics—called him, and drew him about in his literary career wherever jobs of pulling down or repairing offered themselves. The mere critic, fitted by his genius for nothing else, if there can be such a man, is a cobbler, who can only mend that which he could not make; or, to choose a more elevated metaphor, he can give valuable hints to architects and mechanics, but cannot himself build. Lessing, indeed, was not such a one. He had talents which might have been successfully employed in the highest work. Had his mind been as vigorously and as long applied to the very labor accomplished by Winckelmann it is not improbable that he might have achieved as much, or even more. But his attempts at the creative are not regarded, even by his best friends, as entitling him to the name of a poet, though, with the single exception of his *Laocoon*, these are his best productions. None but admirers, whose imaginations first put their own philosophy into some obscure passages of his writings, even found a philosophical system in them. He has been called of late, even in respectable periodicals of our country, the greatest theologian of his age; but those who give him this rank, would, on the same principle, assign the distinction to Strauss and Rénan in the present age. They would make that man the greatest theologian who should do most towards extinguishing theological science. Lessing's labor in this field is simply destructive, unless we should place his tragedy of *Nathan the Wise*, as a recent writer does, among his great theological works, and even in this he almost dissolves all distinctions between Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. And this, indeed, is just Lessing's view, to be gathered from the whole tenor of his writings, that, although the Christian system is in many

respects better than the others, they are all substantially on the same foundation. He, more than any other man, is the father of German rationalism.

Winckelmann may have felt much the same in regard to the world's religious systems. He had so drunk in the imagery and spirit of the paganism of ancient Greece and Rome that he lived in it. Indeed, he may be said to have been a Catholic in name, while his religious thought, imagery, and spirit were drawn almost equally from Pagan and Protestant sources. While Lessing has furnished no positive system in anything, Winckelmann has given the world a system of ancient art history and critical judgments, which, though greatly extended and improved by the labors of others since his time, still stands in its integrity. Lessing attempted to divest Christianity of that which distinguishes it from other systems and raises it above them. His defence, and that which others have set up for him, in regard to the Wolfenbüttel manuscripts is, that the Christian religion was benefited by the opportunity thus furnished for its successful defence; the same as if Joseph's brethren had claimed some merit for the good results of selling him into bondage, or Hobbes and Hume for the appearance of Butler's Analogy. Lessing, if he could, would have done away with all the peculiar teachings of the pulpit and established in their place the theatre as the great school of morals and religion. It is quite questionable, therefore, whether any good end could be subserved by calling into general use the works of this author, except a very few of them, or by disseminating a memoir of his life; and we may even imagine the critic himself as protesting against it in language not unlike that of the prophet to the God-forsaken king of Israel: "Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" On the other hand, Winckelmann might be willing to have his works rise up in vindication of his claim of meritorious service in a cause in which his life was spent. We venture, therefore, to suggest that the circulation of his history of ancient art, and a judicious selection from his other works, well translated into English, would be a good service rendered to the cause of literature, science, and art.

ART. IV.—*The Divine Comedy of* DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 413. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

IT is not so easy to translate Dante as many suppose; very few of the literary men of any country are qualified for the task. Every great poem is difficult to be translated; but the *Divina Commedia* is more difficult than any other. In making this comparison we assume that in each case the translator has a perfect knowledge of the original. That is, if we could meet with one who is equally familiar with the Greek, the Latin, the Portuguese, and the Italian, we would advise him to attempt the Iliad, the Æneid, the Lusiad, or the *Jerusalemme Liberata*, rather than the masterpiece of Dante. Not because it is superior to all the rest; although it is not surpassed, if equalled, by any modern poem—but because there is none like it. Its allegories alone require the study of years; and those who have studied them most profoundly often differ with each other radically as to their meaning.

But let us suppose the allegories mastered; this, after all, is but a small part of the work. We must also bear in mind that there is not an illustrious name, or memorable event, in ancient or modern literature, in sacred or profane history, which Dante has not introduced in one form or other, directly or indirectly, into his great poem. This statement may well seem incredible to those who have not carefully examined the work, but it is, nevertheless, strictly true. Thus, in order to understand the poem, it first becomes necessary to be familiar with the history, mythology, systems of philosophy, and general literature of Greece and Rome; it is equally essential to be acquainted with the peculiar characters of all the personages of the Bible, and with all the great events that are recorded by the sacred writers. Then we must know modern history down to the time of Dante; not alone the history of Italy, but that of all Christendom; and not alone the history of kings and emperors, but that of all who rendered themselves illustrious or infamous in their reigns. We must know the characteristics of the Popes and their leading cardinals; we must have some knowledge of the habits as well as the disposition of each. Nor can we overlook the political systems of Europe during the middle ages. The Italian republics have to be studied in particular; but,

above all, the Florentine Republic, with its Guelphs and its Ghibellines, its Whites and its Blacks. That a smattering knowledge of all these is not sufficient is evident from the fact that in numerous instances Dante merely alludes to personages without mentioning either person or country, confining himself to some characteristic circumstance or event; and if this is not understood both the sense and the poetry of the verse are lost.

It will be admitted then that one may write very readable, agreeable verses, or be even very popular as a poet, and yet be utterly incompetent to translate the *Divina Commedia*. For our own part we have always assigned a high rank to Mr. Longfellow among our poets. His "Evangeline" compares favorably in our estimation with the best similar poems of the present day. There are several of his minor pieces which we admire; and in no instance have we found any serious defects in his productions. So far, therefore, as his poetical talents were concerned we regarded Mr. Longfellow as fully competent for the task he has undertaken. Nor had we any doubt of his scholarship; his having been professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College seemed at least presumptive evidence of his being qualified in this respect. Accordingly it afforded us sincere pleasure to learn, when the fact was first announced, that the author of "Evangeline" was engaged on a translation of the 'Divina Commedia.' We certainly expected a good version; we hoped that Mr. Longfellow would secure for America the distinction of having produced the best translation in the English language of the greatest of modern poems.

It was with this feeling we opened the volume before us, which contains only the *Inferno*, but we sincerely regret to say, after a careful perusal and comparison with the original, that it has very much disappointed us. In our opinion it does justice neither to author nor translator. Far from being the best translation we have of the *Inferno*, we cannot but regard it as inferior both to Cary's and Wright's. This confirms us in an opinion we have long entertained and often expressed, namely, that one who has no pretensions to poetic genius, but has an accurate knowledge of ancient and modern learning, a well-cultivated literary taste, and a thorough acquaintance with the language of the author, is better qualified to translate a poem like the 'Divina Commedia' than even a poet whose genius is acknowledged, but who is too indolent or too careless to

devote the necessary labour and time to the study of the author whom he would translate.

Probably neither Mr. Cary nor Mr. Wright could produce a poem like "Evangeline," or even "The Song of Hiawatha," but each has studied Dante much more profoundly than Mr. Longfellow—each has prepared himself far better for his translation. Indeed, if Mr. Longfellow has made any elaborate preparation for his task we see no evidence of the fact. There is nothing in his version which we should not have expected from a professor of modern languages in a respectable college, who, until he began to translate his great poem, had paid no particular attention to Dante more than to Tasso, Ariosto, or Petrarch.

Mr. Longfellow does not even give us a preface; we have no biographical sketch from him; no introduction of any kind, except we are to regard some pious verses in that light. In short, he commences his *Inferno* without an explanatory word; he does not give us even the usual "argument." Surely this is not the fault of the publishers, for they give him ample room, abundance of good paper—indeed, as much as would contain the whole history, together with a full biography, critical commentary, chronological view of the age of Dante, &c.

Perhaps he intends giving us all in a future volume; this would be in accordance with his inverted mode of translating; it is better, however, to get the mustard after the meat than not to get it at all, even though it cost more in the end. In the mean time it is well to have some knowledge, however slight, of the circumstances in which Dante was placed while writing most of his great poem. It is necessary to bear in mind that he was by no means a favorite among his contemporaries. He had always an inclination to satire, and he did not try to restrain it much; he gave his opinions freely, not only of other authors, but also of the wealthy and powerful. Even his patrons he did not always spare; whenever they seemed to him to forget themselves he did not hesitate to remind them that, however great they were in their own estimation, there was a kind of greatness to which they could not attain. This is well illustrated in the case of the Can Grande de la Scala, his best friend, to whom he dedicated his 'Commedia.' When his patron asked him how it was that himself and his guests derived more pleasure from the conversation of the court buffoon

than they did from his, Dante's reply was, "Because all creatures delight in their own resemblance."*

This failing on the part of Dante will account for much of his sufferings during his exile; for had he been as obsequious as many others who also wrote in his time, he need not have wanted for anything. The same fact will explain why it was that his enemies were by no means confined to the Guelph party; many Ghibellines as well as the Guelphs feared and hated him; and, accordingly, he puts both into hell in proportion as he thinks they deserve it. It is true that it was the Guelphs that banished him, but his banishment could not have been perpetual, as it was, had he not been unpopular with the citizens of Florence in general. This may seem improbable; but it must be remembered that he was accused of having exercised his influence with the Can Grande de la Scala, Duke of Verona, to induce him to declare war against Florence, and of having prompted the Emperor to besiege it at another time.

Nor can it be proved that he was innocent in either case. Apart from the testimony of several historians there is sufficient in his own works to show that he was most anxious to chastise Florence for her ingratitude in banishing him. In several parts of the 'Commedia' he denounces her with the greatest bitterness; he denounces his native city as a den of brigands; a prostitute that sells justice, honour, and virtue for money, &c. But whether he was guilty or not it is certain that the majority of his fellow-citizens thought he was; and it was in accordance with this conviction that he was sentenced to be *burned* should he ever again be taken in Florence.

That his political as well as his personal resentments were very strong cannot be doubted. His denunciations of Pope Boniface VIII. and of the whole family of Charles of Valois would go far to prove this by themselves. But, numerous and powerful as were the enemies he made in this manner, he might have returned to Florence some years before his death had he complied with certain terms sought to be imposed upon him. Among those who were most active in interceding for him was a Franciscan monk, who communicated to him the conditions upon which the existing government would permit him to return: Dante was required to make a full apology, also to make an expiatory

* Minime, inquit, mirareris, si nosses quòd morum paritas et similitudo animorum amicitiæ causa est.—*Petrarcha, Rerum Memorandarum*, lib. iv.

offering before the altar, as was the custom with pardoned criminals. Of course the proud, high-spirited author of the 'Divina Commedia' rejected such terms with scorn. "Is this the glorious revocation," he asks, "which recals Dante Alighieri into his country after an exile of nearly three lustres? Is this the price of my sweat and incessant labour of mind? Far from a man initiated in philosophy be the baseness of offering his person as an oblation to shame! Far from a man who preaches justice be the thought of buying a pardon with money, and of treating as benefactors those who have outraged him! No, my father, I will never re-enter my country by that road. If you, or some other friend, can find a means which will not be an insult to my honour, to my renown, I will accept it, and shall not be tardy in returning. But, if there be no other way to return, then never shall I return to Florence. What! can I not everywhere see the sun and the stars? Under what skies can I not contemplate truth? In order to do so is it necessary that I degrade myself and appear clothed in ignominy before the people and city of Florence? No!"

This shows that Dante was not the mean, mercenary person whom his enemies represented him; it shows how false and base is the accusation that he put all in hell, purgatory or paradise, not according as he thought they deserved one fate or another, from their general conduct, but according as they were unwilling or willing to serve himself.

We have also sufficient proof in his works that he did not belong to the narrow-minded prejudiced class, who despise all countries and races but their own. Had this been the disposition of Dante he could never have produced a work so universal in its application as the 'Divina Commedia;' but he did not confine his thoughts to any country, race, or clique, as his enemies represented; his philosophy embraced all mankind. "For us," he says, in his Essay on the *Vulgar Tongue*, "whose country is the world, as water is that of the fishes, although before having teeth we drank the water of the Arno, and still cherish Florence while suffering an unjust exile for having loved her too much, we silence our sensibility and prefer resting our judgment on our reason. Certainly in the order of our satisfaction and our material repose there is no place on earth which would be more delightful to us than Florence; but in examining the works of poets and other writers who have portrayed the world in its *ensemble* or its details; in reasoning thought-

fully on the divers positions of countries, on the place which they occupy from one pole to another, and in regard to the equator, we think freely that there are countries and cities more illustrious and more delightful than Tuscany and Florence of which I am a native and citizen, and the greater part of the nations and races surpass the Latins by the elegance and utility of their languages." Those who would translate Dante—nay, those who would read him intelligently must understand all; nor must they overlook the real character of his passion for Beatrice; although this is a branch of the subject to which it is now impossible for us to give any attention in the limited space prescribed for this article. But to return from our digression.

It is true that Mr. Longfellow gives us "copious notes" at the end of the 'Inferno'; but if there is a single original note amongst them it has escaped our observation. He has merely adopted a portion of the notes of Cary, Wright, and others, often omitting those which in the opinion of many are most valuable, and substituting in their stead the platitudes of friends. In his "illustrations" he pursues the same course; that is, he borrows whatever he thinks will suit his purpose in one way or another; and we regret to see that his selections are sometimes made rather as if he wished to flatter certain writers than to give any real illustration of Dante. Thus, for example, among his "illustrations" is a passage of some three pages, in double column, from a very indifferent biography of Dante, by Professor Lowell, in the 'American Cyclopædia;' this we are presented with under the pompous title of "The Posthumous Dante." We turn again to the table of contents and see "Portraits of Dante;" and on referring to the page indicated we find that the Portraits are "by Charles E. Norton," and that they occupy six pages. We confess that these "illustrations" have reminded us very forcibly of the famous bargain, "You tickle me and I'll tickle you;" and we imagine that many of our readers will regard the affair in the same light, especially if they happen to see the high eulogies which the Messrs. Lowell and Norton have bestowed on Mr. Longfellow's translation; for, of course, those gentlemen could not say less than that it is the best thing of the kind ever done!

Another "illustration" is the eleventh book of the Odyssey, as translated into prose by Mr. Buckley; this occupies twelve and a half pages; and it is followed by Davidson's translation, also in prose, of the sixth book of the Æneid; this occupies

fourteen pages, and it is followed by Cicero's Vision of Scipio, translated by Cyrus R. Edmonds, which occupies a little more than eight pages. In addition to these we have "The Vision of Frate Alberico," "The Vision of Walkelin," &c., and finally an "Anglo-Saxon Description of Paradise."

It is very true that one may fill over seventy octavo pages with quotations from authors like Lowell and Homer, Norton and Virgil, by way of illustrations, without giving us a word of his own, and yet be an excellent translator. Whether Mr. Longfellow has proved himself so or not, remains to be seen; but we will give our readers a full opportunity of judging for themselves. We will not only give specimens of his version, side by side with the original; we will also give specimens of other versions, so that every one may say for himself which translation is best or worst.

But first, let us remark that Mr. Longfellow's version is in blank verse. This has surprised us as much as any other error which, in our opinion, our translator has committed, for the reason that the best critics have agreed that the greatest fault of Mr. Cary was to have adopted blank verse for his version. In order to understand this it is necessary to bear in mind that the original is in the *terza rima*, that form in which three lines and two lines alternately rhyme with each other. Mr. Wright, profiting by the criticisms on Mr. Cary, adopted the English *terza rima;* and although his general qualifications as a translator are greatly inferior to those of his predecessor, he has succeeded better. It would have been very different had Dante written in blank verse. An Italian translating Milton or Shakespeare would do wrong to use the *terza rima*, or any other form than blank verse, because both those great poets have written in that verse. We have no less an authority than Dante himself on this subject. His opinion was that either the form of the original poem should not be altered, or it should not be translated at all, as the attempt could only result in failure. "Let every one, therefore, know," he says in the *Convito*, "that nothing which has been harmonized by the music of linked measures can be changed from one language to another *without breaking all its harmony and sweetness.*" And "this is the reason why Homer was not turned from Greek into Latin, like the other writings which we have of theirs; and this is the reason why the verses of the Psalter are without musical harmony; since they were turned from Hebrew into

Greek, and from Greek into Latin, and in their first transmutation all their sweetness disappeared."

The most successful of Italian translators has still more emphatically given expression to the same opinion—we mean Cesarotti, the learned and elegant translator of Ossian, who, in one of his notes on the Celtic bard, remarks that the difficulties arising from the differences of versification are greater than those arising from differences of languages. "It is certain," he says, "that the sentiments, the thoughts, and the expressions take of themselves a turn and a configuration corresponding to the respective versification of various poets. The shortness or the length of the verse—the variety of the inflections, of the pauses, of the cadences—the harmony which results naturally from numbers, and that which belongs to the adjustment of the consonants—the difference in the enchainment and distribution *of the rhymes*—each of these things *modifies the sentiments*, and communicates to them a peculiar beauty distinguished from all others. Change the disposition, transpose the same sentiments into another metre, and *everything is spoiled*. Ideas adjusted on one measure stand, as it were, ill at ease in a new one, and assume a forced and constrained attitude; there is a disagreeable discordance between the sentiments and the sounds; the objects are no longer presented under the suitable point of view; the ear, and, consequently, the spirit reposes at improper places, and slides over those where it ought to stop, till the most perfect composition resembles a beautiful body, *all the members of which are out of joint*."

Mr. Longfellow seems to have thought it sufficient to turn every Italian line into an English line, so that his canto is exactly the same length as Dante's. But this is far too mechanical a mode of translating; it is as little in accordance with nature as it would be to chop off two or three inches of one's legs in order that he might be exactly the size of his neighbor; and the result in one case is nearly as disagreeable as it is in the other. We will not say that "*everything* is *spoiled*" in Mr. Longfellow's translation, or that "*all* his members are *out of joint*;" but we cannot deny that he has spoiled much, and that *many* of his members are "out of joint." But before we proceed to illustrate our views let us make an observation or two on the peculiar character of the *Divina Commedia:* our object in doing so is to excuse Mr. Longfellow rather than blame him for having failed in his version of the *Inferno*, by showing that the difficulties to which we have already alluded are no imaginary obstacles.

All critics agree that a narrative in poetry or prose, the real meaning of which is veiled in an allegory, is more difficult to be translated than one in which the language used is to be taken in its ordinary acceptation. This, indeed, is one of those evident facts which need no testimony from learned or unlearned to support them. Some deny, however, that Dante veils his thoughts in this manner, either because they have only taken a superficial glance at the poem, or because their perception is not very acute at best. But those who cannot see that the 'Divina Commedia' is an allegorical poem receive very little attention either from the biographers or the commentators of Dante. We will try to satisfy them nevertheless. Although they may not believe the most learned and most intelligent of the author's critics, they will hardly refuse to take his own word; for he has fully explained the whole matter. In dedicating his great poem to Can Granda Della Scala he uses the following language: "The sense of this work is not simple but *manifold;* for, first, there is the literal sense, then the *allegorical* or moral, which may be thus illustrated: When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a strange people, Judah was his sanctuary and Israel his dominion.* If we regard the letter alone, these verses signify the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt in the time of Moses; if the allegorical sense, our redemption obtained by Christ; if the moral, the conversion of the soul from grief, and from the misery of sin to a state of grace; if the analogical, the departure of the saved soul from the bondage of corruption to the eternal liberty of glory; and since these *mystic* meanings are called by various names the world may be generally deceived, seeing that the allegorical are distinct from the literal or historical meanings."† But Dante is still more explicit than this. In speaking of the *Inferno*, the part of his great work now before us, he tells his patron that "according to the literal acceptation the subject-matter is simply the state of souls after death; but according to the allegorical meaning the poet treats of that hell where, wandering like travellers, we may have merit or demerit; it treats of man as a free agent, subject to the rewards and punishments of justice."

There are very few even of Dante's sonnets which are not allegorical and full of hidden meanings; of this, too, we

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* Psalm cxiv. † Dedication, p. 5.

have abundant proof in his own words. There is no finer passage in the *Convito* than that in which he gives a commentary on one of his lyrics, believing that it was necessary he should do so in order to render his full meaning intelligible. What he says of the first line—

"Voi che intendendo, il terzo ciel movete"—

will give an idea of the difficulties to be expected in the remainder of the sonnet. He tells us that by "ciel" (heaven) we are to understand science, and by heavens the sciences. He does not confine himself to showing what he means, thus; he also explains the reason of it, reminding us that the heavens and the sciences resemble each other in three things. "In the first place," he says, "each moveable heaven revolves round its own immovable centre as every science moves round its fixed and immovable subject-matter; and, secondly, the heavens illuminate things visible as do the sciences things intelligible; and, thirdly, both the heavens and sciences superinduce perfection into the disposition of things."*

Politics, religion, and philosophy are veiled in a similar manner, and, accordingly, there is scarcely a personage or an event introduced into the whole poem, that is not understood in a different manner by different commentators. Even the two principal characters, Virgil and Beatrice, are differently interpreted. Thus, according to Vellutello, Virgil is human reason, while Landino regards him as the personification of the moral philosophy of the ancients. The same critics differ equally in regard to Beatrice, one representing her as the personification of Christian theology, the other representing her as divine, supernatural reason, or grace.

But the difficulties thus briefly alluded to are by no means the only ones for which the translator of the 'Commedia' has to prepare himself. It must be remembered that Dante, like the greatest philosophers of his time, had a very different view of the universe from what we have. The earth was the centre of his universe; and the ten heavens with their planets and stars revolved round it. All the parts of the earth—its interior as well as surface—are carefully divided by the imagination of Dante. He makes Jerusalem the centre of the world, and places hell immediately below the dry land, so that sin and misery may fall into it, as into

* *Convito*, Paris edition, 1868, p. 67.

an enormous sink that can never be filled. Satan occupies the lowest depth of hell, where he reigns as emperor; everything that is bad emanates from him and returns to him, as all wisdom, love, light, strength, &c., come from the stars (the heavens) and return to them.

The hell of Dante is very different from that of Milton, or that of any other poet of ancient or modern times. It is an immense cavern in the form of an inverted cone, its base being towards "the great dry land," its apex at the centre of the earth. The sides of it are divided into nine circles or circular roads, which are generally separated from each other by deep precipices, so that the doomed travellers may have to suffer as much as possible in the descent. The more one has sinned the deeper he has to go; the worst sinners of all going down to the circle next Satan. A description of these circles as portrayed by Dante, not to mention the scenes presented at each, would occupy the whole space which we had prescribed for this paper; but we think we have said quite enough to show that we have not exaggerated the difficulties of translating Dante; and that it is not strange, after all, that for nearly four centuries all the principal colleges of Italy have maintained professors whose sole duty it has been to explain the hidden meanings which lurk in almost every line of the 'Divina Commedia.'

As already intimated, most translators have prepared themselves for the work accordingly; those who have not have failed in every instance. The latter have learned when too late that it does not do to adopt the notes and explanations of others—that in order to understand particular forms of expression in Dante—even expressions that often seem so plain that they cannot be misunderstood—it is necessary for one to study them for himself.

One of the earliest translators of Dante was Matteo Ronto, a Benedictine monk, who died in 1343, and who informs us in some spirited verses of his own, given at the end of the *Paradiso*, that before he wrote a line of the translation the study of the poem occupied him five years. Seeing that he was himself an Italian perfectly acquainted with the language of Dante, it will be admitted that he must have fully appreciated the difficulties which he had to encounter. His version is in Latin hexameters, and there are at least two complete copies of it yet extant, one in the library of the Vatican, the other in that of the University of Padua. But it may be said that his study of the poem would not have cost Ronto so

much labour and time had he lived in the present century, because he could then have availed himself to a greater or less extent of the labours of many others. No doubt he could have read many works on the subject; he could have made himself familiar with the views of a host of commentators and critics; but it is by no means clear that this would have facilitated his labours; it is probable that he would have made at least as good progress by confining his attention exclusively to the poem itself and to the history of the period in which it was written; that is, assuming that before he undertook the task at all he had an extensive acquaintance with ancient and modern literature; for without this he could have made no translation of the 'Commedia' that any one would have thought worth preserving.

But several similar translations have been made within the present century; take, for example, that of the Abbate dalla Piazza, who was also an Italian, and whose version is in Latin hexameters. This cost the translator twenty years of hard labour, although he wrote Latin with quite as much facility as he wrote Italian. The work appeared in Leipzig in 1848, four years after the death of the translator; and we wish we could say that Mr. Longfellow's version is either so faithful or so poetical. The French and the Germans, especially the latter, have taken equal pains. The German version of Prince John of Saxony cost that accomplished scholar and linguist seventeen years. Kopisch, another German, spent four years in Italy for the purpose of making himself acquainted with every fact and circumstance, which research could discover, calculated to throw any light on the obscurer passages in the 'Commedia.'

Nor have those of our English translators who are still read shown themselves less willing to devote sufficient time and labour to so great a work. Indeed, there is not one of them who has not devoted the best part of his life to it. This is true, for example, of Cary, who published the *Inferno* in 1806, as the result of seven years' labour. The *Paradiso* he had begun so early as 1797; yet the work was not complete until 1813, *sixteen years* after it was first commenced. Even then he was sensible that his translation had many imperfections, for he concludes his preface, written in 1814, with the following sentence: "At an advanced age I do not imagine myself capable of otherwise improving an *attempt* which, however *defective*, has at least the advantage of having had my earlier days bestowed on it." This is

the language of an indefatigable student and most accomplished scholar, who had devoted his best energies to the study of Dante, and who, in recognition of his extensive learning, especially in the department of languages, was appointed Assistant Librarian of the British Museum.

We will only mention one other English translator. Although Dr. John A. Carlyle undertook only to produce a prose translation of Dante, he regarded himself as bound to make all the preparation in his power. He tells us that after he had made himself perfectly familiar with Italian, he studied the 'Divina Commedia' in Italy in 1831, under the guidance of the most noted literary dilettanti of Rome and other places. He "learnt by heart the stories of Francesca, Ugolino, &c., and could speak very fluently about them." Still he had no idea of being qualified to translate so profound a work. "During the seven years which followed," he says, "I often studied it again at leisure hours, along with the other works of Dante; and got intimately acquainted with various Italians of different ranks who, without making any pretensions to literature, or troubling themselves with conflicting commentaries, knew all the best passages, and could recite them in a plain, sober, quiet tone—now rapid, now slow, but always with real warmth—like people who felt the meaning and were sure of its effect."

We need not say that this was an excellent preparation; but Dr. Carlyle did not think it by any means sufficient. He proceeds to inform us that "the contemporary historians or chroniclers of Florence and other parts of Italy were afterwards studied in connexion with Dante and his earliest commentators; and here the meaning of the great poem *first began to unfold itself* in detail, *and apart from its literary merits.* It became significant in proportion as it was felt to be true—to be, in fact, the sincerest, the strongest, the warmest utterance that had ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew prophets."

Altogether independently of what Dr. Carlyle tells us, it is very evident that he thoroughly studied the work; his translation and the excellent notes which accompany it prove this. Yet all he intended at this time was to publish a correct edition of the original text with English arguments, and notes explaining all the difficult passages, allusions, &c. It was not until he was dissuaded from this by some friends that he resolved, "not," he says, "without reluctance and misgiving, to attempt the literal prose translation." His greatest fear

now was "the process of breaking in pieces the harmony and quiet force of the original, and having to represent it so helplessly and inadequately in another language;" and he adds that "it has been found as painful as was anticipated."*

But it does not appear that Mr. Longfellow anticipated any difficulties, or that he had any misgivings; he seems to have commenced the 'Divina Commedia' as he would a Fourth of July oration, or an appendix to the Song of Hiawatha, relying doubtless on the "appreciative notices" of the society of mutual admiration, some of whose members he has rewarded in advance, as we have seen. This was a great mistake; the result of it is that the new 'Divina Commedia' is very much like some of those "cheap" new houses built for sale by speculators, in Boston as well as in New York, and which are very high and imposing to look upon, but which, having no adequate foundation to rest upon, soon topple down and sometimes maim or kill the unfortunate inmates. It is true that we do not apprehend that Mr. Longfellow's 'Commedia' will kill anybody; and we should be very sorry if it maimed our old friends Ticknor & Fields. We think the worst harm it will do will be to weary a few well-meaning people, and lead them to the conclusion that, after all, Dante is but a dull poet, and that "Hiawatha" is greatly superior to the 'Divina Commedia.'

But it is time that we should let Mr. Longfellow vindicate himself, and we have every disposition to do so. The first specimen we will give from him is the famous story of Francesca; no passage even in the *Inferno* has been so often translated as this. Many have rendered it into English who have not attempted any other part of the poem, because it is a plain though startling episode, the subject being one of the saddest tragedies on record. Francesca was the daughter of the Lord of Ravenna, who gave her in marriage to Gianciotti Matatesta, son of the Lord of Rimini, to whom the lady was married by proxy, without having ever seen him. The account of Boccaccio is that Paolo, the brother of the intended husband, came to Ravenna with full authority to espouse the young lady. Paolo was a handsome man, whereas his brother Gianciotti was a cripple; as the former was passing with other gentlemen over the court-yard of the palace of the Lord of Ravenna, "a damsel who knew him pointed him out to Madonna Francesca through an opening in the casement, saying, 'That is he that is to be your hus-

* Preface, p. xi.

band,' and so indeed the poor lady believed, and incontinently placed on him her whole affection." It was not until the next morning after the marriage that she discovered the cheat put upon her. The husband left home soon after, leaving his brother residing in the same house with his wife, so that they were daily in each other's company. Gianciotti was not long absent when he began to hear some unfavorable accounts from home. He returned suddenly and killed both his wife and brother. In addition to these facts the reader has also to bear in mind that the guide of Dante in his wanderings through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, is Virgil. On entering the second circle of hell, the place in which carnal sinners are punished, they meet with Francesca; and according to Mr. Longfellow, Dante addresses Virgil as follows:

"O Poet, willingly
Speak would I to those two, who go together,
And seem *upon the wind* to be so light."
And he to me: "Thou'*lt mark*, when they shall be
Nearer to us; and then do thou implore them
By love which leadeth them, and they will come."
Soon as the wind in our direction sways them,
My voice *uplift I:* "O ye weary souls!
Come speak to us, if no one *interdicts* it."
As *turtle-doves*, called onward by desire,
With open and steady wings to the sweet nest
Fly through the air by their *volition* borne,
So came they from the band where Dido is,
Approaching us athwart the air malign,
So strong was the affectionate appeal.
"O living creature gracious and *benignant*,
Who visiting goest through the purple air
Us, who have stained *the world incarnadine*,
If were the King of the Universe our friend,
We would pray unto him to give thee peace,
Since thou hast pity on our *woe perverse*.
Of what it pleases thee to hear and speak,
That will we hear, and we will speak to you,
While silent is the wind, as it is now.
Sitteth the city, wherein I was born,
Upon the sea-shore where the Po descends
To rest in peace with all his retinue.
Love, that on gentle heart *doth* swiftly seize,
Seized this man for the *person beautiful*
That was *ta'en* from me, and still the mode offends me.
Love, that exempts no one beloved from loving,
Seized me with pleasure of this man so strongly,
That, as thou seest, it *doth* not yet desert me;
Love has conducted us unto one death;
Caïna waiteth him who quenched our life!"
These words were borne along from them to us.

As soon as I had heard those souls tormented,
I bowed my face, and so long held it down
Until the Poet said to me: "What thinkest?"
When I made answer, I began: "Alas!
How many pleasant thoughts, how much desire,
Conducted these unto the *dolorous* pass!"
Then unto them I turned me, and I spake,
And I began: "Thine agonies, Francesca,
Sad and compassionate to weeping make me.
But tell me, at the time of those sweet sighs,
By what and in what manner Love conceded,
That you should know your *dubious* desires?"
And she to me: "There is no greater sorrow
Than to be *mindful* of the happy time
In misery, and that thy Teacher knows.
But, if to recognize the earliest root
Of love in us thou hast so great desire,
I will do even as he who weeps and speaks.
One day we reading were for our delight
Of Launcelot, how Love did him enthrall.
Alone we were and without any fear.
Full many a time our eyes together drew
That reading, and drove the color from our faces;
But one point only was it that o'ercame us.
Whenas we read of the much longed-for smile
Being by such a noble lover kissed,
This one, who ne'er from me shall be divided,
Kissed me upon the mouth all *palpitating*.
Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.
That day no farther did we read therein."
And all the while one spirit uttered this,
The other one did weep so, that, for pity,
I swooned away as if I had been dying,
And fell, even as a dead body falls. (Canto v.)

Although this passage is rather long for our space we would not make fragments of it, lest we might seem to do injustice to the translator. What first occurred to us in taking up Mr. Longfellow's translation was that its language is very pompous, thus contrasting strikingly with the simple, unaffected diction of the original; for if Dante's meaning is often hidden, as we have seen, it is not under the guise of ponderous words. Our translator is also very fond of inverted forms of expression: an example of this may be seen in the second line of the passage we have just quoted, where he says, "Speak would I to those two." Dante's language is, "*Parlerei a que' duo*," which, in connection with the preceding word (*voluntieri*) in the foregoing line simply means, "Willingly would I speak," &c. In the next line—

"And seem *upon the wind* to be so light"—

there is a serious defect of another character. Dante does not

say "upon the wind," but "before the wind;" the latter is the true signification of "*al vento*" in poetry; for it must be remembered that Italian poetry and Italian prose are almost as different from each other in diction and structure as if they were different dialects. In the next line Mr. Longfellow errs in being too literal. "Said he to me" would do very well in prose as a translation of "*Ed egli a me*," but in English verse "Thus he," or, "He thus," would be much better. Dante simply says, in continuation, "Thou shalt see when they are nearer to us" (*Vedrai, quando*, &c.), but Mr. Longfellow has it, "Thou'*lt mark.*" Dante says, simply, "I raise my voice" (*muovo la voce*). This is not natural or poetical enough for our translator; accordingly, he makes it, "My voice *uplift I*" (v. 80). There is no more tender passage in the whole poem than that in which the poet addresses the sufferers, "*O anime affannate*" (O wearied souls!), rendered by Mr. Longfellow, "O *ye* weary souls." This, however, we would willingly pass over, but in the next line (81) he renders "*s' altri nol niega* (if none *denies* it), "if no one *interdicts* it."

Our translator never loses an opportunity of putting in a "big word;" this will be seen in every page of his translation. We have no objection to a polysyllable when it expresses the sense better than a monosyllable, but in genera it is the reverse with the polysyllables, or compound words, of Mr. Longfellow. For an illustration of this we need not go beyond the following line (82). Dante uses the fine simile, "As doves called by desire"—

"Quali colombe, dal disio chiamate."

Not content with so simple an expression as *doves*, our translator gives us "*turtle-doves.*"

There are so many instances of this kind in almost every page that we have often found it very difficult to believe that Mr. Longfellow understands the Italian language sufficiently to justify him in undertaking the translation from it of a poem like the 'Divina Commedia.' Thus, for example, who can deny that *colomba* means dove or pigeon, the plural being *colombe* (doves), the term used in the original? whereas what we call turtle-dove the Italians call *tortorella*, and this very term is used by Dante in several of his sonnets. But this is not the only way in which our translator misrepresents the doves. Dante merely says, with his usual simplicity of language, that they

fly through the air borne by their will (*voler*) to their loved nest—

"al dolce nido
Volan per l' aer dal voler portate."

But *will* it seems is too simple; *volition* is better, because it has an additional syllable! Then when Francesca addresses the poet she calls him "gracious and benign," for visiting those who stained the earth with blood; instead of "benign" Mr. Longfellow gives us "benignant;" and for the former expression, *tignemmo il mondo di sanguigno*, than which nothing could be more natural or more appropriate, he gives us "stained the world *incarnadine*," which is neither one nor the other, but simply bombastic.

The Italians have an idiom by which they use the verb before its nominative, in a conditional sentence, commencing with "if;" Mr. Longfellow has translated this literally, "If *were* the king," &c. Another exquisitely tender passage is that beginning at verse 116. Dante says: "Francesca, thy torments make me weep with grief and pity"—

"Francesca, i tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio."

As usual, this is too simple for our translator; and he tries to improve it thus:

"Thine agonies, Francesca,
Sad and compassionate to weeping make me."

In short, there is scarcely a fine thought in the whole story which is not spoiled in a similar manner. Now, we will give the same episode as rendered by Cary; and the reader can judge for himself whether we are right or wrong in the opinion that the version of 1814 is vastly superior to the version of 1867:

"Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Sway'd them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrain'd." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force
My cry prevail'd, by strong affection urged.

"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land, that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caïna waits
The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;
At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
"What art thou pondering?" I in answer thus:
"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!"
Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,
And thus began: "Francesca! your sad fate
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:
"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens
Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight we read of Lancelot,
How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,
The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far
From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

This translation is by no means perfect; we have already remarked that no version in blank verse could do justice to Dante. We first compare Mr. Cary to Mr. Longfellow

only because both have used blank verse. We are bound to believe that the latter is a better poet than the former, because, so far as we are aware, the former is not the author of any original poem, whereas the latter is the author of several; but we cannot deny, upon the other hand, that Mr. Cary infuses far more poetry into his translation than Mr. Longfellow. We have already given the reason; we think that if our American translator had bestowed on his task one half the time and labour bestowed by his English rival on his, America would have had the honor of having produced the best version of the *Divina Commedia* in the English language. We do not, indeed, found this opinion on the version Mr. Longfellow has given us; did we judge by this alone we could hardly expect that any amount of time and labour would enable him to give a faithful rendering of Dante; but his own poems and other writings satisfy us that he has abundant talent for the work if he would only exercise it.

We will now compare Mr. Longfellow's version with that of Mr. Wright, who, as we have already remarked, has adopted the same form of verse used by Dante himself, namely, the *terza rima*. In making the comparison we will select another famous and tragic episode—one that took place in the same year with that of Francesca di Rimini—it is hardly necessary to add that we mean the tragedy of Ugolino. Count Ugolino was chief of the Guelphs of Pisa; by means of treachery and fraud he made himself lord of the city; but he was betrayed in turn by the chief of the Ghibellines, and, in accordance with the cruel and vindictive party spirit of the age, was locked up in a tower with two of his sons and two of his grandsons. The keys of the tower were thrown into the Arno, and the unfortunate prisoners left to die of hunger. Ugolino, seeing his end approach, cried aloud for a priest in order that he might confess his sins and die a penitent; but his cries were in vain. On the two poets entering the circle in which traitors are punished, they find the two rival chiefs frozen together. Ugolino proceeds to inform the explorers how it is that himself and Archbishop Ruggiero are so close together, and how the latter put him to death; then he enters into particulars which are rendered by Mr. Longfellow as follows:

> A narrow *perforation* in the mew,
> Which bears because of me the title of Famine,
> And in which others still must be locked up,

Had shown me through its opening many moons
Already, when I dreamed the evil dream
Which of the future rent for me the veil.
This one appeared to me as lord and master,
Hunting the wolf and whelps upon the mountain
For which the Pisans cannot Lucca see.
With sleuth-hounds gaunt, and eager, and *well trained*,
Gualandi with Sismondi and Lanfranchi
He had sent out before him to the front.
After brief course seemed unto me *forespent*
The father and the sons, and with sharp *tushes*
It seemed to me I saw their flanks *ripped open*.
When I *before the morrow* was awake,
Moaning amid their sleep I heard my sons
Who with me were, and *asking after bread*.
Cruel indeed art thou, if yet thou grieve not,
Thinking of what my heart foreboded me,
And weep'st thou not, what art thou wont to weep at?
They were awake now, and the hour drew nigh
At which our food used to be brought to us,
And through his dream was each one *apprehensive;*
And I heard locking up the under door
Of the horrible tower; whereat without a word
I gazed into the faces of my sons.
I wept not, I within so turned to stone;
They wept; and *darling* little Anselm *mine*
Said: 'Thou dost gaze so, father, what *doth* ail thee?'
Still not a tear I shed, nor answer made
All of that day, nor yet the night thereafter,
Until another sun rose on the world.
As now a little glimmer made its way
Into the *dolorous* prison, and I saw
Upon four faces my own very aspect,
Both of my hands in agony I bit;
And, thinking that I did it from desire
Of eating, on a sudden they uprose,
And *said they:* 'Father, much less pain 't will give us
If thou do eat of us; thyself didst clothe us
With this poor flesh, and do thou strip it off.'
I calmed me then, not to make them more sad.
That day we all were silent, and the next.
Ah! obdurate earth, *wherefore* didst thou not open?
When we had come unto the fourth day, Gaddo
Threw himself down outstretched before my feet,
Saying, 'My father, why dost thou not help me?'
And there he died; and, as thou seest me,
I saw the three fall one by one, between
The fifth day and the sixth; whence I betook me,
Already blind, to groping over each,
And three days called them after they were dead;
Then hunger *did* what sorrow could not *do*."
When he had said this, with his eyes distorted,
The wretched skull *resumed* he with his teeth,
Which, as a dog's, *upon the bone were strong*.

(Canto xxxiii.)

We have really never seen a worse translation of that frightful tragedy than this; Mr. Longfellow is still more pompous in it, still more unfaithful to the original than he is in the story of Francesca. This any intelligent person can easily verify for himself. In the very first line of the passage just quoted he uses one of his favorite polysyllables, namely, "perforation." *Hole*, or *grate*, which is the proper translation of the original, *pertugio*, would not suit our translator. It seems that in future, instead of saying that a prisoner looks through a hole or grating, in order to be classical we must say, he looks through a "perforation." A few lines farther down (v. 31) Dante introduces into his description "hounds meagre, keen, and dexterous, or searching (*cagne magre, studiose e conte*);" but Mr. Longfellow must make them "*sleuth-hounds* gaunt (!)" Dante tells us in the most expressive and natural manner that "after a short course the father and his sons seemed wearied," adding that he "thought he saw their flanks torn, or gored with the sharp teeth." But what equivalent does our translator give us for this?

> "After brief course *seemed unto me forespent*
> The father and the sons, and with sharp *tushes*
> It *seemed* to me I saw their flanks *ripped open*."—v. 34-6.

But let us continue. In the original, Ugolino says, "When I awoke *before the dawn*, I heard my sons who were with me weeping amid their sleep, and asking for bread." For this we have from our translator—

> "When I before *the morrow* was awake,
> Moaning amid their sleep I heard my sons
> Who with me were, and asking *after bread*."

Every person who has anything more than a schoolboy's acquaintance with Italian knows that *innanzi la dimane* does not mean "before the morrow" in poetry; even in prose it generally means before dawn, or before day. But still worse is "asking *after* bread." Our translator might just as well have written "asking *before* bread." Nothing could be more direct or more natural than the language of the original, *e dimandar del pane* (asking, or calling for bread), which is exactly equivalent to the French expression *demander du pain*. Wishing to reserve our space for some remarks on other passages, we will make no further criticisms on this; but, instead of doing so, present our readers a portion of Mr. Wright's version of the same episode:

" When I awoke, ere morn its rays had shed,
I heard my sons, who with me were confined,
Sob in their slumbers, and cry out for bread.
Full cruel art thou, if thou canst conceive,
Without a tear, what then came o'er my mind!
And if thou grieve not, what can make thee grieve?
They were awake; and now the hour drew near
Which had been wont to bring their scant repast,
And each was pondering o'er his dream of fear,—
When from within the dreadful tower I heard
The entrance underneath with nails made fast:—
I gazed upon my boys—nor spake a word.
I wept not, for my heart was turn'd to stone:—
My children wept;—and little Anselm cr'ed,
'What ails thee, father?—strange thy looks are grown.'
Yet still I weep not—still made no reply
Throughout that day, and all the night beside;
Until another sun lit up the sky.
But, when a faint and broken ray was thrown
Within that dismal dungeon, and I view'd
In their four looks the image of mine own,—
Then both my hands through anguish did I bite;
And they, supposing that from want of food
I did so—sudden raised themselves upright,
And said, 'Oh, father! less will be our pain,
If thou wilt feed on us:—thou did'st bestow
This wretched flesh;—'tis thine to take again.'
Then was I calm, lest they the more should grieve.
Two days all silent we remained!—O thou
Hard earth, why did'st thou not beneath us cleave?
Four days our agonies had been delay'd,
When Gaddo at my feet his body threw,
Exclaiming, 'Father! why not give me aid?'
He died;—and, as distinct as here I stand,
I saw the three fall one by one, before
The sixth day closed;—then, groping with my hand,
I felt each wretched corse, for sight had fail'd;
Two days I call'd on those who were no more;
Then hunger—stronger e'en than grief—prevail'd."
This said—aside his vengeful eyes were thrown,
And with his teeth the skull again he tore,
Fierce as a dog to gnaw the very bone.

Now, if any intelligent person, acquainted with the original, will compare this with the corresponding passage quoted from Mr. Longfellow's translation, he will need no further proof of the wretched failure the latter has made, or of his inferiority to Wright as a translator of Dante. The inflated character of the new translation is evident at every line. Turn, for instance, to v. 50. Mr. Longfellow has

" And *darling* little Anselm *mine*—"

Mr. Wright,

" And little Anselm—"

Mr. Cary,

"My little Anselm"—

Carlyle has also "my little Anselm;" so would fifty other translators who fully understood the original, for what Dante says, is simply

——"e Anselmuccio mio."

There is nothing about "darling" here; the whole expression is, "and my little Anselm," nothing more. The mistake of Mr. Longfellow is, that the diminutive termination *uccio* affixed to Anselm is expressive of endearment as well as smallness, which is far from being the case; when it conveys any other idea than something small it is something contemptible, as *casuccia*, a small, mean-looking house. Whether it be the same want of familiar acquaintance with the original or his love for pompousness that causes Mr. Longfellow to use the expression "dolorous prison" for "doleful" or "dismal prison," we leave the reader to judge for himself. Passing over the rest of the extract, we come to the four last lines, and wish them to be compared with the corresponding lines of Mr. Longfellow's version, which have also been quoted. There is nothing more startling or awful than the language of Dante:

Poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno.

"Then fasting had more power than grief," which is very well rendered by Mr. Wright in the line,

"Then hunger—stronger e'en than grief—prevail'd."

The version of Mr. Cary is also well calculated to fill the imagination:

"Then fasting got
The mastery of grief."

Now, compare either of these with Mr. Longfellow's line:

"Then hunger *did* what sorrow could not *do*."

We will not ask which is the best translation, but which is the worst? Which is least poetical, and least faithful? But we have three more lines in this passage from Mr. Wright; let Mr. Longfellow's be compared with them. From the new version it would seem as if Ugolino had spoken, not with his tongue, but "*with his distorted eyes*:"

"When he had said, with his eyes distorted,
The wretched skull *resumed he* with his teeth,
Which, as a dog's, *upon the bone were strong*."

The expressions "resumed he" and "upon the bone were strong," are nearly as "wretched" as the mangled skull.

As there must always be some dark motive for adverse criticism, it must follow, we suppose, that we have some vindictive feeling against Mr. Longfellow, or his publishers. Nevertheless it is not the case; we would not do either the slightest injury if it were in our power; on the contrary, we have the most friendly feelings towards each. But a bombastic translation of Dante, or any of the great poets, is one of those things which we cannot endure, let it come from whom it may. As for finding fault with a work because it comes from a particular part of the country, we think our readers will bear us testimony that we do not write in any such illiberal, narrow spirit. We are as much disposed to admire anything that is admirable in a Boston or New England work, as we are to admire anything that is admirable in a New York, an English, Irish, or Scotch work. If there is ever any difference it certainly does not arise from the *place* in which the work has been produced, or from the nationality, race, religion, or political party to which its author belongs. As a proof that we are actuated by no such feeling in regard to Mr. Longfellow, we now take up the version of another Massachusetts man for the purpose of comparing it with his—we mean that of Mr. T. W. Parsons—of which the edition before us was published in Boston in 1865; but contains only seventeen cantos of the Inferno.

In dedicating his translation to the Duke of Sermoneta of Rome, Mr. Parsons shows that he is quite aware of the difficulties of translating Dante; and it is this very fact that has prevented him from giving a rendering of the whole poem. Referring to a former request of the Duke, the translator remarks:

"A second request, of a more public nature, has induced me, at a late day, to issue a small reprint, as an humble tribute from New England to the coming celebration, in Florence, of the six-hundredth Birthday of Dante. In 1836, my father took me with him to Italy,—to Florence; and there, in the venerable Borgo Sant' Apostolo, consecrated in my imagination by a verse of Dante's in the ancient house of the Acciaiuoli, and in the home of a learned lady who bore the name of the poet, I became enamored of the 'Divina Commedia.' My first studies were of the 'Paradiso,' and I began to render portions of it into *terza rima*—a form foreign to our language,—even in Byron's hand,

'The stretchèd metre of an antique song;'

and soon found that although permitting a paraphrase it was *almost as ill-suited as blank verse* to represent the musical merits of my master. I therefore adopted the alternate quatrain, which is our measure nearest to

the Italian, the measure of Gray's 'Elegy,' which already hath possession of the English ear, and must charm it for ever."*

It is evident that it was not as a business speculation Mr. Parsons made his translation, but that he was actuated solely by his admiration of Dante. We should be sorry to accuse Mr. Longfellow of a less worthy motive; and yet we are constrained to say that his work looks very much like a hasty job. But whatever the intention or object has been in either case it is very clear to us that Mr. Parsons has studied his author much more carefully than Mr. Longfellow, and we also feel convinced that the former understood Italian much more thoroughly than the latter. We really believe that had the facts been otherwise the new American translation would have been much better than the old, instead of being inferior to it, as we think every intelligent reader will admit on comparing specimens with each other. We now turn to the second canto, and extract those passages from Mr. Longfellow's translation in which Dante, Virgil, and Beatrice are the interlocutors:

"Poet, who guidest me,
Regard my *manhood*, if it be sufficient,
Ere to the arduous pass thou dost confide me.
Thou sayest, that of Silvius the parent,
While yet corruptible, unto the world
Immortal went, and was there bodily.
But if the adversary of all evil
Was courteous, thinking of the high effect
That issue would from him, and who, and what,
To men of intellect unmeet it seems not;
For he was of great Rome, and of her empire
In the empyreal heaven as father chosen;
The which and what, wishing to speak the truth,
Were stablished as the holy place, wherein
Sits the successor of the greatest Peter.
Upon this journey, whence thou givest him vaunt,
Things did he hear, which the occasion were
Both of his victory and the papal mantle.
Thither went afterwards the Chosen Vessel,
To bring back comfort thence unto that faith,
Which of *salvation's way* is the *beginning*.
But I, why thither come, or who concedes it?
I not Æneas am, I am not Paul,
Nor I, nor others, think me worthy of it.
Therefore, if I resign myself to come,
I fear the coming may be ill-advised;
Thou'rt wise, and knowest better than I speak."
And as he is, who unwills what he willed,
And by new thoughts doth his intention change,
So that from his design he quite withdraws,

* Seventeen Cantos of the Inferno of Dante. By T. W. Parsons.

Such I became, upon that dark hillside,
Because, in thinking, I *consumed the emprise*,
Which was so very prompt in the beginning.
"If I have well thy language understood,"
Replied that shade of the Magnanimous,
"Thy soul *attainted is* with *cowardice*,
Which many a time encumbers so,
It turns him back from honored enterprise,
As false sight doth a beast, when *he is shy*.
That thou mayst free thee from this *apprehension*,
I'll tell thee why I came, and what I heard
At the first moment when I grieved for thee.
Among those was I who are in suspense,
And a fair, saintly Lady called to me
In such wise, I besought her to command me.
Her eyes were shining brighter than the Star;
And she began to say, gentle and low,
With voice angelical, in her own language:
'*O spirit courteous* of Mantua,
Of whom the fame still in the world endures,
And shall endure, *long-lasting* as the world;
A friend of mine, and not the friend of fortune,
Upon the desert slope is so impeded
Upon his way, that he has turned through terror,
And may, I fear, already be so lost,
That I too late have risen to his succor,
From that which I have heard of him in Heaven.
Bestir thee now, and with thy speech ornate,
And with what needful is for his release,
Assist him so, that I may be consoled.
Beatrice am I, *who do bid thee go*;
I come from *there*, *where* I would fain return;
Love moved me, *which compelleth me to speak*.
When I shall be in presence of my Lord,
Full often will I praise thee unto him.' (Canto ii.)

We have selected this passage because it is that which is praised as a model of fine translation by those enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Longfellow whom he has so handsomely requited in advance in his "Illustrations" and "Notes." It is intimated—of course in a very delicate manner—that there is such a resemblance between the genius of the author of "Hiawatha" and the author of the "Iliad" that the former could not have failed to soar higher than usual in interpreting the thoughts of Virgil. We do not deny that Mr. Longfellow is far more successful, or rather far less unsuccessful in this passage than he is in general; but that there is still abundant room for improvement will, we think, be readily admitted. Before making any particular criticism on the verses just quoted, we subjoin Mr. Parsons' version of the same:

DANTE.

"Oh thou who art my guide,
Poet! what strength my humble virtue hath
Examine well before, with steps untried,
My feet be trusted to that arduous path.
Thou tell'st of Silvius, how his Father went
Among the immortals, animated still
With sense, in flesh corruptible still pent,—
Such was His grace who hateth every ill;
But gracious Heaven weighed then the high result,—
Both who and what should spring from such a seed!
Nor to man's reason seems the cause occult,
Since He was in the empyreal sphere decreed
The future Father of benignant Rome,
And of Rome's empire, which were pre-ordained
To be the holy seat and sacred home
Of him who sits where greater Peter reigned.
That visit, famed by thee o'er all the globe,
Taught him the events wherefrom, in process grew
His conquest, and, in fine, the Papal robe.
God's 'chosen vessel' journeyed heavenward too,
To strengthen more that Faith wherein alone
The primal steps of our salvation lie;
But why to me were such indulgence shown?
For no Æneas, no St. Paul am I;
Small is my worth in mine as men's e teem:
Should I, so humble, so forlorn and weak,
Venture this going, 'twould but folly seem:
Thou'rt wise—more wise to hear than I to speak."
As one who wavers in his wish,—by doubt
Discouraged wholly from his first design,
Thus I, on Hell's dim coast, in thought wore out
That eager spirit which before was mine.

VIRGIL.

"If I thy language rightly have conceived,"
Serenely answered that majestic shade,
"Thy mind of manhood is through fear bereaved,
Which oft a mortal bosom will invade,
That man from noble action, like a beast
Starting at some false vision, is deterred;
From which poor cowardice be now released!
Mark wherefore I am come, what I have heard,
When first for thee compassion touched my breast;
With those I dwelt who in suspense remain;
A Lady called me, beautiful and blest,
Whom I besought her mandates to explain.
Brighter her eyes beamed than the ruling star!
And thus she spake, in accents mild and low,
And tones all music, as an angel's are:

BEATRIS.

"Know, gracious Mantuan, gentle spirit! know,
Thou whose fame lives and shall, till motion end!
In the wild waste, opposed upon his track,
A friend of mine,—yet ah! not fortune's friend,
Trembling with terror, from his way turns back;

And much, I fear, by what in heaven I heard,
That I to succor him have risen too late,
So far from his true pathway he has erred.
Then hie thee, VIRGIL, with thy phrase ornate,
And with what else his rescue may require:
By helping him, give comfort unto me;
For I am BEATRIS who thus desire,
And come from where again I fain would be.
Love called me hither, and I speak from Love:
Full oft thy praise I will enforce on high,
When I shall stand before my Lord above."

Now, the reader can compare the two Boston versions with each other; nor has he to depend, in so doing, on garbled extracts. In this, as in each of the other instances, in which we have given specimens of the new version, we have given the translator a full opportunity to vindicate himself. But what is the result? It is true, indeed, that Mr. Parsons is not Athenian in his version of the *Inferno*, but he makes a far nearer approach to that character than Mr. Longfellow makes in his. First, as is our wont, we have given a passage in its integrity from each; now we will compare particular verses. We need not go beyond the second line (v. 11) of those last quoted from Mr. Longfellow—"Regard my *manhood*." This is what he gives us for "*Guarda la mia virtù*" ("Examine, or look, if there be strength or virtue in me sufficient"). Now, how much more faithful, and at the same time more poetical, is the rendering of Mr. Parsons:

"What strength my humble *virtue* hath
Examine well," &c.

"Virtue," not "manhood," is the term used by Mr. Cary, while Dr. Carlyle uses the term "worth," which is nearly synonymous with virtue, but very different from "manhood." From this we pass on to v. 25:

"Per questa andata, onde gli dai tu vanto"

(By this journey for which thou honorest him), which, according to Mr. Longfellow, is,

"Upon this journey, *whence thou givest him vaunt.*"

We need only refer the reader to Mr. Parsons' version; we cannot say it is good, or faithful, yet it is better—at least more intelligible—more like poetry, than that just quoted.

But what will the reader say of the following three lines of Mr. Longfellow's?

"Thither went afterwards the Chosen Vessel,
To bring back comfort thence unto that Faith,
Which of salvation's way is the *beginning*."

"To bring back comfort," &c., is perfectly absurd; as usual the blunder arises from not understanding the original, for *conforto*, the term used by Dante, does not mean comfort, but "corroboration," or "confirmation," and it is rendered accordingly by every competent translator including Cary and Carlyle. The rendering of Mr. Parsons is very good—

> "God's Chosen Vessel journeyed heavenward too
> To *strengthen* more that faith," &c.

Mr. Longfellow has made a similar mistake in translating *principio*, "beginning," in the next line; in the present instance it means the "entrance" to, or "foundation" of, as indeed it means in general. Hurrying on, we come to Virgil's remonstrance to Dante, for being afraid, where Mr. Longfellow makes the Mantuan use the stilted language,

> "Thy soul *attainted* is with *cowardice*."

Very different, indeed, from the simple impressive language of the original,

> "L'anima tua è da viltade offesa."

The rendering of Mr. Parsons is by no means to our satisfaction—

> "Thy mind of manhood is through fear bereaved;"

but is far from being so defective, or so different from the spirit of the original, as Mr. Longfellow's. The line (48)

> "As false sight doth a beast, *when he is shy*,"

is very lame, indeed. Mr. Parsons does much better:

> ——"Like a beast
> Starting at some false vision, is deterred."

In the next line Mr. Longfellow has "apprehensive" for *temo* (dread, or fear). He must always have a polysyllable when he can!

Because Dante puts the adjective after the noun according to the genius of the Italian language, Mr. Longfellow must do the same, as when Beatrice addresses Virgil,

> "O spirit *courteous* of Mantua."

Mr. Parsons has

> "Know, gracious Mantuan, gentle spirit! know."

Mr. Cary,

> "O courteous shade of Mantua."

But it is high time to close. We should not have felt justified in devoting half the space and time we have to the new

translation, had we not felt that in doing so we were contributing to make our readers better acquainted with the Homer of Christianity; but who could not be regarded as Homeric in any proper sense, if Mr. Longfellow's version of his really divine poem were accepted as accurate, or faithful. The truth is, that all the leading characters are degraded in the new translation. Is it not a degradation, for example, to make Beatrice address the author of the "Æneid" in language like the following?

> "Beatrice am I, *who do bid thee go;*
> I come *from there, where* I would fain return,
> Love moved *which compelleth me to speak.*"

Perhaps the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* are translated better, for we have not yet seen Mr. Longfellow's version of either. Should we find it good, nothing would afford us more pleasure than to point out its merits; but the translator must have studied and learned much since he finished the *Inferno* if he has rendered either of the other parts of the great *triology* worthy of Dante or of himself.

ART. V.—1. *The Works of* FRANCIS BACON. Collected and edited by JAMES SPEDDING, M. A., ROBERT LESLIE ELLIS, M. A., and DOUGLASS DENON HEATH.

2. *Works of* LORD BACON. Edited by MR. MONTAGUE.

3. *Essay on* BACON. By LORD MACAULAY.

4. *Address of* BARON LIEBIG.

ALTHOUGH some time has elapsed since the publication of Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's Works, we cannot but regard it as a fortunate circumstance that it appeared at an opportune moment, after Mr. Montague had produced the edition containing his extravagant views of both Bacon's character and philosophy, followed by Macaulay's Essay, which, while it denounced the man, exalted the philosophy in a strain of hyperbole very uncommon for the great essayist and historian.

We regard the death of the late Lord Macaulay as one of the greatest losses which the literary world has sustained in our time. Most aptly did a London journal

compare his burial with that of Eastern monarchs whose massy treasures are laid in the earth with their bodies. What a picture of Queen Anne's time, for example, would he have given us had he lived to finish his history! How Pope, Addison, Bolingbroke, and the many other celebrated writers of that time would have shone resplendent in the same gallery with that of the court and the glories of Marlborough!

But our admiration for his genius must not blind us to some of his faults; for no writer has oftener than himself warned us gainst the delusion which ascribes every moral excellence to those who have left imperishable monuments of their genius; other great men, Edmund Burke, for example, at the time of the French Revolution, are sometimes so much in the wrong as to delude many who cannot withstand their brilliant rhetoric into being also in the wrong.*

From the first time that we read his famous essay on Bacon we have ever believed that he was under as great a delusion with reference to Bacon the philosopher as was Mr. Montague with reference to Bacon the chancellor. We will take occasion to show that the position assigned to Bacon by Macaulay is in direct opposition to a principle laid down by the latter only a few years before, which was the utter futility of any one man founding a dynasty in philosophy or discovery of any kind—that such a man is as it were a mere creature of his age, as was Byron, for example, in poetry in his age. We shall also take occasion to give the views of one of the most scientific men of our own time on Bacon's philosophy. In the autumn of 1863 Baron Liebig delivered an address before the scientific society of which he is president, in which he designated that philosophy as purely empirical, and completely divested Bacon of whatever scientific knowledge he was supposed to possess.

We are not surprised that Mr. Spedding and his friend Mr. Ellis have serious doubts as to the practicability and perfectibility of the Baconian philosophy. In the preface to the *Parasceve ad Historiam Naturalem et Experimentalem*, we have Mr. Spedding's doubts arranged in the form of a dialogue. He tries hard to have these doubts set at rest, and it

* "If we would speak of things as they are we must allow that all the art of rhetoric, besides order and clearness—all the figurative and artificial application of ready words eloquence hath invented are for nothing else but to insinuate wrong ideas, etc."—*Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*, book iii., chap. 10, sec. 34.

is somewhat curious to find him trying to console himself with Mr. Ellis' answers, and how unsatisfactory those answers are. The truth seems to be that until Baron Liebig exposed Bacon's empiricisms, such was the hold that Bacon had on that numerous class that are content to take their opinions ready-manufactured for them, that they regarded him as the embodiment of all philosophy; any one can witness the struggles made even by Mr. Spedding and his co-editors to emancipate their minds from old prejudices.*

This perplexity is not confined to the present editors alone: every distinguished Englishman who has written on that subject has been disturbed in the same way; some have accused him of, and elaborately defended, what they called his just dissimulations, for we are inclined to think with Professor Kuno Fischer, that his private character was deeply interwoven with his philosophical character. Thus Mr. Montague assures us that Bacon was innocent of the charges brought against him; that he had the means of making a perfectly satisfactory defence; that when he plainly and ingenuously confessed that he was guilty of corruption, and when he afterwards solemnly affirmed that his confession was "his act, his hand, his heart," he was telling a great lie; and that he refrained from bringing forward proofs of his innocence because he durst not disobey the king and the favorite, who, for their own selfish objects, pressed him to plead guilty. Mr. Maurice asks us, in his *Moral and Intellectual Philosophy*, whether there was not something patriotic in a philosopher degrading himself that philosophy might be exalted? This after reading the fulsome and nauseous dedication of the philosophical works to King James! We are sorry to be obliged to say of Mr. Maurice, much of whose work we greatly admire, that his exposition of that philosophy seems to us, at every page, to be hard-labored casuistry.†

We love to know what the greatest minds in all ages have thought and expressed even on subjects philosophical and metaphysical to which no earthly solution has yet, nor in all probability ever will be found, from Solomon's Ecclesiastics and the Book of Job—the two

* Not even the attacks of Hume and others, followed by Professor Ritter in later times, we are inclined to think, awakened men's minds so much as did Baron Liebig.

† If our readers should think this too harsh, we would refer them to the whole of Mr. Maurice's account of Bacon's philosophy, especially his reference to Coleridge at page 214, and his comments on Bacon's Moral Philosophy at page 229.

oldest works on philosophy extant—the mysteries of Egypt, what the Hindoos believed, supposed by some to be the origin of pantheism, overleaping Confucius and coming down to the famous Greek school from that of Democritus, Heraclitus, and others, to Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Such studies are to us as they appeared to the charming vision and were expressed in the language of one than whom none knew better the exquisite enjoyment which such thoughts were capable of producing.

> "How charming is divine philosophy,
> Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets."

Of this vast fund of knowledge, how thankful we should be that so much has been preserved amid the mutations to which everything earthly has been subjected; this glorious heritage, this almost inexhaustible mine of deep thoughts and incalculable treasures, the accumulation of ages, all before us to compare and to collate, with what later philosophers have thought and educed; none having the exclusive domain over philosophy, but each teaching and adding to the world's stock. The student in search of truth wanders from teacher to teacher, gathering some from each; the congenial mind gratefully stopping and refreshing itself at the numerous rivers and streams which the bounty of ages has placed at his disposal. Utilitarians may decry such studies, but it is nevertheless certain that even at periods when utilitarianism would seem to be most flourishing the greatest minds of such and all preceding and succeeding ages have again and again recurred to the study of Plato and Aristotle, whether merely as exercises for the mind, for their rich thoughts, or for delight at their mere diction. This much seems certain, that there is no more likelihood of their being laid aside than there is danger of the old poem of Homer himself being laid aside.

And why should they be neglected? Has any system of philosophy, inductive, positive, deductive, eclectic, transcendental, the philosophy of the schoolmen, of the great minds which preceded Bacon, the great minds which succeeded Bacon, have any or all of these ever succeeded in banishing them from universities, from libraries or schools, or from men's studies in general? We can enjoy Pico of Mirandola, we can enjoy, and great, indeed, is our enjoyment of Montaigne, although no founder of a so-called school, yet teaching as much wisdom as many

of the ponderous-tomed writers who had not one-half of his ability. And why not? Are not some truths to be found in all of the writers we have named? And where is the pure unadulterated truth to be found? In Bacon, Descartes, Hobbs, Spinoza, Locke, Berkeley, Vico, David Hume, the Scotch metaphysicians, D'Alembert and the French philosophers, in Leibnitz, Kant, Wolf, Hegel, Schelling, Fichte?

Why not enjoy of this earth's blessings what we can, and be thankful that so rich a repast is within our reach? Why set up an idol at one time only to demolish it at another? Why elevate Plato to the pinnacle of human glory at one age to substitute another god at another age? Is human reason so constituted that it can take in all these systems and evolve the real truth out of all? Is the dictum to go forth at one period of the world's history that Francis Bacon, and he alone, is to be enshrined, and at his feet all men are to bow and to declare that he only has settled what true philosophy is? We rejoice to think that we can admire what is admirable in Bacon no less than we can admire and enjoy what is admirable in all other philosophers. The discussion, which even now has not subsided, between Mr. Mill's and Sir William Hamilton's adherents, ought to satisfy us that it is not by setting up this idol and that system that the true aims of philosophy are attained. In truth we are inclined to think that if men would oftener ponder on the meaning of philosophy itself, and consider that its real meaning is love of wisdom, they would be more disposed to delight over the vast riches they possess than to quarrel over them.*

But to return to Bacon—and we would remark in passing that it is not our intention in these few brief pages to enter into any elaborate examination of his philosophy, for treatises on that subject are as plentiful as systems of philosophy themselves, but merely to show from the abundance of materials that have accumulated how easily a refutation might be made of the notion that it was heretofore so fashionable to entertain, that until Bacon came "men's minds were wasted in discussions which left them no wiser than they were before;" that "words and mere words had been the fruit of all the toil of all the most renowned sages of sixty generations." Is it also true that experiment has not been practised and recommended? Is it true that until

* The memorable quarrel between Malebranche and Berkeley will be likely to suggest itself to our readers.

Bacon came all knowledge was, in his own words, "hollow, empty, and unfruitful; the right path had not been found which was to go to facts in order to learn their arrangement and their connexion"?*

Although Baron Liebig has mentioned both Roger Bacon and Leonardo da Vinci, we do not remember his giving any extracts from their writings; and as the resemblance of Roger Bacon to Francis Bacon in pointing out what the latter's admirers call the "true path" is so remarkable, that we offer no apology to our readers for giving extracts from a work which is somewhat scarce. His *Opus Major* was published about a century ago by Dr. S. Jebb, principally from a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

The professed object of the work is to urge the necessity of a reform in the mode of philosophizing, to set forth the reasons why knowledge had not made a greater progress, to draw attention to the sources of knowledge which had been unwisely neglected, to discover other sources which were yet almost untouched, and to animate men in the undertaking by a prospect of the vast advantages which it offered in the development of this plan. All the leading portions of science are expounded in the most complete shape which they had at that time assumed, and improvements of a very wide and striking kind are proposed in some of the principal of these departments. One of the first points to be noticed is the resistance to authority, and at the stage of philosophical history with which we have to do, this means resistance to Aristotle as adopted and interpreted by the doctors of the schools.

Roger Bacon's work is divided into six parts, and of these the first is, Of the four universal causes of all human ignorance. The causes thus enumerated are: the force of unworthy authority, traditionary habit, the imperfection of the undisciplined senses, and the disposition to conceal our ignorance and to make an ostentatious show of our knowledge. These influences involve every man, occupy every condition. They prevent our obtaining the most useful and large and fair doctrines of wisdom, the secret of all sciences and arts. He then proceeds to argue from the testimony of philosophers themselves that the authority of antiquity, and especially of Aristotle, is not infallible. "We find their books," he says, "full of doubts, obscurities, and

* Novum Organum, i. 82.

perplexities. They scarce agree with each other in one empty question or one worthless sophism or one operation of science." "If I had power over the works of Aristotle," he adds, "I would have them all burnt, for it is only a loss of time to study in them, and a cause of error and a multiplication of ignorance beyond expression."

The remedies which he recommends for these evils are in the first place the study of that only perfect wisdom which is to be found in the Scripture, in the next place the *study of mathematics* and the *use of experiment*. By the aid of these methods he anticipates the most splendid progress for human knowledge. He takes up the strain of hope and confidence which are peculiar to the Roman writers and quotes some of the passages of Seneca—that the day will come when what is still unknown shall be brought to light by the progress of time and the labors of a longer period; that one age does not suffice for inquiries so wide and various; that the people of future times shall know many things unknown to us, and that the time shall arrive when posterity will wonder that we overlooked what was so obvious. Dr. Whewell, to whose work we are indebted for the above extracts, thus expresses himself with reference to some of Roger Bacon's other views: "To proceed somewhat more in detail with regard to his views of a reform in scientific inquiry, we may observe that by making mathematics and experiment the two great points of his recommendation he directed his improvement to the two essential parts of all knowledge, ideas, and facts, and thus took the course which the most enlightened philosophy would have suggested."*

He did not urge the prosecution of experiment to the comparative neglect of the existing mathematical sciences; a fault which there is some ground for ascribing to his great namesake and successor, Francis Bacon. Still less did he content himself with a mere protest against the authority of the schools, and a vague demand for change, which was almost all that was done by those who put themselves forward as reformers in the intermediate time. Roger Bacon holds his way steadily between the two poles of human knowledge, which, as we have seen, it is far from easy to do. "There are two modes of knowing," he says, "by argument and by experiment. Argument concludes a question, but it does not make us feel certain or

* See Whewell on the Philosophy of Discovery, pp. 64–70, London, Parker & Son, 1860.

acquiesce in the contemplation of truth except the truth be also found to be so by experience; it is not easy to express more decidedly the clearly seen union of exact conceptions with certain facts, which, as we have explained, constitute real knowledge."

One large division of the *Opus Majus* is "On the Usefulness of Mathematics," which is shown by a copious enumeration of existing branches of knowledge, such as chronology, geography, the calendar, and optics. There is a chapter in which it is proved by reason that all science requires mathematics, and the arguments which are used to establish this doctrine show a most just appreciation of the office of mathematics in science. They are as follow: that other sciences use examples taken from mathematics as the most evident; that mathematical knowledge is as it were innate in us; that this science, being the easiest, offers the best introduction to the more difficult; that in mathematics things as known to us are identical with things as known to nature; that we can here entirely avoid doubt and error and obtain certainty and truth; that mathematics is prior to other sciences in nature because it takes cognizance of quantity, which is apprehended by intuition (*intuitu intellectus*).* "But undoubtedly," says Dr. Whewell, "the most remarkable portion of the *Opus Majus* is the sixth and last part, which is entitled *De Scientia Experimentali*. It is indeed an extraordinary circumstance to find a writer of the thirteenth century not only recognizing experiment as one source of knowledge, but urging its claims as something far more important than men had yet been aware of, exemplifying its value by striking and just examples, and speaking of the authority with a dignity of diction which sounds like a forerunner of the Baconian sentences uttered nearly four hundred years later; yet this is the character of what we here find. Experimental science has three great prerogatives, among other parts of knowledge: first, the tests by experiment, the noblest conclusions of all other sciences; next she discovers, respecting the notions which other sciences deal with, magnificent truths to which these sciences of themselves can by no means attain! Her third dignity is that she by her own power and without respect of other sciences, investigates the secret of nature."† We would particularly refer our readers to his inquiry concerning the cause of the rainbow, pp. 73 to 75.

* P. 71. † P. 72.

Dr. Whewell's conclusion thereon is that in this respect he was more fortunate than Francis Bacon.

The writings of the other eminent men who inculcated similar doctrines we shall have to pass over; we can only give an extract from one more, who, in the language of the *Quarterly Review*, was one of the greatest names of his age and country, one of the unequalled fathers of his art, and a scientific writer on its rules, but who ought before this time to have assumed his rank as one of the boldest and most original thinkers—as one of those prophets who have been gifted with a premature foreknowledge of the future revelations of philosophy.* Thus wrote Leonardo da Vinci: "Theory is the general; experiments are the soldiers; the interpreter of the artifices of nature is experience—she is never deceived. Our judgment sometimes is deceived, because it expects effects which experience refuses to allow. And again, we must consult experience, and vary the circumstances, till we have drawn from them general rules, for it is she who furnishes true rules. But of what use, you ask, are these rules? I reply that they direct us in the researches of nature and the operations of art. They prevent our imposing upon ourselves results which we cannot obtain. And again, nature begins from the reason and ends in experience, but for all that we must take the opposite course—begin from the experiment and try to discover the reason."

His greatest literary distinction is derived from those short fragments of his unpublished writings that appeared not many years since, and which, according at least to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, are more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis. The discoveries which made Galileo, Kepler, Maestlin, Mauzolycus, Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Da Vinci within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides of just theory in the investigation of nature. If any doubt could be harbored, not as to the right of Leonardo da Vinci

* Quarterly Review for 1837, article on Mr. Hallam.

to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which probably no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be on an hypothesis not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record. The extraordinary works of ecclesiastical architecture in the middle ages, especially in the fifteenth century, as well as those of Toscanelli and Fioravanti, which we have mentioned, tend to this opinion; and it is said to be confirmed by the notes of Fra Mauro, a lay brother of a convent near Venice, on a planisphere constructed by him and still extant. Leonardo himself speaks of the earth's annual motion in a treatise that appears to have been written about 1510, as the opinion of many philosophers in his age.*

From such writings it is amusing to turn to the statements of those who profess to be the best acquainted with the Baconian philosophy and listen to their explanations; they remind us of nothing so much as the alliteratives which Byron applied to Mr. Coleridge when that gentleman was lecturing on philosophy to the English people:

> "Explaining metaphysics to the nation,
> I wish he would explain his explanation."

The German, Professor Ritter, has pointed out the vast number of distinguished Englishmen who not only differed vastly in their accounts of the Verulamian system, but who thought very little of the system itself. Did our space permit we should like to go over several of the writers alluded to, but we can only give brief extracts from some of the most recent. We will first select Mr. Hallam, whose reputation for accurate research and impartiality stands deservedly so high.† "But we must constantly remember," says that historian, "that the philosophy of Bacon was left exceedingly incomplete; many lives would not have sufficed for what he planned, and he gave only the *Horæ Subservæ* of his own. It is evident that he had turned his thoughts to physical philosophy rather for an exercise of his reasoning faculties and out of an insatiable thirst for knowledge than from any peculiar aptitude for their subjects, much less any advantage of opportunity for their cultivation. He was more eminently the philosopher of human nature

* See Mr. Hallam's Introduction, etc., Eng. edition, vol. i., pp. 303, 304.
† Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe, vol. ii., p. 86.

than of general nature; hence, he is exact as well as profound in all his reflections on civil life and mankind, while his conjectures in natural philosophy, though often very acute, are apt to wander from the truth in consequence of his defective acquaintance with the phenomena of nature." And again: "It is no proof of a solid acquaintance with Lord Bacon's philosophy to deify his name, as the ancient schools did those of their founders, or even to exaggerate the powers of his genius. Powers they were surprisingly great, yet limited in their range and not in all respects equal; nor could they overcome every impediment of circumstances. Even of Bacon it may be said that he attempted more than he has achieved, and perhaps more than he clearly apprehended. His objects appear sometimes indistinct, and I am not sure that they are always consistent. In the advancement of learning he aspired to fill up or at least to indicate the deficiencies in every department of knowledge; he gradually confined himself to philosophy, and at length to physics, but few of his works can be deemed complete, not even his treatise *De Augumentis*, which comes nearer to it than most of the rest. Hence, the study of Lord Bacon is difficult, and not, as I conceive, very well adapted to those who have made no progress whatever in the exact sciences, nor accustomed themselves to independent thinking." From the volumes before us, of Mr. Spedding's editing, we shall give some of the views of Mr. Robert Leslie Ellis, to whom we have before alluded: "Our knowledge of Bacon's method is much less complete than it is commonly supposed to be; it seems not improbable that some parts of Bacon's system were never perfectly developed, even in his own mind. However this may be, it is certain that an attempt to determine what his method taken as a whole was, or would have been, must necessarily involve a conjectural or hypothetical element. All commonly received general scientific conceptions Bacon condemns as utterly worthless. A complete change is therefore required, yet of the way in which induction is to be employed, in order to produce this change, he has said nothing. This omission is doubtless connected with the kind of realism which runs through Bacon's system and which renders it practically useless, for that his method is impracticable cannot, I think, be denied, if we reflect that not only that it never has produced any result, but also that the process by which scientific truths have been established cannot be presented as even to appear to be in

accordance with it."* The ancient philosophy, says Macaulay, dealt largely in theories of moral perfection in attempting to solve insoluble enigmas. That these speculations did not prevent mankind from ministering to their material wants is evidenced in the same page in which the ancient philosophy is derided. Coming down to Seneca's time, we have a catalogue of useful inventions which existed in those days, such as the discovery of the principle of the arch, and the introduction of the use of metals, transparent windows, tubes for diffusing warmth equally through all parts of a building, short-hand, which has been carried to such perfection that a writer could keep pace with the most rapid speaker.

We are inclined to think that what we have given in the foregoing extracts will serve to confirm the opinion of Macaulay himself, as published by him to the world only nine years before his article on Bacon appeared. These remarks are so sensible and eloquent that we can not forego the pleasure of transcribing them: "Those who have read history with discrimination know the fallacy of those panegyrics and invectives which represent individuals as effecting great moral and intellectual revolutions, subverting established systems, and imprinting a new character on their age. The difference between one man and another is by no means so great as the superstitious crowd supposes. But the same feelings which in ancient Rome produced the apotheosis of a popular emperor, and in modern Rome the canonization of a devout prelate, led men to cherish an illusion which furnishes them with something to adore. By a law of association, from the operation of which even minds the most strictly regulated by reason are not wholly exempt, misery disposes us to hatred, and happiness to love, although there may be no person to whom our misery or happiness can be ascribed. The peevishness of an invalid vents itself even on those who alleviate his pains. The good humor of a man elevated by success often displays itself towards enemies. In this same manner the feelings of pleasure and admiration, to which the contemplation of great events gives birth, make an object where they do not find it. Thus nations descend to the absurdities of Egyptian idolatry and worship stocks and reptiles—Sacheverells and Wilkeses. They even fall prostrate before a deity to which they have themselves given the form which commands their veneration,

* Pp. 84, 85.

and which, unless fashioned by them, would have remained a shapeless block. They persuade themselves that they are the creatures of what they have themselves created. *For, in fact, it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age.* Great minds do, indeed, react on the society which has made them what they are; but they only pay with interest what they have received. We extol Bacon and sneer at Aquinas. But if their situations had been changed, Bacon might have been the angelical doctor, the most subtle Aristotelian of the schools; the Dominican might have led forth the sciences from their house of bondage. If Luther had been born in the tenth century, he would have effected no reformation. If he had never been born at all, it is evident that the sixteenth century would not have elapsed without a great schism in the church. Voltaire, in the days of Louis XIV., would probably have been like most of the literary men of that time, a zealous Jansenist, eminent among the defenders of efficacious grace, a bitter assailant of the lax morality and the unreasonable decisions of the Sorbonne. If Pascal had entered on his literary career when intelligence was more general and abuses at the same time more flagrant, when the church was polluted by Iscariot Dubois, the court disgraced by the orgies of Canillac, and the nation sacrificed to the juggles of law—if he had lived to see a dynasty of harlots, an empty treasury and a crowded harem, an army formidable only to those whom it should have protected, a priesthood just religious enough to be intolerant, he might possibly, like every man of genius in France, have imbibed extravagant prejudices against monarchy and Christianity. The wit which blasted the sophisms of Escobar, the impassioned eloquence which defended the sisters of Port Royal, the intellectual hardihood which was not beaten down even by papal authority, might have raised him to the patriarchate of the philosophical church. It was long disputed whether the honor of inventing the method of fluxions belonged to Newton or to Leibnitz. It is now generally allowed that these great men made the same discovery at the same time. Mathematical science, indeed, had then reached such a point that if neither of them had ever existed the principle must inevitably have occured to some person within a few years. So in our own time, the doctrine of rent, now universally received by political economists, was propounded almost at the same moment by two writers unconnected with each other. Preceding speculators had long

been blundering round about it, and it could not possibly have been missed much longer by the most heedless inquirer. *We are inclined to think that, with respect to every great addition to the stock of human knowledge, the case has been similar; that without Copernicus we should have been Copernicans, that without Columbus America would have been discovered*, that without Locke we should have possessed a just theory of the origin of human ideas. Society, indeed, has its great men and its little men, as the earth has its mountains and its valleys. The sun illumines the hills, while it is still below the horizon; and truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude."*

We now come to the condition of the scientific world as it was when Bacon appeared, but it is impossible to give a better account than that which Professor Liebig has done. Bacon lived in one of the most remarkable ages of our chronology. Great discoveries in the heavens and on earth had produced a mighty agitation in the minds of the people of Europe. He was the contemporary of Kepler, Galileo, Stevill, Gilbert, Harriott; of the founders of our modern astronomy and physics, of mechanics, hydrostatics, of the doctrines of electricity and magnetism. "Already, in 1577, Guido Ubaldi had unfolded the laws of the lever and of gravity, and Simon Stevill, in 1596, those of the motion and the equilibrium of fluid substances. Galileo's experiments with the pendulum, as well as his laws for bodies falling freely and on an inclined plane, all of which prepared the way for a clearer knowledge of the nature of gravity, were generally propagated in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Kepler had already explained the tides to arise from the attractions of the moon.† In another field, that of optics, Bacon's countryman and contemporary, Thomas Harriott, enriched science with the most astonishing discoveries. He detected the existence of spots on the sun (1610), a circumstance which proves according to Zach, that Harriott had telescopes before Galileo; and in his two hundred and thirty-second letter he imparts to Kepler the first true explanation of the rainbow (1606). In 1580 Giordano Bruno, an Italian refugee, had lectured and held public disputations in London and Oxford on the rotation and motion of the earth. Yet Bacon tries to make his countrymen believe that until he appeared science was in a woful state, lying barren and lifeless, having torn itself away from

* Essay on Dryden, *passim*. † Astr. Nova, 1609.

its roots, nature and experience. But the truth is, Bacon knew nothing of the powers that were at work in the science of his day, nor of the gigantic works produced by his contemporaries under his very eyes. Gilbert laid the firm basis for our present doctrine of magnetism and electricity. He showed in a series of the most extraordinary experiments that the property of amber when rubbed to attract light bodies is a general one belonging to many other substances, and that all bodies, without distinction, are influenced by electrical attraction—that this effect is of longer duration in a dry than a damp atmosphere; and Gilbert concludes that from the electric body an effluence or effluxion takes place by which the attraction of other bodies is brought about. By this discovery the direction of all future investigation was given and determined. More profound and wonderful still are his investigations of the loadstone. He distinguishes the poles of the magnet, and gives instructions for finding them, saying that those which are unlike attract each other. He it was who first asserted the earth to be a large magnet, and who found that iron rods become magnetic when laid in the direction of the meridian; that this power acts in all directions and passes through all intermediate bodies; that the magnetic meridian is different from the meridian of the place; and finally he discovered how to increase the power of the magnet by arming it, besides a number of other most important facts. We shall see later the position that Bacon occupies with regard to these discoveries." From the works of Agricola (1494–1558) we learn the range that had then been won in a knowledge of the earth, of stones, ore, and metals.

In medicine Paracelsus (1493–1531) had overthrown the Galenic theory, and quite new views on the nature of diseases and the effects of medicine had gradually found acceptance; every day nearly brought with it a new discovery. Those of Jupiter's satellites, of the ring of Saturn, of mountains in the moon, as well as the law of motion of the planets, fall in Bacon's time. Of all these great results, with which those of our own day hang together like links of a chain, Bacon knew nothing. But had it been otherwise his peculiar mental conformation would have rendered it impossible for him to have appreciated their importance, for at a time when no astronomer denied any longer the rotation of the earth or its motion round the sun, Bacon disputed it. He denied the material nature of sound, and ascribed its

transmission through the air to a peculiar sort of spiritual motion (*species spiritualis*). He believed in the sympathy of things, in the elixir of life, and he even proclaims himself an adept in the art of making gold. Of the great number of instances in which Bacon has given the results of his experiments, we would particularly refer the reader to pages 238, 239, and 240 of Macmillan, in which the learned professor shows their absolute falsity, and the ignorance of Bacon on the most common subjects of science.

"The true method does not seek at random," says Bacon, "but from well understood facts it deduces the principles (axiomata) which, when once determined, lead to new experiments." (N. O., Aph. 81.) This right principle, which in almost the same words Leonardo da Vinci had uttered half a century before Bacon, and to whose adoption he owed the most admirable and beautiful discoveries in physical science, mechanics, hydraulics, etc., becomes, when practised by Bacon, a perfect caricature, so that it is no longer recognizable. The best proof of this is his method of making gold (sec. 326, 327). All Bacon's works begin with the continually repeated complaint of the miserable condition of science before his time, and with the reasons for it; and he then, in grandiloquent phrases, extols the new ways and instruments that he has discovered for the improvement of such a pitiable state, etc., (p. 242). Baron Liebig asserts of Bacon's *Historia Naturalis*, that it was avowedly to a great extent a compilation from the works of others. Aristotle, Pliny, Paracelsus, Scaliger, Acosta, Cardan, and Ballert Porta have contributed most of the matter, and we frequently find passages from their works almost verbatim. He is continually accusing Bacon of recording experiments untruthfully, and of inventing experiments, and declares that the odds and ends of knowledge in the *Historia Naturalis* are the property of others, and are hung out for show. Of induction, he shows that it is fully described by Aristotle, who affirms that the discovery of new truths can be effected by its means alone. Nizolius, an opponent of Aristotle, wrote on induction in 1553, and affirmed that so long as the method of Aristotle was employed so long would falsity prevail with schools.*

To return to Bacon's plagiarism. "Thus his tales of electric and non-electric bodies, and the facts concerning the magnet (*Inquisito de Magnete*) are literal ex-

* Mari, Nizolii, etc., libri 4th, Parmæ, 1553.

tracts from Gilbert's celebrated work, *De Magnete Magneticisque Corporibus et de Magno Magnete Tellure Physiologia Nova*, Lond. 1600. He describes Drebbel's thermoscope in Drebbel's own words; but on one point he remains true to the law which he so warmly recommends: 'to abjure all authorities and to allow no one self to be of any account.' Accordingly, on no occasion does he mention the author of the work thus robbed, or bestow on him a word of recognition for what he has received. Our present methods of investigation were unusual in Bacon's time. He knew of the labors of Gilbert as well as the views and conclusions of Copernicus, and his judgment on these is the sentence of death on himself as natural philosopher. The important facts discovered by Gilbert in the domain of electricity, Bacon quite simply pronounced to be fables (N. O., Aph. 1148), and as to Copernicus, he declares him to be an impostor—one of those men, who, without ceremony, invent all sorts of appearances in nature when it suits their purpose to do so.† "That Bacon's method is not Gilbert's he has himself declared in the most unequivocal terms. It will be quite intelligible that a mode of proceeding which clipped the wings of his fancy must have been most distasteful to him; but our method is Gilbert's method, which Bacon condemns. It is therefore impossible that the method of Bacon can be that which we pursue. We of the present day know what has been the result. We are convinced that Newton would have written his *Principia* without any knowledge of the *Novum Organum*, but that without Gilbert we should not have had a Faraday, and no Brewster without a Harriott. Bacon's creation is the typical figure in the society of the great of England, that, namely, of the scientific nutcracker, or the dining philosopher, which under James the First became the fashion. The influence of Bacon's method and his doctrine on the English mind is still perceptible. The English gentleman continues to hold a sort of patronizing intercourse with science; and the practical man who also knows nothing of its substance, connects with the words 'scientific principles' the notion of Bacon's axioms, namely, every thing useless, unserviceable, and unpractical. As to the view that utility is the end of science, this is an

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° Dr. Whewell expresses a similar opinion: "Bacon does not appear to have done justice to his contemporaries. He nowhere recognizes the labors of Gilbert." —*Whewell's Philosophy of Discovery*, p. 114.

† Globe Intell., cap. 6.

error which has existed for ages. Most of the academies were founded on account of their utility, in order to spread enlightenment and to further husbandry, handicraft, mining, and the smelting of ore. Wherever this error still exists, we dispute with science the very ground on which it stands. As regards Bacon's position in the scientific world, it is worthy of remark that for a century and a half his name, except in mottoes, had quite disappeared from the ranks of his countrymen, and the rank which many now assign him dates chiefly from the time of the French Encyclopædists, who carried the utilitarian principle to the utmost."*

Our readers have now evidence sufficient, we think, before them to incline to the opinion, which we believe is generally entertained of Bacon by all intelligent and reflecting minds—that he was a man of wonderful intellectual attainments, but that he neither founded a system nor was the "Prince of philosophy."

Feb. 68.

ART. VI.—*Reports of different Trials for Murder which have taken place in the Principal Cities of the United States.* 1861–1867.

THE surest test of the civilization of a country is its public sentiment, and the manner in which its laws are executed. And how should we stand with posterity if judged according to this? What would be thought of us if all respectable historians represented that we regarded the assassin rather as a hero than as a criminal, and accordingly that he was but rarely punished? Who then could defend either our political system or our morality? Nay, would not our religion be impugned? Yet we cannot deny that there are at least one class of assassins of whom we make heroes, and shield from punishment by doing so. But this is not the worst; the depraved feeling is increasing from year to year, and, as a natural consequence, the assassins are increasing in proportion. It is startling to reflect how much they have increased since the beginning of the Rebellion. Prior to that, street assassinations were confined almost exclusively to the South; it was but rarely one occurred in the North,

* Baron Liebig.

and when it did the general feeling which it excited was one of horror and indignation. But within the last five years more have been assassinated in the North than in the South in proportion to the population.

It seems as if our people had learned from the Southerners their most degrading habit. Who forgets that this vindictive lawlessness was the worst fault attributed to Southerners? Nay, it was almost the only fault; and it was universally regarded as one of the consequences of the institution of slavery. The general cry in the North was, "It could not be otherwise; the invariable tendency of slavery is to encourage violence, and render human life insecure." We never thought, indeed, that its influence was salutary or good; at the same time we never believed that if a man assassinated his neighbour for some fancied insult he did so only because he held slaves, or because slaves were held in the State or district where he was brought up. We felt convinced that the real cause of it was a morbid, vicious public sentiment.

But the greatest imposture of all is the heroism of the assassin. Far from being a hero, he is a paltry coward who would deliberately shoot down an unarmed man under the pretence that he had injured him on a former occasion. The killing of a person caught in the act of perpetrating certain crimes or injuries is, indeed, justifiable; but there is no justification in going into the public street, or public house, and assuming the functions of judge, jury, and executioner; there is no bravery, no manliness, in such an act; considered in any just light it is an outrage and a disgrace.

In all ages cowardice has been justly regarded as the parent of cruelty, and history is full of proofs of the truth of the adage. The greatest tyrants have been the greatest cowards; both Caligula and Nero put most to death when most afraid. Whoever either suspected of being a man of spirit was doomed; and the better his character was—the more highly he was esteemed by those whose esteem was of any value—the more certain was he to be put out of the way as soon as possible, lest he might injure the tyrant at some time or other. Philip the tyrant of Macedon, pursued the same course; while always careful to keep himself out of danger, he not only allowed his soldiers to commit the most horrible excesses, but frequently gave them orders to do so. Having caused many of the Roman patricians to be murdered in order that he might confiscate their property to his own use, he was afraid to allow their innocent children to survive

lest they might one day avenge the murder of their parents; we have the authority of Livy for the fact that he caused them to be dispatched daily, one after another, his sole excuse to the butchers who executed his orders being that such measures were necessary in order to establish his own repose.*

But the mob is always in favor of a bloodthirsty act; in nine cases out of ten it is not only willing to shield the assassin from punishment, but ready to exult in his escape. We see illustrations enough of this ourselves. How often, for example, are the worst malefactors cheered even in our courts of justice when the jury fails to agree as to their guilt? There are very few who appreciate the significance of this. We talk of the tyrants of old and of their atrocious cruelties, but forget that they were cheered by the very same class who now cheer our assassins. It is forgotten that it was not "the people" even Caligula or Nero crushed and put to death, but the middle or higher ranks of citizens—the men of wealth and of intellect. If the former suffered indirectly, they had not the understanding to know the fact, and accordingly they cheered the imperial assassin in just the same spirit as less distinguished assassins are cheered at the present day.

Not only had "the masses" of Romans nothing to do withputting Caligula or Nero to death, but they mourned each as one who thought and acted like themselves. "They loved with fury what the people loved," says Montesquieu, "and contributed to their pleasures in every way in their power."† The *plebes* of our time have just the same feeling; whoever commits an outrage, especially if it be in public, affords them pleasure; if he can only pretend that "the honour" of his wife, his sister, or his mother had anything to do with his crime, then he is a hero at once, although none treat women so brutally as those who throw up their hats in this manner. It was just the same in the forests of Germany in the time of Tacitus; the defence of woman and her honour was made the pretext of the most frightful outrages.

In comparing the personal attacks with deadly weapons made by Southerners on each other before the war with

* Livy, lib. xl., c. 3.

† De Caligula, Neron, Commode, Caracalla, étaient regrettés du peuple *à cause de leur follie même*; car ils aimaient avec fureur ce que le peuple aimait, et contribuaient de tout leur pouvoir et même de leur personne a ses plaisirs, &c. —*Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, chap. xv.

those made by Northerners we omitted to mention one particular in which those attacks differ with each other; namely, that the former generally gave warning to those whom they intended to assail, so that they might arm themselves for the conflict. This made some approach to manliness and fair play; but among all the assassinations committed in the North for several years past we cannot recall a single one in which the victim got any warning whatever, but was pounced upon like a mad dog.

Thinking men, North and South, always condemn such outrages; but as long as the people cheer, their condemnation amounts to nothing more in a republic than a useless protest. If they condemned too loudly they might be regarded as sympathizing with the victim, and subjected themselves to a similar fate. It is not our intention to prejudice the case of any individual; we only deplore a morbid public sentiment which is causing us to retrograde in civilization. Among no other people to whom we would compare ourselves, or think worthy of comparison with us, are assassinations encouraged by public opinion under any pretence And we should remember that the same provocations which occur with us occur in all countries. As long as society exists there will be causes of quarrel; those causes have always existed, and to a greater or less extent produced their results; but in proportion as civilization has advanced the individual has ceased to be his own judge and executioner.

It is a humiliating reflection that in seeking a parallel in France, England, or Germany for the course pursued in this country at the present day, we must go back to the Middle Ages. Even then the assassin seldom escaped the punishment due to his crime, except in those instances in which the powerful thane or baron took the life of his serf or henchman. But if one baron or thane killed another, it was in vain he sought to justify himself by alleging that his victim had dishonored his wife or his sister; if the laws happened to be so lax, or the government to be so feeble that the courts did not punish the offender, the friends of his victim made war upon him, and if they did not put him to death they at least forced him to contribute to the support of those who had hitherto been provided for by the murdered man.

Gibbon informs us that it was only amongst the most barbarous that the assassin was allowed to escape, even in the dark ages. Speaking of those of that period, who were

somewhat advanced in civilization, he says: "When justice inexorably requires the death of the murderer, each private citizen is fortified by the assurance that the laws, the magistrate, and the *whole community* are the guardians of his personal safety. But in the loose society of the Germans *revenge was always honorable* and often *meritorious*. The independent warrior chastised, or vindicated with his own hand, the injuries which he *had offered* or *received*, and *he had only to dread the resentment of the sons and kinsmen of the enemy whom he had sacrificed to his selfish or angry passions.*"* This, be it observed, was before the time of Charlemagne—towards the middle of the sixth century, "for under the empire of that sovereign murder was universally punished with death."†

Our Saxon ancestors brought the same habits of revenge with them to England which they practised in their native forests, and there was but very little change in those habits until the time of Alfred. But the laws of this good prince show us what our kindred really were before they were brought into contact with a more civilized race; they show us at the same time how the worst propensities may be transmitted through a certain kind of blood, from generation to generation, even for a thousand years. Among the laws enacted by Alfred was one which enjoined that "If any one know that his enemy or aggressor, after doing him an injury, resolves to keep within his own house and his own lands, he shall not fight him till he require compensation for the injury. If he be strong enough to besiege him in his house, he may do it for seven days, *without attacking him;* and if the aggressor be willing, during that time, to surrender himself and arms, his adversary may detain him thirty days, but is afterwards obliged to *restore him safe to his kindred*, and be content with the compensation for the injury."‡

Good as Alfred was, he failed to make his subjects act fairly and honorably to each other in their quarrels. King Ina enacted "that no man should take revenge for an injury till he had first demanded compensation, and had been refused it." Then, it seems, he might proceed to be his own judge, bailiff, and executioner, like his descendant of the present day. Nothing grieved King Edmond (1066) more

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. iii., p. 593.
† Ib., vol. iii., p. 594.
‡ Hume's History of England, vol. i., p. 167.

than the prevalence of crimes of this kind, and he did his best to suppress them; but there were so many who were bloodthirsty, that it was out of the question to punish the assassin with death. Any one who chose to murder his neighbour on pretence that he had done him some grievous injury, had only to make up a certain amount of money within a certain time after the commission of the crime. Thus, one of Edmond's laws enacts "that if any one commit murder he may, *with the assistance of his kindred*, pay within a twelvemonth the fine of his crime; and if they abandon him, he shall *alone sustain the deadly feud or quarrel with the kindred of the murdered man*; his own kindred are free from the feud, but on condition that they *neither converse with the criminal*, nor supply him with *meat, or other necessaries.*"[o]

Then every crime had its penalty attached to it; generally it was very slight; but every murderer or assassin who was unable or unwilling to pay it was put out of the protection of the law, and the kindred of the deceased had full liberty to punish him as they thought proper; that is, they might burn him in his house, while he had no suspicion of danger and could make no resistance, or waylay and stab him, according to the manner in which he had disposed of his victim.

In those times, as well as they do now, many Anglo-Saxons complained that their wives were dishonored in order to have an excuse for revenge or to get money, and with the view of meeting such cases in a suitable spirit, Ethelbert promulgated a law which enjoined "that any one who committed adultery with his neighbor's wife *was obliged to pay him a fine and buy him another wife.*" But the fine seldom, if ever, exceeded one hundred dollars of our money; and it seems that wives were so cheap that passable ones could be bought for half that amount. Very little improvement had been made in these habits and customs at the time of the Conquest; but the Norman kings, whatever were their faults in other respects, insisted on making the assassin atone for his crime with his blood, no matter what excuse he assigned for its commission. Under certain circumstances, from the time of William Rufus to that of Henry III., a Saxon might, indeed, be killed by a Norman; but if one Norman killed another, under any pretext whatever, no 'wounded honour,' real or pretended, saved his slayer from capital punishment.

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[o] Ib., p. 168.

It is true that even in the time of Blackstone it was still maintained by a certain class of jurists that it was not murder, and consequently was not justly punishable with death to avenge the seduction of a wife, or sister. Important exceptions were admitted, however; it was held that if the injured party failed to warn his enemy of his intention of killing him, the crime was to be considered murder and punished with death as such. But the great jurist set aside all excuses, declaring that, let the motive or cause be what it may, "when a person of sound memory and discretion unlawfully killeth any reasonable creature in being, and under the king's peace, with malice aforethought, either express or implied," the crime is murder; and the greatest jurists since his time have accepted his definition.*

Although duelling has been productive of incalculable mischief by depriving society of so many valuable lives, we regard it as a manly, fair, and honorable means of settling a dispute compared to the assassination plan. None can pretend that it is any dishonour to fight a duel under certain circumstances; the greatest and most honorable men of all countries have done so. Yet duelling has been made a capital offence in every enlightened country, and hundreds have been executed for it. The reason of this is obvious enough; those severe laws have been enacted against duelling not because it is unfair or unmanly so far as those who take part in it are concerned, but because it deprives society of valuable lives.

But who would compare the dueller to the assassin. Is there not as great a difference between them as there is between the jackal and the lion? Yet in most enlightened countries the severest penalty is inflicted on the dueller as we have said, while in our country the assassin is cheered for having shot an unarmed man through the heart or head without a moment's warning; and if it so happens in some instances that his cowardly act is not thus applauded, he affects to be quite surprised, and accuses the world of cold-heartedness and want of proper sympathy with the victims of wrong and outrage! Of course what he has done is no outrage or wrong, but a righteous, praiseworthy proceeding, all because his wife or sister, as the case may be, has no virtue—at best because her virtue is of so frail a nature as to be incapable of the slightest resistance.

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* See Coke, 3, Inst. 47.

In general it is not even pretended that force has been used; the strongest allegation against the doomed individual is that he told her to do wrong—perhaps told her so a dozen or a score of times, and that she did wrong accordingly. And the very men who pursue this course are always foremost in claiming complete equality, political, moral, and intellectual, for the opposite sex. They will argue that women are capable of any employment for which intellectual ability is more necessary than physical strength—that they are fully competent to discharge the duties of lawyers, physicians, members of Congress, judges, &c; and they hold at the same time that if they lose their virtue it is not their fault, but that of the wicked men who asked them to part with it! That is, in what is most dear to them they are to act like silly children, while as lawyers, judges, members of Congress, &c., &c., they are to be incorruptible—entirely uninfluenced by those who can so easily induce them to part with what they have ever been taught to prize most highly![*]

The assassin thinks he conceals his cowardice when he pretends that one who is greatly injured by another, should not place that other on an equality with himself in seeking satisfaction; but no brave man ever made such a pretension. Men of real courage would scorn to take any advantage of their worst enemy. Kings and emperors as well as great captains, statesmen, and jurists have consented to meet on equal terms those far beneath them in rank and social position rather than incur the imputation of doing an unmanly or cruel act. We will mention a few facts in illustration of this, which may not be uninteresting, and which may serve to make the assassin ashamed, if such a thing be possible. Historians accuse Francis I., king of France, of having caused several of his courtiers to be murdered. It was he who laid down the principle "that the lie was never to be put up with without satisfaction, but by a base-born fellow;" but while it seems he was always ready to attack the unarmed and defenceless, he was very careful, at the same time, not to expose his person to those who were able and willing to resist him. When taken prisoner by the Emperor, Charles V. after the battle of Pavia, the emperor generously released him

[*] Need it be remarked that our women also are encouraged to take the law into their own hands? See article entitled "American Female Criminals," in *National Quarterly Review* for September, 1865. Although we are not so vain as to claim credit for ourselves for the change, we are glad to say that there is considerable improvement in this respect.

on his pledging his word as a man and a sovereign that he would fulfil certain promises which he had formerly made; but once free, he thought no longer of his word or his promise. The emperor reminded him of his own principle, informing him that he would give him an opportunity of vindicating it with his sword; Francis replied, giving him the lie direct, and offering to fight him at any place he might designate. Charles named the place at which he had given him his liberty; but one who is a liar, an assassin, and a braggart is seldom if ever, brave. Francis I. proved no exception to the general rule, for he never had the courage to fight the emperor.

While Charles X. was the Count d'Artois, his wife, or mistress, was "dishonored" by the Duke de Bourbon Condé. He did not think on this account that, without exposing himself to any danger, he ought to assassinate the duke, but challenged and fought him like a soldier and man of honor. Once Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden slapped an officer of his guard in the face, in an ebullition of passion; the officer, feeling lowered in the estimation of his comrades, exclaimed that if any other person but his sovereign had treated him in a similar manner he would have challenged him at once. Only a few days had passed since the king had caused a gallows to be erected, that the surviving party in a duel which was to have taken place in defiance of his efforts to suppress duelling might be executed on it; but nevertheless he did not hesitate to offer the offended officer "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

Although it was proved by several witnesses, including lords and ladies, that three of the subjects of George IV. had dishonored him by improper intimacies with his wife, Queen Caroline, he neither assassinated any of them nor caused them to be assassinated, or even imprisoned, although he fought a duel more than once before he ascended the throne.

The wives of the most distinguished English and French noblemen are sometimes induced to leave their husbands altogether and live with their paramours; at least a dozen cases of this kind have occurred within the last five years, but not in a single instance did the injured husband attempt to assassinate the seducer of his wife. The general course is either to challenge or institute a civil action against him for damages.

The case of Lord Shrewsbury is well known; having full proof of the intimacy of his wife with the Duke of Bucking-

ham he challenged the latter. Lady Shrewsbury attended her paramour, as a page, to the field, and her husband being killed, she passed the night with the duke at his residence.

Another English nobleman, finding himself dishonored in a similar manner by Alfieri, the Italian poet, made no attempt to assassinate him, although he had ample opportunity if he felt disposed to do so. He caught him in the act of entering his house at an unseasonable hour; he charged him, face to face, with having betrayed his confidence and outraged his hospitality; but, although fully armed at the time, he scorned to take his life, but challenged him to the field, where, as the challenged party, he was entitled to the choice of weapons. They fought with small swords; those who witnessed the encounter bear testimony that Alfieri made a furious onslaught on the man he had injured; the latter got the upper hand, however, but, instead of evincing a thirst for the blood of his enemy, he generously spared him his life.

Now compare the conduct of this nobleman with that of the person who shoots his enemy down, or stabs him to the heart, without giving him a moment's warning; which is the true man of honour and of courage? which is the coward and the brigand? which acts like a man who has fortitude and control over his passions? which like a woman, who, conscious of her weakness, feels that she must pounce upon her victim, panther-like, in order to make sure of cutting his throat? Nay, which is like the king of the forest that scorns a prostrate foe? which like the base jackal that never attacks what is capable of any resistance?

But his wife's virtue, or rather want of virtue, is not the only excuse of the assassin; he pretends to wipe out all other stains on his honour in the same stealthy, cowardly manner. But it is simply because he has no honour, or principle, or manliness—because his impulses make a nearer approach to those of the wolf or the bloodhound than to those of the civilized man. It matters not what is the nature of an insult offered to a gentleman who is worthy of the name, he scorns to put himself on a level with the lowest of the human race by acting the part of a cut-throat and ruffian.

How many of the first gentlemen of Europe and America—men of undoubted courage—who, on receiving the lie direct, or on being insulted in some other manner equally gross, have either made no reply at the time, or simply

thrown down their glove! From the time of Hamilton and Burr to the present, some of our greatest men, including Henry Clay, John Randolph, General Jackson, &c., have fought duels; but not one of our great men has disgraced himself by assassinating anybody under any pretence whatever. No really great man has ever done so in any country. The person who rushes into the highway to slay an unarmed man on pretence of having been insulted or injured by him on some previous occasion, may be wealthy—he may belong to any profession, however honorable—he may be an officer in the army or navy; but he is not a gentleman or a man of honour.

When Lord Winchelsea imputed unworthy motives to the Duke of Wellington, in 1829, for having changed his policy in regard to the emancipation of the Catholics, the conqueror of Napoleon and commander-in-chief of the British army scorned to take any advantage of him. Wellington's courage was beyond question—the world not only acknowledged but admired it; yet he went to the field with Winchelsea. Being the insulted party, the Duke fired at his antagonist on the word being given, but the latter fired in the air and then apologized.

Among other illustrious men who have acted in a similar spirit, in recent times, are Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Castlereagh, Grattan, O'Connell, Canning, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Camelford, the Duke of York, Curran, Lord Clare. It was unfortunate that so many great men deemed it necessary to fight duels, but had one of them assassinated his antagonist the disgrace to the age and country in which they lived would have been much greater. Colonel Benton, in closing his account of the duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph, makes a remark in the truth of which all may concur: "Certainly," he says, "duelling is bad, and has been put down, but not quite so bad as its substitute—revolvers, bowie-knives, blackguarding, and street assassinations, under the pretext of self-defence."

There is no kind of insult which the assassin would represent as affording a justification for his crime which has not been given in the above instances. Then, is *his* wife or sister of more importance than the wives and sisters of such illustrious men as we have mentioned? Are his feelings more precious than theirs? The real difference is that they act like civilized men endowed with courage, and recognizing the principle "Do unto others as you would have others

do unto you," while he acts like the savage who has no further idea of justice than to glut his own revenge. But even the savage seldom assassinates a member of his own tribe; if he does, he is branded as a coward and rarely escapes death.

But what is the object of a government? Is it not its first duty to protect the citizen from outrage? Above all other things it is bound to afford protection to life. In proportion as it fails to do so it is defective; it is either too weak or too careless. Whatever a government of this character costs it is too dear; a government costing ten times as much would be cheaper if it did its duty. But whether the government be strong or weak, vigilant or careless, the tendency of assassination is to bring it into contempt. Hence it is that the assassin is an enemy to the government; he thus becomes an enemy of his country; he is guilty of treason against it.

How absurd it is then to have any sympathy for him! We frequently see a person knocked down by his neighbour for speaking ill of his own country; during the war such occurrences took place in the city of New York almost daily; whereas the assassin, who was the enemy of society at large, as well as of all forms of government, was allowed to enjoy perfect impunity.

This state of things arises from no inherent depravity in our people; the intelligent portion of them have as high a sense of justice and right as any other people in the world. None could more deeply deplore the morbid sentiment which encourages the assassin to indulge his thirst for blood. Nor can we attribute the chief fault either to the judicial Bench or to the Bar, although neither is entirely free from the odium of it.

The chief cause of the encouragement held out to the assassin is the defective character of our jury system. Not one out of ten of those registered as jurymen are qualified to act as such. Neither their intelligence nor their conduct is such as to justify their being placed in any such position. It is idle to disguise the fact that persons belonging to the very lowest and most degraded class are allowed to act as jurymen in this country, where the jury has more power than in any other country in the world, not excepting England. Our jurymen are the judges of the law as well as of the facts. The Bench can merely give them its opinion; they can reject that opinion if

they think proper, as indeed they frequently do; and in no case are they more likely to reject it than when it is of most importance—when a startling outrage has been committed on society—precisely one of the class which forms the subject of our article. Nay, is it not true that a street assassin, or one who murders in public for revenge, is scarcely ever convicted? We do not remember a single instance of one of this class being found guilty by a jury. The judges and prosecuting counsel may speech to them for weeks about the enormity of the crime, its effects on society, the influence produced by a verdict of acquittal in a case in which the guilt of the accused is evident; but to no purpose. They will either disagree or acquit altogether. It is very doubtful whether even Booth, the assassin of Mr. Lincoln, would have been convicted had he been tried by a jury.

And what prospect have we at present of a better state of things? Have we any reason to expect a favourable change? It is our disposition rather to hope for the best than confine ourselves to the gloomy side of the picture; but are we not to have Negro jurymen from this time forth? The great difficulty at present is that we have too much ignorance in the jury-box. Will the evil be remedied by increasing that ignorance a hundred-fold? This may seem an exaggeration, but it is really the state of affairs to which our present political system is rapidly tending. No thoughtful, intelligent person will deny that we have already a large number of jurymen who sympathize with the worst criminals. Those that do so are known by their verdicts, or by their unwillingness to give any verdict except one calculated to shield guilt from punishment; let this class be reinforced by Negroes just emancipated from slavery, and what sort of verdicts are we to expect from our juries?

But there are yet other causes which operate injuriously on our system of jurisprudence. How can we expect that our ignorant jurymen will respect the law when they see it daily violated by the lawmakers themselves? If our jurymen pay little or no attentiou to the instructions of the judge, it is the example they are set by those who ought to know what duty and responsibility are better than they. None are so blind as not to observe the conflict between Congress and the President; the very nature of our government requires that both should act in unison; our fundamental law enjoins that they shall do so; but it is notorious that they are more opposed to each other than

either is to the government of France or England. As for harmony, there is nothing of the kind between them. Congress decree that the nominal head of the republic shall not have power to change his own ministers without their approval; those ministers set him at defiance accordingly; and they are encouraged in doing so. How can a government thus divided against itself be expected to administer the laws impartially or effectually? It has never done so in any country, and never will. What congressmen say of the President, jurymen say of the judge, or perhaps something worse still, if such be possible. Accordingly, if the judge thinks that an alleged assassin is guilty and ought to be made to suffer for his crime, he will be all the more readily acquitted by the jury; if, upon the other hand, the judge is of opinion that the accused is not guilty, but is the victim of a conspiracy, it is ten to one but they will find him guilty, if only to show how independent they are!

ART. VII.—*The Jesuits in North America, in the Seventeenth Century.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN, author of "Pioneers of France in the New World." 8vo, pp. 463. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1867.

MR. PARKMAN is liberal in his views and well disposed; but he lacks moral courage. His researches have given him a different impression of the Catholics in general from that entertained by most Protestants. He has learned that even the Jesuits are not so bad as they are represented—that after all some monks are good people, and that there are some good specimens of womankind to be found in nunneries. But he is evidently afraid to give his impressions in full lest his Puritan readers might be displeased. Even his praise is generally accompanied with a sneer; he frequently bears testimony to the noble Christian heroism and generosity of Jesuits, monks, and nuns; but he attributes them to superstition rather than to religion.

The priest or nun of whom he thinks most highly has some grave faults from which a Protestant would have been

entirely exempt in similar circumstances. In short, Mr. Parkman everywhere writes as if he were afraid to incur the imputation of having too much sympathy for Popery. If the Catholic missionaries, male and female, had been persons who had been banished from their country for their crimes, then there would have been some reason for this hesitancy to do full justice to their conduct in their new position; but even in this case they would have been entitled to credit for their good acts at the hands of the historian, and that credit should not be marred by insinuations as to what had been laid to their charge at home.

Timidity of this kind is beneath the dignity of history. But it is not the only point in which Mr. Parkman errs; the volume before us, instead of being a connected narrative, consists of a series of fragments, most of which are composed of "sensation" stories about Indians, Jesuits, nuns, &c. Thus, in one chapter we have a long account of the "sham marriage" of a nun; in another descriptions of battles between the Iroquois and the Hurons, the Algonquins, the Eries, or the "Neutrals;" in another curious accounts of the performances of Indian sorcerers; in another biographical sketches of Indian chiefs, &c. It is much more a history of the North American Indians of the seventeenth century than of the Jesuits; it is, indeed, no history of the latter; it gives but a very meagre account of their labours as missionaries in North America during the period mentioned, and, with the exception of a portion of these labours, the reader knows nearly as little about the Jesuits as a religious order or society when he arrives at the end of the book as he did when he first opened it. His prejudices, if he had any, still remain, or at best have undergone but a slight diminution. Should any one apply to us for information in regard to the Indians, we should refer him to the works of Mr. Schoolcraft* much rather than to those of Mr. Parkman, for the reason that there is much more to be found in the former than in the latter.

The author of the present work has confined his researches within too narrow a sphere. If he has read any of the histories of the Jesuits that are regarded as standard works, we see no evidence of the fact. It is true that he takes much more pains with the history of the Indians, although in his accounts of both he relies chiefly on the *Relations* of the Missionaries published in 1858, by the Canadian Govern-

* "Historical and Statistical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States."

ment, apparently unconscious of the fact that those "Relations" were tampered with to no slight extent at the time the French were expelled from Canada.

No one has investigated the history of the American Indians so thoroughly as Mr. Schoolcraft. He had a taste for archæological studies from his youth; he devoted the greater part of his life to the study of the Indians, and the results of his labours are highly valued in Europe as well as America. His "Personal Memoirs of a *Residence of Thirty Years* with the Indian Tribes on the American Frontiers" would show by itself that he was well qualified to illustrate the history of the Indians. Yet if Mr. Parkman condescends to refer to his works at all it is only to condemn them. Speaking of his "History, Condition, &c., of the Indian Tribes"—a work to be found in every respectable library in Europe and America—he says that "it is a singularly crude and *illiterate* production, stuffed with blunders and contradictions, giving evidence on every page of a *striking unfitness* either for historical or philosophical inquiry, and taxing to the utmost the patience of those who would extract what is valuable in it from its *oceans of pedantic verbiage*."*

Those who have written the history of the Jesuits are too numerous to be set aside in this manner; therefore, so far as we have seen, Mr. Parkman says nothing about them; the reader is left to infer that the only valuable history either of the Jesuits or the North American Indians is that now before us; whereas, in point of fact, it can never be quoted as an authority on either subject. At the same time we will not condemn Mr. Parkman in so summary a manner as he condemns Mr. Schoolcraft. We will not say that his book is not worth reading, although it is not half so learned as the work which he calls an "illiterate production."

What Mr. Parkman has omitted in regard to the Jesuits we will try to furnish, but must necessarily be brief. We will show that their worst enemies give them more credit for noble qualities than their new historian, although we are no more of their faith than he is himself. Our readers are chiefly Protestants as well as his; but fortunately they are such as are superior to sectarian bigotry.

It seems that at the beginning we had some who were of the opposite character, but they soon withdrew from us, and we had not the least objection. But before we give our

* History of the Jesuits, &c., p. lxxx.

impressions of the Jesuits in the brief, cursory manner in which we can attempt to do so in the limited space prescribed for this article, we will first give a few extracts from Mr. Parkman's volume, partly because they are interesting in themselves, and partly because they serve to illustrate our views in the general estimate we have given of the work. The following passage may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen of the manner in which Mr. Parkman portrays the character of the Jesuit missionaries:

"There was one point touching which Le Jeune and his Jesuit brethren had as yet been unable to solve their doubts. Were the Indian sorcerers mere impostors, or were they in actual league with the Devil? That the fiends who possess this land of darkness make their power felt by action direct and potential upon the persons of its wretched inhabitants there is, argues Le Jeune, good reason to conclude; since it is a matter of grave notoriety, that the fiends who infest Brazil are accustomed cruelly to beat and otherwise torment the natives of that country, as many travellers attest. 'A Frenchman worthy of credit,' pursues the Father, 'has told me that he has heard with his own ears the voice of the Demon and the sound of the blows which he discharges upon these, his miserable slaves; and in reference to this a very remarkable fact has been reported to me, namely, that, when a Catholic approaches, the Devil takes flight and beats these wretches no longer, but that in presence of a Huguenot he does not stop beating them.'

"Thus prone to believe in the immediate presence of the nether powers, Le Jeune watched the sorcerer with an eye prepared to discover in his conjurations the signs of a genuine diabolical agency. His observations, however, led him to a different result; and he could detect in his *rival* nothing but a vile compound of impostor and dupe."—Pp. 32, 33.

This disposition to make the Jesuit seem almost as superstitious and credulous as the savage manifests itself throughout the work. This, it is true, is in accordance with his opinion of the Church. Having here and there paid some compliments to the French Jesuits in the manner indicated, our author seems to think that Mrs. Grundy might be jealous, and accordingly he soothes the old lady with the following description of "the spirit of Popery":

"Holy Mother Church, linked in sordid wedlock to governments and thrones, numbered among her servants a host of the worldly and the proud, whose service of God was but the service of themselves,—and many, too, who, in the sophistry of the human heart, thought themselves true soldiers of Heaven, while earthly pride, interest, and passion were the life-springs of their zeal. This mighty Church of Rome, in her imposing march along the high road of history, heralded as infallible and divine, astounds the gazing world with prodigies of contradiction: now the protector of the oppressed, now the right arm of tyrants; now breathing charity and love, now dark with the passions of Hell; now beaming with celestial truth, now masked in hypocrisy and lies; now a virgin, now a harlot; an imperial queen and a tinselled actress. Clearly, she is of earth, not of heaven; and her transcendently dramatic life is a type

of the good and ill, the baseness and nobleness, the foulness and purity, the love and hate, the pride, passion, truth, falsehood, fierceness, and tenderness, that battle in the restless heart of man."—Pp. 83, 84.

Further on the "Devotees and Nuns" receive attention; and there is about as much truth and justice in the character given of them as there is in that which the author gives us of the life-labours of Schoolcraft. We are told that Madame de la Peltrie, when a young lady, was "one who, in other circumstances, might, *perhaps*, have made a romantic elopement and a *mésalliance*" (p. 168). Her father was opposed to her becoming a nun and going to Canada: most fathers would evince similar unwillingness to part forever with their beloved daughters; they would be unnatural if it were otherwise. Nor is it altogether impossible or unusual for young ladies to do good contrary to the wishes of their parents; and certainly filial obedience is not so striking a characteristic of our own young ladies at the present day—even those of the Puritan class—that we should pass a very severe sentence on a French lady of more than two centuries ago, because she was not strictly obedient to her father in spiritual matters. It would not seem so, however, from the following remarks of our historian:

"The virtue of obedience, for which she is extolled by her clerical biographers, however abundantly exhibited in respect to those who held charge of her conscience, was singularly wanting towards the parent who, in the way of Nature, had the best claim to its exercise; and Madame de la Peltrie was more than ever resolved to go to Canada. Her father, on his part, was urgent that she should marry again. On this she took counsel of a Jesuit, who, 'having seriously reflected before God,' suggested a device, which to the heretical mind is a little startling, but which commended itself to Madame de la Peltrie as fitted at once to soothe the troubled spirit of her father, and save her from the sin involved in the abandonment of her pious designs."—Pp. 170, 171.

Rather than displease her father the pious widow consented to marry the gentleman he proposed to her, intending, however, only a spiritual marriage. This resolution she formed under the direction of her confessors; a betrothal took place accordingly, but her betrothed was as much devoted to religion as herself. Yet Mr. Parkman closes his account of the affair with the remark that "it may be that the profound contentment of soul ascribed to her had its origin in sources *not exclusively of the spirit*" (p. 173). Such is the impression the author of "The Jesuits in North America" would give his readers of the devoted and self-sacrificing foundress of the Ursuline convent at Quebec, an institution which has maintained a high character to the present day, and which we imag-

ine has done much more good than the work before us is ever likely to do.

Marie de l'Incarnation, another nun, is disposed of by our author in a similar manner. "For her," he says, "there was no need of entreaties; for she knew that the Jesuits had made her their choice as Superior of the new convent" (p. 174). We have a long story about the "miraculous voice" she heard—"that of Christ promising to become her spouse;" how she "told her vision to Father Dinet, a Jesuit of Tours" (p. 181); and how it was for her "business talents" that she was chosen Superior of the convent, her spiritual guides seeing "clearly that gifts so useful to the world might be made equally useful to the Church" (p. 179).

Not content with all he has already said of Madame de la Peltrie, our author gives her another thrust or two at the close of the chapter, as the foundress of the Ursulines. He informs us that "there is more of reason than of uncharitableness in the belief that her zeal would have been less ardent and sustained *if it had had fewer spectators*" (p. 187). Further on he adds: "Mortal vanity takes many shapes. Sometimes it arrays itself in silks and jewels; sometimes it walks in sackcloth and speaks the language of self-abasement. In the convent as in the world the fair devotee *thirsted for admiration*" (ib.).

We have intimated already that the course pursued by our author towards the Jesuits is very different from this. Nowhere does he openly condemn the Fathers; but the Sisters he never spares; he makes war upon the women, but deals gently with the men. Among the handsome things which he says of the Jesuits are the following:

"Their maligners may taunt them, if they will, with credulity, superstition, or a blind enthusiasm; but slander itself cannot accuse them of hypocrisy or ambition. Doubtless, in their propogandism they were acting *in concurrence with a mundane policy;* but, for the present at least, this policy was rational and humane. They were promoting the ends of commerce and *national expansion.* The foundations of French dominion *were to be laid deep in the heart and conscience of the savage.* His stubborn neck was to be subdued to the 'yoke of the Faith.' *The power of the priest established, that of the temporal ruler was secure.*"—Pp. 43, 44.

Will the Jesuits thank him for compliments like these in view of the accounts he gives of the Ursuline nuns? We think not. Neither Protestants nor Catholics think very highly of those who attack the weak and flatter the strong, while the offence of the latter is exactly the same as that of the former—namely, devotion to the religion which they think the best. But we will give one specimen more of Mr. Para-

man's mode of dealing with the Jesuits. After giving a rather sensational description of the discipline to which all the members of the Society are subjected, our author philosophizes as follows:

"This horrible violence to the noblest qualities of manhood, joined to that equivocal system of morality which eminent casuists of the Order have inculcated, must, it may be thought, produce deplorable effects upon the characters of those under its influence. Whether this has been actually the case, the reader of history may determine. It is certain, however, that the Society of Jesus has numbered among its members men whose fervent and exalted natures have been intensified, without being abased, by the pressure to which they have been subjected."—Pp. 11, 12.

This is followed by another slice of description in the usual exaggerated style; then we have another summing up, in the chapter which purports to give the character of the Jesuits so that there can be no mistake about it for ever after, closing thus:

"No religious order has ever united in itself so much to be admired and so much to be detested. Unmixed praise has been poured on its Canadian members. It is not for me to eulogize them, but to portray them as they were."—P. 13.

Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of a gigantic Huron warrior, who never met an Iroquois in a convenient place without mutilating him in such a manner that there could be little hope of his recovery; but because the Iroquois were such a formidable, pugnacious tribe, the warrior daubed the wounds he had made with a sort of plaster, whose chief characteristic was its disagreeable odour. Whether the praise of Mr. Parkman has any resemblance to the cataplasm of the Huron, we leave to the Jesuits to decide.

However, it is not until we reach the last chapter of "The History of the Jesuits," that we fully comprehend the meaning of all this. We are there informed that we are to regard the failure of the Jesuits to christianize the savages as, upon the whole, rather a good thing; the reason being that the Jesuits were the representatives, not of a good religion, but of a bad system of politics. Had the result been different—that is, had French absolutism succeeded then, "when at last the great conflict came, *England and Liberty would have been confronted*, not by a depleted antagonist still feeble from the exhaustion of a starved and persecuted infancy, but by an athletic *champion of the principles of Richelieu and Loyola*. Liberty may thank the Iroquois, that, by their insensate fury, the plans of *her adversary* were brought to nought, and a *peril* and a *woe* averted from her future" (p. 448). We

are informed further that the Providence seemed "dark and inexplicable" to the Jesuits, "but *from the stand-point of Liberty that Providence is as clear as the sun at noon*" (ib.).

Thus it was all a Providential affair that the Jesuits were massacred by the Iroquois, instead of being permitted to propagate "the principles of Richelieu and of Loyola." After the Jesuits are thus disposed of, the millennium comes, according to our author, for he concludes his history of them with the following sentence: "But now new scenes succeed, and other actors enter on the stage, a hardy and valiant band, moulded to endure and dare—the Discoverers of the Great West."

Nothing need be added to this to exhibit the character of Mr. Parkman's book; we think it will be admitted that we have said nothing of it in our introductory remarks which we have not fully justified by its own language. We have no disposition, however, to disparage the author, or his labors. There are few of our writers whose style is less objectionable. His language is generally well chosen and graphic, seldom inflated. Had he been less afraid of his Puritan readers—less political and less sectarian—and more careful in the construction of his narrative, he would have produced a valuable work, whereas that which he has given us will neither please one party nor the other.

Mr. Parkman might easily have informed himself that they are the best Protestant historians who have paid the highest tributes of praise to the Jesuits—that is men like Müller, Guizot, Robertson, &c. The greatest Protestant philosophers, from Bacon to Sir William Hamilton, have been willing to acknowledge the claims of the Society on all friends of modern civilization, without regard to sect or creed. It is only those who do not know the Jesuits, or those who judge a whole community by the conduct, or alleged conduct of a few of its members, that regard them as bad men. Although brought up among Catholics ourselves, we expected in our boyhood to see, if not a pair of horns, at least a cloven foot, whenever we saw a Jesuit!

But what has caused this feeling to exist to a greater or less extent throughout Christendom? It arose from the fact, that the Jesuits have always been men of action—men of courage and of daring. Their chief object at the beginning was to oppose Protestantism; and they did so with wonderful vigour and effect. Need we say that this alone would have made them many powerful enemies? But they

did not confine themselves to opposing Protestantism; they opposed the despotism of kings and emperors with equal zeal, and ridiculed their pretensions to divine right. It was for this they were expelled in turn from almost every country in Europe. They had still less respect for tyrannical parliaments than they had for tyrannical kings; and, accordingly, the parliaments of France were their implacable enemies for centuries.

Their general mode of attack was by pamphlets; sometimes they had the boldness to put their criticisms and denunciations into the form of ironical petitions. The most celebrated of these documents is that entitled, "It is time to speak Out;" this was addressed to the parliament of Avignon. Another memorial of the same character—entitled "All shall be Told"—was addressed soon after to the parliament of Metz. These pamphlets are now rare; but none who have read them as specimens of the daring protests made by the Jesuits against tyranny in all forms, can wonder at the odium cast upon the Society.

But the men whom they thus exhibited to public scorn were not their only enemies. It is a remarkable fact, that by none were they more pertinaciously opposed, before the Revolution, than by the University of France, which included then, as it does now, all the higher educational institutions of the country. The Jesuits got sufficient money from their penitents to enable them to teach gratuitously, whereas the University charged high rates. The consequence was that the students would leave the University in large numbers, attend the Academies of the Jesuits, and leave the class-rooms of the University almost empty.

Time after time, the Jesuits were cited before commissions for having thus taken away the students; their general reply was, "Then receive us into your body; you cannot deny that we are qualified; let us have the same privileges as you, although we will not ask your money; all we want is freedom of instruction."* This led to another citation (1564); a commission of which the Rector of the University was president, summoned them to declare whether they were seculars, regulars, or monks; but they declined to give any more satisfactory explanation than that they were what they were—*tales quales*.

This opposition of the University was continued for

* *Histoire impartiale des Jésuites*, par M. Linguet, vol. ii., p. 186.

nearly two centuries: in the mean time, if any one educated in the Jesuit seminaries committed a serious crime it was immediately proclaimed that either he was prompted by the Society to commit it, or at best he was influenced by their teachings. Thus were their schools shut up time after time; they were arrested themselves and cast into prison, or banished out of the country altogether. In illustration of this we will mention the cases of Barrière and Châtel, each of whom made an attempt on the king's life. In July, 1594, the University cited the Jesuits before the Parliament to answer for the crime of the former; that is, they are summoned by one enemy to appear before another enemy on the gravest of charges. The only testimony against them was that of the criminal, who, knowing how hateful they were to his judges, said that he was prompted to the commission of the crime by Father Varade, rector of the Jesuit College of Paris. This was sufficient; the Jesuits were condemned to leave the kingdom within fifteen days on pain of being regarded as guilty of high treason. But the gross injustice of this was so apparent, public opinion was so much against it, that the boldest of their enemies did not venture to execute the sentence against them.

They had soon another excuse, however. Before the close of the same year, Châtel made his attempt on the king's life. In order to connect the Jesuits with his crime, it was sufficient that he had spent some time at one of their seminaries; on being questioned, he denied that his former teachers had anything whatever to do with his crime, directly or indirectly, but, nevertheless, their college was broken into the same night; all the professors were arrested, dragged out of their beds, and hurried off to prison. The judges hesitated to condemn the Jesuits without some evidence of their guilt, but De Thou, their implacable enemy, was all-powerful at this time, and his arguments prevailed. In the very same decree that condemned Châtel, the Jesuits were declared enemies of the king, and ordered to leave Paris within three days, and France within fifteen days. The king issued an edict, January 7, 1595, confirming this sentence against the order; and lest all this might not be sufficient to crush them forever, the parliament issued another decree on the twenty-first day of the following March, forbidding all Frenchmen from giving them an asylum, on pain of being included in their condemnation.

It is almost needless to say that this treatment of the

Jesuits by the most enlightened nation of Europe excited strong prejudices against them in every other country in Christendom. The Protestants asked with apparent reason how could they be expected to be friendly to an order avowedly established for the puspose of opposing them, seeing that even the Catholics had to banish them; and accordingly they were expelled in turn by England, Sweden, Holland, and Russia. Nowhere were they treated worse than in England. Father Campion went thither to seek an asylum, but he was soon accused of treason and executed;* and the so-called Popish plot afforded a pretext for executing five of them. Thus it was not alone the savage Iroquois that put the Jesuits to death without mercy, for crimes of which it has since been proved they were entirely innocent; those who boasted of being the best friends of liberty and justice, and claimed superior enlightenment, did so.

No allowance was made for their great men. The service they had rendered literature, science, and art by their writings as well as by their labours as teachers, instead of causing them to be regarded with consideration and gratitude, rendered their persecutors all the more anxious to crush them, for they as well as the Indians accused them of sorcery and magic. They admitted that their knowledge was unbounded, but alleged that they derived it from Satan. It is a strong argument in favour of the order thus persecuted that the greatest and most learned men, Protestant as well as Catholic, were friendly towards them at all times. Lord Bacon did his best to protect them from the prejudices of his countrymen. "When I consider the assiduity with which they give themselves," he says, "to the cultivation of science and the maintenance of pure morals, I always think of what Agesilaus said to Pharnobazius: 'As thou art such, I wish you were one of ours.'" In a similar spirit of liberality and justice, Müller, instead of exulting over their fall because their religion was different from his own, or because they were opposed to Protestantism, says in his valuable History of Civilization that "It was soon apparent to wise men that a common bulwark of all authorities had fallen." Several of the other great thinkers of Germany have solemnly protested against the persecution of the Jesuits and denounced it as a disgrace to its authors. "The severest condemnation of the Jesuits," Schlegel justly remarks, "pro-

* Hume's History of England, vol. iv., p. 183. Ib., vol. vi., p. 207.

ceeds from a quarter where we clearly discern the most implacable hostility to Christianity and to all religion; and this circumstance ought to furnish the Jesuits with an *additional claim to our good opinion.*"*

It has always been a favorite charge against the Jesuits by those who have no patience with learned men that have the boldness to denounce those who oppress the people under pretence of governing them, that the Society is always intriguing for political power. But when they possessed absolute power, at home and abroad, how did they use it? What was their conduct, for example, in Paraguay? Let the Abbé Raynal, who belonged to the very party who expelled them from France, but who is always a faithful historian, answer the question. "Perhaps," he says of the Paraguayans under Jesuit rule, "so much good has never been done to men with so little injury. * * Their only laws were the precepts of religion. There was no distinction of stations, and it is the only society on earth where men enjoyed equality. * * Public justice had never been reduced to the cruel necessity of condemning a single malefactor to death, to ignominy, or to any punishment of long duration; and the very name of taxes and lawsuits—those two terrible scourges which everywhere else afflict mankind—were unknown."

Neither Spain nor Portugal could ever forgive the Jesuits for having produced such a state of things. The former became so much disgusted with Paraguay, because the inhabitants were no longer disposed to be taxed and otherwise oppressed by her, that she ceded seven districts of the country to Portugal. The Paraguayans did not wish to be disposed of in this manner, but resolved to resist the Portuguese government to the utmost. An army of fourteen thousand men was soon raised, and as it was organized and commanded by the Jesuits, the contracting powers soon found it necessary to annul the treaty. But the Society was made to pay dearly for this. A prosecution for high treason was commenced against them at Lisbon; while it was proceeding an attempt was made on the life of the king, which was made use of by Pombal exactly as De Thou had made use of the similar attempt on the life of the king of France. To have expelled the order from Portugal for what some of its members had done in South America would have seemed somewhat unjust even at this period; but now that there

* *Philosophy of History*, by Frederick Von Schlegel, p. 406.

was a pretext for connecting them with an attack on the king's life, it was different; and accordingly a royal edict was issued in 1759, declaring them guilty of high treason, expelling them from Portugal, and confiscating their colleges and seminaries, which were their only possessions.

As soon as Spain found herself in a position to follow the example of Portugal, she did not hesitate to do so. She had first to induce the Pope to control those in South America, who could bring an army of 14,000 men to the field against her. They could not disobey the Head of the Church; but told the Paraguayans that they had better submit to the Spanish rule. It was not until 1766 that Spain got back Paraguay firmly into her grasp in this manner; but the next year the Jesuits were expelled from Spain as they had been from Portugal. The Spanish government, not content with doing them all the injury in its power at home, sent Aranda, its minister, to co-operate with Choiseul, and others of less note, in having them expelled from Naples, Parma, and Malta.

Such has been the reward of the Jesuits for conduct which has not only elicited the praise, but excited the admiration of every thinker of any eminence who has devoted any attention to the rights of man. Montesquieu mentions it to their glory, in his great work, that they were the first who exhibited in South America the idea of religion joined to that of humanity, although well aware that it was attributed to them as a crime, and that they were punished for it accordingly, as we have seen. That is, it was a crime on their part to have repaired the devastations of the Spaniards, and to have healed the deepest wounds that the human race had hitherto received.*

When we are told that the Jesuits have thus been expelled from so many countries we should enquire, before inferring their guilt from their expulsion, what sort of people were they who banished them. If we did we should find that in every instance they have been narrow-minded cravens and tyrants. The best of them was James I. of Eng-

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* "Le Paraguay peut nous fournir an autre exemple. On a voulu en faire un crime à la *société*, qui regarde le plaisir de commander comme le seul bien de la vie; mais il sera toujours beau de gouverner les hommes en les rendant heureux?

"Il est glorieux pour elle d'avoir été la première qui ait montré dans ces contrées l'idée de la religion jointe à celle de l'humanité. En réparant les dévastations des Espagnols, elle a commencé à guérir une des grandes plaies qu'ait encore reçues le genre humain."—*De l'Esprit des Lois*, lib. iv., c. vi.

land, who had not the manliness to make the least effort to save his mother, the Queen of Scots, from the scaffold, when, had he merely insisted on her rights as Queen of Scotland, over whom English laws had no jurisdiction, Elizabeth dared not to have put her to death, well aware, as she was, that there was scarcely a power on the Continent which would not support James in such a case. It is hardly to be wondered at that the prince who saw his mother's head cut off, after a captivity of nineteen years, without having pursued any more energetic course than to order prayers in the Protestant churches for her conversion, thus evincing his acquiescence in her fate—there was nothing strange in his issuing a proclamation in the second year of his reign (1604), expelling the Jesuits. As to the French, Spanish, and Portuguese kings who treated them in the manner indicated, if any one of them has escaped utter oblivion it is for acts of petty tyranny —such as required neither courage nor intelligence.

If, upon the other hand, we inquire what kings or statesmen were the friends of the Jesuits, we shall find a very different record. In illustration of this we need only mention Louis XIV. All historians agree in regarding the reign of this monarch as the golden age of the French intellect; to this day he is justly ranked among the greatest sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of France. And he so admired the Society, that he became a member of it himself, *i. e.* a *Jesuit de robe.* To this partiality of Louis XIV. and his high opinion of the learning of the Jesuits, we owe the celebrated Delphine edition of the Classics, prepared expressly by order of the king for the use of the Dauphin—*jussu Christianissimo Regis, ad usum serenissimi Delphini.*

But there is scarcely a heinous crime of which the Jesuits have not been accused. We have already alluded to the charge of their inculcating the murder of tyrants. The chief foundation for this is a pamphlet by Father Mariana, entitled, *De Rege et Regis Institutione*, which is evidently designed, not to induce the disaffected subjects to put their king to death, but to induce the latter to govern with moderation and justice, and not put too much confidence in his "divine right." But had it been otherwise, it would have been absurd to hold the whole order responsible for the views of one of its members, especially as several living Jesuits have written against this very work. It is sufficient to mention Lessius and Molina, in whose work the following passage occurs: "A regent, be he even a tyrant, is nevertheless the legal sovereign; hence the

Holy Scriptures commanded obedience, even to heathen princes, in everything which is not against the ordinances of God, even if they were the greatest tyrants, persecuted the church, and strove to force Christians to give up their faith. Hence it follows that the murder of a regent is in no case permitted."

The charge of lax morals made against the Jesuits has a foundation equally slender. One out of thousands—a young man named Girard—was accused of rape. Assuming that he was guilty, and not the victim of conspiring enemies, is it not a monstrous injustice to condemn the whole Society for his crime? Would it not be as logical and as religious to maintain that all the disciples of Christ were traitors because Judas was one? No one has attacked the Jesuits more violently than Voltaire; but it was as the most energetic propagators of the Christian religion that he attacked them. Whatever were his faults, he was too honest to accuse them of what he knew they were not guilty. He knew from personal observation of their habits for many years that they lived a pure and exemplary life. "What," he says, "have I seen during the seven years that I have lived with the Jesuits? A very active life, connected with many labours, and at the same time very frugal and orderly. All their hours were appropriated to their school labours and to the exercises which their severe order bound them to perform. I call thousands and thousands to witness, who, like myself, have been educated by them. I dare to affirm that nothing more repulsive and dishonorable to human nature can be found than that there are men who reproach such people with laxity of morals!"* This is the testimony even of every enemy of theirs who is generous; and we believe it is as true of them at the present day as it was in the time of Voltaire.

We have, ourselves, had more or less acquaintance with the Jesuits in Europe and America, for a quarter of a century; and we have never known one of them to be convicted of a disgraceful crime. If they are bigoted and intolerant, as most Protestants think, we have never seen any proof of the fact. They would bear us testimony, wherever we have known them, that we have never pretended to have the same faith with them, but they have not been the less disposed on this account to invite us to visit their colleges, and to treat us in the kindest and most friendly manner.

* Siècle de Louis XIV., chap. 37.

Upon the other hand, we have met with individual Jesuits who were neither kind nor friendly, but rude and insolent. These did not in the least change our good opinion of the Society, or diminish our respect for it; neither did our respect for the Society prevent us from treating those individual members as we thought they deserved. But the whole number of this class is but two. Two out of five hundred is a small percentage. One of these we disposed of in this journal some years ago,* and we have never heard of him since, further than that he was removed from his professorship of mathematics, and put to school again in another part of the world, so that he might at least learn civility and some discretion.

Not one Jesuit found fault with us for criticising the conduct of this gentleman. But just one year ago we took the liberty of making certain other criticisms and comparisons, alluding incidentally to the art or science of billiard-playing, as taught at one of our Jesuit colleges, and adding that it seemed to be the favorite branch of study and instruction at the institution referred to. We received the most satisfactory assurances both from Jesuits and other enlightened Catholics, including many clergymen, that far from being offended with our comments, they were much pleased with them because they thought they were well deserved and would do good. But while congratulating ourselves accordingly, we received a communication from the Rev. President of Georgetown College, in which that gentleman spoke as if we should have consulted him before saying anything of Jesuits or other distinguished Catholics. As we did not do so, however, but had the temerity to express our own opinions on such delicate subjects, we were informed that we should no longer have the advertising patronage of the college. This was our punishment; at least all he could inflict. So full of indignation was the good Father at our heterodox criticisms that he altogether forgot his previous letter to us, and the many agreeable things (though chiefly about himself) which it contained.†

This, indeed, we thought very silly, more worthy of a grandmother than of a Father; but how absurd it would be to

* See N. Q. R., No. xiv. (Sept. 1863), Art. Commencements of Colleges, &c.

† He did not seem to be aware that nothing is more emphatically condemned by the *Institutes* than to have any sporting instruments or appliances whatever in a Jesuit college. In nostris domibus non possunt teneri instrumenta ad lusum.—*Const.*, part 8, c. i. (Tom. i., p. 108.)—Admitting such implements is put in the same category with admitting women.—*Vide* tom. i., p. 107.

judge the whole Society by the thoughtless conduct of this one member! And its absurdity will be still more apparent when it is remembered that in acting in the manner intimated he violated several of the most important rules of the order. This we will show from an authority which he must recognize himself as the best, namely, *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu*. We will not do so, however, on his account, for it would hardly be worth while; but because there is no charge more frequently preferred against the Jesuits than that they are haughty and overbearing.

This is the chief accusation brought against them by their old enemy, Voltaire. "What was it then," he asks, "that was their ruin?—Pride." But he only judged from the conduct of Fathers Croust, Nonotte, and Routh, each of whom violated the rules of the Society, and, what is more, was punished for doing so. Far from encouraging pride or haughtiness, the "Constitutiones" condemns both and enjoins humility in spirit as well as in appearance.* Nor is the Rector or President of a college held to be exempt.† All are required to be civil not only to friends, but also to their enemies, so that the latter if offended may be conciliated.‡ In a similar spirit it is enjoined that no Jesuit shall give offence with pen or tongue on pain of being punished.§ If any persist in doing so they are liable to be dismissed as a cause of discord.‖ Benevolence is to be observed towards all, even to those who have to be dismissed from the Society, and who may henceforward be regarded as enemies.¶ Above all things the Jesuits are warned against rashness; and they are reminded that good as learning is, prudence is still better.** No one is required to possess *all* those virtues in a higher degree than the Rector of the College; and he is also required to have talent.††

But we are bound to remember that there is no position so high or responsible, or so well protected from imposition but that it is sometimes occupied by persons who are utterly unqualified for it. The reverend predecessor of the present Rector of Georgetown possessed all the necessary qualifications; so do nine-tenths of all the Rectors we know. Yet the greatest defect we see in the government of the Society

* Humilitas servanda in animo et in exteriori, deferendo aliis.—Tom. i., p. 101. † Requiretur in Rectore.—Tom i., p. 169.

‡ Amici conservandi et adversarii conciliandi.—Tom. i., p. 170.

§ Offendentes calamo vel lingua, puniendi.—*Cong.*, 12, d. 19. (Tom. i., p. 107.) ‖ Ejus auctores dimittendi.—*Const.*, tom. i., p. 88.

¶ Etiam cum iis qui e Societate dimittuntur.—Tom. i., p. 170.

** Tom. i., p. 208. †† Debet habere talentum conveniens.—Tom. i., p. 1.

is that men of tried abilities and worth—men who command the respect and esteem of all—should be removed from their rectorship just when their valuable labours are beginning to produce their legitimate results.

It is certainly injudicious to remove them in this way; but if they must, nevertheless, be removed, surely they ought to be replaced by men of similar character, abilities, and acquirements. Thus, for example, if Father Clark, the predecessor of the present Rector of the College of the Holy Cross had been made Rector of Georgetown College, no impartial, intelligent person who knew the gentleman would have complained, although we think the case would have been still worse than it is had Father Maguire been sent to the Holy Cross; for the reason that Massachusetts is considerably in advance of the District of Columbia in an educational point of view. Since there was any change made in the North which did not restore Father Early to his old position there, we think no one better qualified in every respect than the present Rector could have been selected for it. But as matters now stand we should not be surprised to learn that Georgetown, imitating the example of Fordham, had established classes in billiard-playing which are making much more progress than those in the Humanities.

Now we think we have illustrated the case so far as the charge of domineering pride is concerned. What if one out of five hundred is a little foolish? Sooner or later he will be punished for it, although we hope the General or Provincial of the Society will deal leniently with Father Maguire, who, we have no doubt, is a kind, good man when his ire is not excited by heretical criticism. It is true that the *Institutes* denounce anger as a disqualification for the Society,* maintaining, as we think very justly, that it clouds the mind.† Still we trust his punishment will not exceed an "exhortation" this time; then if he is guilty of a similar indiscretion let him be sent to California or Oregon, armed with some of the citations from the Institutes given above, with perhaps the addition of the following: *Nulla mulierum cura à Nostris suscipi debet.*‡ Be this as it may, Jesuits like Fathers Clark, Early, O'Hagen, Moore, Brady and Kelly, would more than counterbalance the sins of hundreds of Maguires, Berthelets *et hoc genus omne!*

Before we close we will say a few words of two other

* Passiones indomabiles sunt impedimentum secundarum ad Societatem.—Tom. i., p. 72.

† Passiones obtenebrant animam.—Tom. vi., p. 248.

‡ Const., part. 6, c. 3, § 5. (Tom. i., p. 284.)

charges generally made against the Jesuits. One is that they have an inordinate love for power; the other, that they acknowledge no superior out of their order but the Pope alone. As for power, there are few men, whether religious or irreligious, who would not like to have it, and we are by no means sure that the Jesuits may be ranked with these few. It is only in a religious point of view, however, that they acknowledge no superior but the Pope; for they consider themselves as much bound to obey the laws of the country in which they reside, be it Protestant or Catholic, as any other class of citizens or subjects. If they do not obey Bishop or Archbishop, that is the Church's affair, not ours; there is no reason why we should reproach them for it.

Supposing that instead of obeying the Archbishop of their diocese, they make his Grace obey them—suppose they say to him, "Come and make a speech at our college and praise our system, which you know is the best," and he does so; that on another occasion they say, "You may go to ——— College, if you will, this time, but make no speech; if they find fault with your silence, stay away altogether," and that his Grace, so much afraid to disobey, that he is almost to be pitied, does exactly as he is told, nothing more or less, what then? Does this not show the weakness of the Archbishop, not to call it by any worse name, much more than the domineering spirit, or love of power of the Jesuits?

Who will say that they could have exercised so much power, or, indeed, any undue influence on Archbishop Hughes or Archbishop Spaulding? and we could say the same of three-fourths of the Catholic dignitaries of Europe and America. The mischief done, therefore, in this manner is but trifling. Even the Catholic college which the Archbishop may not be permitted to praise or attend, will sustain no injury from the fact, because it will be well understood that if it were an inferior establishment the Jesuits would not be jealous of it.

Then, again, it is only individual Jesuits who indulge in such jealousy, the same as it is only individual archbishops —those that are overbearing and pompous towards their own clergy—that is, about one out of fifty—who are controlled by them. Rather than accuse a whole community, therefore, let the individuals of the order who do wrong be chastised as they deserve. If some members are rude, silly, or insolent, in spite of all the scourging they have got, and all the refining influences brought to bear upon them, it is not the less true that the Society as a whole deserves the highest praise bestowed upon it by the most illustrious men of all denominations.

DEC 70

ART. VIII.—1. *A Bill to Regulate the Civil Service of the United States, and to promote the efficiency thereof.* Reported in the House of Representatives December 13, 1866, by Mr. JENCKES.

2. *Speech in Support of the Civil Service Bill.* By Hon. THOS. A. JENCKES. January 29, 1867. Washington Globe, January 30, 1867.

3. *Report on the Civil Service.* Read January 31, 1867. Doc. 39th Cong., 2d Sess.

ONE of the striking features of the United States as regenerated by the rebellion, is the fact that the Republican party have advocated and carried more schemes of national legislation than any party that had held power for years before. The necessity of making good laws was partly the result of the new necessities of the country in its changed condition; but the fact that this necessity was recognized and that it was acted on, is in striking contrast to the pretension that had been put forth to the world, that the legislative wisdom of the country was all concentrated in the born and trained lawmakers of the South.

The popular recognition, in and through the country, of the great evil of slavery and of the necessity for its abolition, has led the people to the knowledge of that great principle of government, individual and national, that what is right in itself it is right to do. This has opened the way for a thorough reformation of our whole system of government, and while it is true that after the great throes of the rebellion the country needs and seeks repose, even this repose is activity compared to the inert state of the nation before the rebellion. The necessity of a change in our Civil Service, the vices of the present system, or want of system, in appointments to office, the mischiefs that will be cured by a permanent reform—these are all matters that have long been patent, and now a remedy is proposed that deserves the heartiest recognition from the public.

It is well to stop on the threshold to look into the merits of the question as one of close interest, and to see how far the adoption of Mr. Jenckes' Bill will put us on the road to better government and keep us there.

The comparison of our Civil Service and that of any first-rate European power is not a pleasant one to make, but it is worth making for two reasons, first because we can learn

something from their system, and next because a very little inquiry serves to show the comparative novelty of that which is now so important a part of all Continental governments. The material for such an examination is not very abundant nor very accessible. Most of the books bearing on the subject are technical, written exclusively for the use of the special branch of the service of which they treat. Mr. Jenckes' Report furnishes evidence of the care that has been taken in examining all these sources of practical knowledge.

In 1840 M. Laboulaye was sent to Germany, where the Civil Service had been reorganized for twenty years or more, to examine the system of competitive examination used there, with a view to its application in France. His report, made to M. Cousin, then Minister of Public Instruction, was published in the *Revue de Législation et de Jurisprudence*, and was separately printed in pamphlet in 1843, under the title, *De l'enseignement et du noviciat administratif en Allemagne*. As a basis of the thorough and exhaustive discussion of the whole subject, it has been carefully examined in the preparation of this article. It is not a little gratifying to find that the early labours of a man who has been lately distinguished as particularly a friend of our United States of to-day, should serve a good purpose in furthering the practical statesmanship of the country, and in securing to it wise administration.

The fact that Civil Service is a matter of only a generation or two in France and Germany, should lead us to recognize the possibility of adapting its benefits to our own use; and this done, there will be little difficulty in guarding against an abuse of the system, by keeping alive even in our bureaucracy, if we ever have one, a sense of its dependence on its merits. "Political Science" is grown into an exact science, and it includes the practical arts, such as political economy, statistics, industrial legislation, administration, diplomacy, which have to do with the application of government as a science to the daily requirements of government as part of the life of the governed. In Europe, the necessity of instruction in political science has long been fully recognized, and means have been abundantly supplied for its study, and for securing in the service of the Government those who have made themselves masters of the subject.

It ought to be a subject of deep and earnest study here, for every man in this country exercises an influence of some kind, by his acts, his words and his votes, on and in the gov-

ernment. In a country like ours, where we are all called upon to take part in the government both in its legislation and in its administration, no knowledge can be more useful, none more necessary than political science in its best sense; not theoretical research into the origin of society and the functions of government in the abstract, but the positive science of government as it exists; of its interests, its mechanism, its administration, as these are the elements of the wealth, the power, and the liberty of the people. Instruction of this kind is accessible, and it is indispensable for those who are at the head of the nation, entrusted with the immediate management of its business and sometimes of its destiny, and for those who are in office; but not the less is it needed by the people at large, by every citizen who by his vote is called upon to take his share in deciding upon the present and in no small degree upon the future of his country.

It is right, therefore, that the Government should require of every man who desires to enter its service, that he submit to a fair test of his knowlege, as a means of ascertaining his fitness for the post to which he aspires, or which he holds.*

It is alike dangerous and ridiculous that the public offices, which do not require as a condition precedent of appointment, preparatory studies, and test examination, are pre cisely those which are of the most direct interest and importance to the country. If an engineer build a bad bridge or make an error in laying out a railroad, there is only a loss of time and money, which can be corrected. If the administrative officers of the country be too strict or too lax, if a tax be improperly levied, or if it be collected by intolerable vexatious measures, the whole nation suffers. Reading Mr. Jenckes' Bill by the light which was shed on the subject of our internal revenues by the report of the Commissioners who sat in 1865–6, it takes the form of a necessity rather than an experiment, and the delay (it is to be hoped it is nothing more) which sends it from the Thirty-ninth to the Fortieth Congress will tend only to make its claims for immediate consideration more pressing than ever.

In a country like ours, where the newspapers carry with

* It is true that the government itself ought to possess a certain amount of knowledge in order to qualify it to judge of the knowledge of others. Accordingly we have suggested, more than once, in this journal, that a school should be established, either at Washington or Georgetown, for the benefit of members of Congress whose early education, including their moral training, has been neglected.

the speed of lightning the news of any injustice or blunder on the part of Government, where the first fault of any of its officers is punished with instant and universal publicity, there is a sort of electric shock, which arouses everybody, in interest or not, and the Government is charged with a responsibility which belongs rather to the system of appointments than to its servants and agents, who are the results of that system. In the face of the recent report of a congressional committee of investigation as to the frauds in the New York Custom House, it is not too much to say that Government should assure itself beforehand of the capacity of every man employed in a place where temptations are the rule. Every officer of the army and navy is appointed only on a rigorous examination. Alongside of West Point and Annapolis, where the future soldiers and sailors are prepared for their duties, there are colleges for training doctors and lawyers, preachers and teachers, and there is hardly a place for any of them which does not require a preliminary test of fitness and ability. From among them we take the men who make our laws—where do we train the men who are to execute them? The commander of a ship and the captain of a company must each study his business for a dozen years before he reaches that position, but the Collector of the Port of New York, the Postmaster of New York—nay, the Postmaster-General of the United States, the Governor of Nevada, or any other Territory teeming with wealth, is appointed on the recommendation of a Congressman who wants to serve—himself and his friend; or he is appointed because he once got to Congress himself, and is, therefore, supposed to be able to influence a good many votes.

The whole business of levying taxes and raising revenue by excises is new here, but what right have we to disregard the ruinous experience of Europe? The condition of a great empire like Austria, brought first to bankruptcy and then to dishonour by the ignorance of its civil-service officers, is a standing warning, just as Prussia, in its splendid results of a war fought without taxes and a triumphant peace secured without price, by means of its admirable civil-service education and system, is a criterion by which we can measure our wants and our ability to supply them. National bankruptcy is a misfortune, but universal ruin, in the pursuit of a violent excess of revenue, at the expense of trade and the prosperity of our manufactures and internal commerce, is an irredeem-

able mischief; and one fault is as much to be avoided as the other.

It will never do to look upon the great army enlisted (but not yet disciplined) in our civil service, as an instrument of oppression, let loose to destroy, instead of being trained to develop the wealth and industry of the country. "Self-government" will fail of its purpose if it do not enable us to rival the prosperity of Prussia, the power of France, the system of England, in the management of their national finances. Political rights will lose their importance if they do not assure us of a faithful, honest, and capable administration of all our revenue laws. Political science has kept pace with other exact and positive sciences; it furnishes the means of meeting the wants of a country as great as ours and with interests as diversified as they are great; but these means are sciences too, and to govern wisely we must learn to use our knowledge of political economy, of statistics, of social science, of trade, of agriculture, of each and all its branches.

The change in the condition of our national finances requires a proportionate change in our civil service: in our good old times, happily gone now never to return, public officers were little more than clerks, and the employés of a large commercial house would not have exchanged places with them. Strangers to the public, the public neither knew nor cared to know them. To be an officer in the civil service of the United States was to live "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Offices were really hereditary, and the traditional families lived on elegant incompetencies, preserving their names from popular praise or reproach by doing as little as their offices allowed—that little was less than enough to keep them from rusting, but nobody expected more. Now the scene is changed; they are no longer mere subordinates, supernumeraries in the drama of public affairs; they are become actors of the first importance; they administer the law; *inserviunt, non serviunt.* Their duties and their number have grown into equal importance. The army of officers of the internal revenue are, to a great extent, judges to themselves and the public, who have to deal with them, and nobody escapes; they decide on matters and on amounts of prodigious variety and extent; their office is, in many respects, more delicate than that of judges in the courts, for in the cases which they decide, the Government is at once judge and prosecutor; its officers must have impartiality and ability enough not to

fail either as judges or as officers, not to injure either the Government or the individual, not to forget what is due the treasury and what the citizen.

It is, therefore, just, right, and necessary to exact of those who are appointed to these offices knowledge and experience, as well as to require a thorough preliminary test of their fitness for appointment. It will no longer do to dismiss a tried and capable officer, like a house servant, with his month's wages. The higher the office, the less should change be allowed, to please political adherents or to gain them. The civil service, to be good, must be permanent; slow it may be in promotion, and severe in its requirements, but fixed, certain, safe, and dependent only on merit, capacity, and good behaviour.

The recent legislation on this subject by Congress was the first step in the right direction; Mr. Jenckes' Bill is the second; but the one without the other is incomplete and unsafe. One of the least pleasing facts of our present condition is the enormous number of candidates for public places; whatever may be the cause, the first result should be to require of every candidate, as conditions precedent to considering his claims for office, some test of his capacity; then from among those who have stood this examination, and that of antecedents and qualifications, to select the fittest, and finally to ensure to men thus chosen the position they have earned, permanently, with the prospect of promotion according to merit and seniority.

As matters now stand, the amount of capacity required for any or all of the thousands of places that are in the appointment of the National Government, seems to be measured inversely in proportion to the duties to be fulfilled. The very phrase that has grown into fashion, of "offices in the gift" of the appointing power, negatives the real truth of office as an employment in which the labour and the reward are fairly balanced. What merchant or manufacturer talks of the clerkships "in his gift"? He looks for the best man for the work to be done, pays a fair price, and builds up between them a tie of interest that grows with every succeeding year. A lawyer may not practice without a license, nor a doctor without a diploma, lest private and individual interests suffer, but the welfare of the whole public is staked on the chances of getting men good enough for the civil service.

These chances of inexperience and incapacity are still

further increased by failure to require any preliminary test, and by neglecting the ordinary incentives of promotion for seniority or fair reward for merit. The man who makes the best officer is, of course, the one who best does his duty and deserves recognition for it. As matters stand now, however, of those who remain for many years in office, there are only a very few who are able to go out of the old routine, and almost none try or are encouraged to improve their offices, to suggest reforms in them, to lighten the burthens that trade and manufactures must carry, or to distribute more equally the taxes that they collect. The men who might do this, know that it is better to be silent.

If Congress were aided by the intelligent advice of a permanent body of trained and capable officers in any branch of the civil service, legislation would be made by just so much the more certain, rapid, and effective. Legislation now is almost entirely tentative; experiments have to be made to find the most practicable means of raising revenue, and these experiments are tried in practice, at the expense of whole branches of industry, of untold sums of money, of incalculable loss to the country. With the best will in the world on the part of Congress to adjust taxes to meet the requirements of trade and manufactures, with the most inexhaustible patience on the part of the people to satisfy every necessity of revenue, legislation is to-day as uncertain, as improvident, and, in some respects, as unsound and unwise, as it was when the National Government first undertook the business of direct taxation.

This arises, in great part, from the want of a permanent organization in the administrative offices. If the same officers were in the revenue department to-day that were there when that bureau was first called into life, they would have accumulated a fund of knowledge as to the details and working of the law on every branch of trade, that would, in its practical application, save the credit of Congress and the pockets of the people more than we dare guess. There are plenty of men, many of them in office, and most of them controlling much of the political machinery of the country, who will say that any plan for a permanent, educated, improving civil service is impracticable; that votes depend on offices, and majorities on votes. These men are not all bad, nor all corrupt; in spite of the abuse that has been lavished on politicians, there are many fair, good, honest men among them, zealous to do right and to serve the country But

the country at large is wiser than they are, and knows better than they do the difference between being governed for all its interests, and being misgoverned in the interest of a party.

Instead of being weakened, the Government will be strengthened, it will grow tenfold in power and excellence, when public opinion comes to its help, and that will be gained for its measures and the men who execute them when these are the best that can be got, and when those are as good as they can be made. To secure these results officers must be chosen for their merit, educated in their offices, promoted for their services, and rewarded by prompt and full acknowledgment of any special capacity. Examination will produce competition; competition will induce study; study will be of itself a preliminary training, and training alone is needed to give the country public officers who will deserve and enjoy a certain and honorable position; they will make the civil service a career creditable to them and useful to the country.

The example once set in the civil service of the United States will be followed in that of each State, and of the municipal and other local subdivisions; cities and counties will join States and the General Government in a wholesome rivalry to make civil-service employment all that it should be, and in turn civil service will provide public officers as they should be. Political instruction and education for the civil service will become necessary; schools and colleges will add them to their course of study; special schools will be begun and supported; the public generally will be benefited by the opportunity and the occasion for learning anew its political duties; those who complete their studies will be rewarded by appointments, and having secured them by examination, will continue their studies, making a practical application of them to the duties of their office, and doing those duties all the better for the prospect of a future secured to them by making promotion the reward of further tests of advanced studies.

As matters now stand, the universal depot for supplying officers of the civil service, at least in its higher grades, is the profession of the law. There are, it is true, certain branches of the law which every officer of the civil service, as of every other department of government, ought to know, but lawyers rarely make good public officers, and least of all because they are good lawyers. From the very nature of

their studies and that of their profession, lawyers learn to look on everything submitted to them according to its merits as a subject for a lawsuit; they weigh the points for one side against the arguments for the other; they measure the evidence by its legal rules and not on its own merits; they accustom themselves to consider the form as more important than the substance, and fitness for argument as more meritorious in a case than its real merits. Then from dealing only with law, they get into a habit of thinking that the law itself is first in importance, and, taking the result for the cause, they believe that the affairs of the country can be regulated by making laws exact in form, full of details, precise, and compressed between provisions and limitations, with "to-wits" and "whereases" marking the surface of the statute book until it is hardly to be distinguished from a book of forms or of deeds and leases in a recorder's office.

Hence it is that, instead of revenue laws on a broad, comprehensive plan, based on a permanent principle, we find only a series of conflicting enactments, passed in haste and under the pressure of local influences or partial information, and a whole volume of opinions and decisions as to their interpretation and practical working. The lawyers who are appointed to important places in the Government, as a reward for their political and legal services, and many of them are men of first-rate ability, carry with them into their offices legal habits of mind, and often a total ignorance and incapacity to learn anything of the interests entrusted to their keeping. They are, however, always ready to try their 'prentice hand at drafting laws, with preambles, provisos, and schedules, admirable specimens of legislative literature, and beautifully calculated to crush out every growing branch of trade and industry. In other countries, where time and experience have taught the hard lessons of taxation, the effort is to encourage the advancement of public officers who are watchful, industrious, devoted to the business in hand, guarding the interests with which they are charged, and adjusting the public burthens to the public good; but here such a choice is almost ideal.

The civil service is not filled by men who try to help the merchants and manufacturers, the tax-payers, and the producers of the country, but by men who administer the laws as if the people were made for the laws, and not as though the laws were made for the people—watching for technical and legal niceties to trip up the busy industry of

the great industrial centres, and intractable as to the observation and violations of forms, no matter how puerile. They are like Molière's doctor, who would rather see his patients die than have them cured by irregular practitioners, or in the teeth of their own prescriptions. Trade and manufactures may dwindle, commerce may suffer, the revenue may fall off, but the officers of the Government pursue their way heedless of all about them, forgetting, if they ever knew, that our revenue system, or that accidental collocation of taxes and laws to enforce them which passes for one, grew up in the midst of times of prodigious expansion and inflation, and at a period when the demands of the Government, no matter how great, could not outstrip the readiness of the tax-paying portion of the country to meet them. Now, however, that the country, and with it its industry, must return to a normal condition, the public servants are the hardest masters.

A really valuable officer of the civil service must be a different sort of a man from this; if he is in the revenue department he must watch sacredly the interests of the treasury, but he must remember that the treasury is never so easily enriched as by a tax which does not hinder the development of trade and manufactures, which is distributed over so large a mass as to be scarcely felt by individuals, which is assessed without injustice and levied without oppression, which prevents frauds without stopping the free transit of merchandise, which raises every dollar that it should produce, without diminishing production or consumption, which increases the resources of the Government by fostering the wealth of the country, for the two are inseparable and thrive or decay only together. Until this is as well understood by the men in office as it is by the men who pay the taxes, no system can be devised or administered which will answer the requirements of the case. Even if a man who can do all this is in office, his ability cannot be transmitted to others unless they are required to learn from him his system of doing business; this they will not do unless he is rated at his real value; nor can it be ascertained without competitive examination, and this can only be secured by making it the condition of appointment to office.

There cannot be good officers without examination, and good men will not offer themselves for examination unless it secure them appointments for merit. The subject-matter of these examinations may easily be ascertained. There are technical matters just as important to officers of the civil

service as mathematics to the army, or navigation to the navy; a custom-house officer ought to have sufficient knowledge of commerce to understand the tariff; a revenue officer ought to understand the trade or manufactures with which he deals; an excise officer must be more or less a chemist as well as a mathematician; in the treasury there should be a good master of the laws of political economy; and the rule holds good for every branch of government—its diplomatic and consular representatives abroad, its agents in charge of public lands, its postmasters and their subordinates.

Some of the best works on the practical parts of what are now best known as the "Social Sciences" are the results of the studious experience of officers of "The Civil Service;" Perthes, who wrote the "*Staatsdienst in Preussen*," Nebenius, who wrote on banks, Delandre and Bloch, who, with a score of others, wrote practical treatises on the civil service in France—these were all officers of that very civil service, and their knowledge of the practical requirements of the various branches of the administration is as much at our command and is as much needed for a right understanding of governing here as there.

The question of applying their system here is twofold; it implies instruction as well as examination—for the one makes the other necessary, and unless the first is supplied the second cannot be fairly required, nor will it be considered a test worth standing unless it be rewarded by appointments, permanent and progressive. In Germany, there is no other means of getting an office under government in its civil service, and it has been wittily said that half the nation is perpetually busy in examining the other half. In spite of the abuse and the ridicule which have been lavished on the *Beamtenthum*, there is no doubt of the fact that to the existence of such a system is largely due the other fact, now universally acknowledged, that Prussia has become the first power in Germany, if not in Europe; and that, too, without being foremost in population, wealth, or historical importance. The superiority of instruction in Prussia, the high standard of education and ability prescribed for appointment to public office, the rewards of permanence and promotion, the position which the civil service holds forth and gives to its officers; all this has attracted to its service the

best men of Germany, and in turn has done its part to make Prussia and Germany "one and indivisible."*

The civil service was early opened to industry, talent, and ambition; it was kept sacred for merit and capacity, and guarded faithfully from being abused for political rewards or personal favour; and it called into it only men who really deserved and meant to deserve the places to which they were appointed. The change was made in Germany not so very long ago, for history there and here must be measured by a very different standard of time and circumstances. The result of the old system was described nearly a hundred years ago by Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, a shrewd prince, and a man looking ahead of his time. What he says of his administration might be fairly put in the mouth of any man who sought to make a change for the better in our civil service; the German prince of 1776 might be the author of our "Civil Service Bill;" and what he wrote then may well be cited here now:

"The collection of the revenue, like the other branches of the government, is entrusted to men who seek office only because they are too ignorant, too poor, or too unambitious to do better for themselves; they treat the country and its interests, and those of the public, as surgeons treat the bodies brought to them for dissection; the only difference is that the experience which doctors get at the expense of the dead for the benefit of the living, the revenue officers seek at the cost of life to the trade and commerce with which they have to do. Their first and last thought is to get all they can and as quickly as they can, without once considering the object or effect of taxes, or the result of their way of levying them; they never think of consulting with those over whom they are put as tax-gatherers, for if they did, their suggestions would be disregarded by their superiors in office, and advice would be treated as a presumption, and as if they took for granted ignorance on the part of heads of bureaux, or wanted to supersede them.

"High and low treat sources of taxation as a sort of '*anima vilis*;' never seeking to correct the faults of the system or to take advice from, or to give encouragement to, the tax-payers. Those of them who have by experience or study of other systems acquired knowledge enough to improve our own laws and application of them, are reproached by the ignorant, the jealous, and the rivals in office, until they are discouraged, and are forced to give up even the suggestion or the hope of reform, to submit rather than to see their proposals rejected by the ill-will, or if tried, fail through the ignorance or the presumption of those who are made their judges."

* In comparing the system of France with that of Prussia, M. Jules Bastide awards the palm of superiority to the latter, its source being the careful and thorough instruction afforded by the Prussian Government:

"En premier lieu, l'armée, telle qu'elle existe, coute un million par jour, pour nous donner une puissance effective moins grande que celle de la Prusse, dont le budget tout entier n'atteint pas le chiffre de notre budget de la guerre. Qui donc oserait soutenir qu'il n'y a pas là des économies à faire applicables à *l'education nationale*?"

Such was the condition of public affairs in the German States then—and what a contrast is that which is exhibited there now! After a variety of unsuccessful efforts to amend and reform, it was finally done by beginning at the beginning, by establishing schools for instruction in the sciences and in the details of government, by requiring examination as preliminary to appointment; by prescribing further studies in subordinate office, and subsequent examination in regular succession, as a condition of promotion; and finally by making the highest offices the reward of services in the employment of the Government.

The practical working of this system has made it almost a second nature now in Germany; training in schools is adapted to its requirements; the preliminary examinations are necessarily almost exclusively theoretical, but the successive tests are more and more practical, and are accompanied by proofs of ability in the discharge of the duties entrusted to the candidates. There are thus three kinds of tests—of knowledge, of ability, and of experience—applied to measure the fitness, the capacity, and the merit of those who seek, and of those who, having obtained, desire promotion in the civil service. Given officers with acknowledged claims upon the confidence of the Government and the respect of the public, there follows a civil service which draws to itself the best men of the country, and serves both alike to their profit and honour.

The law which regulates the civil service according to merit is the death-blow to the old fashion of hereditary office-holding, and to the new mischief of political appointments. Ignorance is put where it belongs, always below industry and knowledge. Officers of the civil service, instead of being the poor lawyers, doctors, ministers, or merchants who have not brains or industry enough to succeed in their proper professions, will be equal to the best men in them. The moral force of the Government increases in proportion to the capacity of the men in its service; the more they are held in esteem by the public, the more will their successors and associates be men of talent and the more in earnest in devoting their talent to it. Being discriminative and wise in the choice of men for office is advisable both for the public and for its chief servants; a secretary of a department who has able and competent subordinates in every branch of his business (and no man can say that our present system, or want of system rather, furnishes either the guarantee or the means of

securing and keeping them) is sure of a strong hold on the country.

Twice at least in the history of France do we see instances of the safety of a whole nation dependent on the genius of the men who governed it. Colbert and Napoleon were the two men whose whole secret of power was in seeking and finding at any price the man who just fitted the office he had to fill. The politics of our time seem to consist in giving men the places they want, without much regard to their fitness or to the interests of the country* which, after all, is dependent on its public servants, their conduct and ability. Discussion, and opposition to the measures of the Government are much more to be feared on the part of ignorant and indifferent officers than from men of education and experience, who have zeal tempered by *esprit de corps*, and ambition regulated by a sense of the responsibility entrusted to them. Why should not the civil service be bound together by some such tie as that which unites the officers of the army and navy, the members of the learned professions, the chiefs of our great commercial houses, and the leaders in great industrial enterprises? That tie is the education which they have received together and shared with one another, the practical experience they have had, the difficulties they have met and overcome, and the success they have attained. But our army of revenue, customs, post-office department—all branches, in short, of the civil service—is made up of men who start from no common ground, have no community of opinions, are personally strangers, and act each according to his own notion.

If all these men received a political education and came into office on condition of some scientific knowledge of their duties; if they worked together with a view to examination and promotion by merit; if they had that mutual sympathy which the same studies and the same requirements create, there would be that *esprit de corps* which gives strength to government; there would be a civil service powerful by its unity, by the strength of public opinion of its labours and its ability, and capable of governing and sustaining itself in the government against political crusades in the newspapers and

* The best, or rather the worst, illustrations of this we can recall at the moment are, the Postmaster-General of the United States and the Postmaster of New York, the very functionaries who, above all others, ought to be qualified for their positions.

in Congress. Such a reform as this would give the Government a stronghold and a strong right arm to defend it.

To direct the civil affairs of such a country as ours, which has as much need of leadership as an army, there is needed strength to put the country into the path of progress, to keep it there by levelling and clearing all obstructions. Congress is necessarily the great sheet-anchor, but the civil service is the crew, of the ship of state, and for it we must recruit all available strength, and keep it up to the highest standard by opening it to merit from all sides.

There need be no fear that men gotten so into the civil service would be too ambitious to keep in it; captains do not leave the army because they think they ought to be generals; they feel the honor of the place they occupy and of the merit of filling it well; the higher the grade of talent and ability, the better satisfied will those officers be who attain it, and who are therefore sure of being rewarded by permanent, even if it be modest, office.

It is not enough for civil servants to be honest; honesty is a great recommendation, but not the only one; they must have such superiority, and there must be such general confidence in it, that the public at large recognizes their merit, and the fact that there is room for talent and capacity, but none for political intrigue or favour. The establishment of a system of preliminary studies and competitive examination may be made complete by requiring public instruction at schools and colleges, and by limiting the choice of officers to those who have pursued such studies. Then promotion must be made on such conditions as require candidates for it to show that they have gone on learning their new duties and fitting themselves for the proper exercise of them. It will not do to repeat the troubles of our professional men, who never study after they have graduated; no man works, either in youth or age, unless he has an object in view or within his reach. On the other hand, the Government which has all its appointments blocked out for it by its political supporters, will take little interest in testing their capacity or in providing for their instruction.

The true method of giving the civil service a permanent basis and a sound organization is competitive examination and the reward of office to the men best fitted for it. The Secretaries of the Army and Navy are not likely to complain that their officers are not as well up in their work as the officers of the other departments of the Government, and our require

ments in the civil service are not less than those in the army and navy. The Government will every year require a considerable number of civil officers, and if they are chosen for merit, it will soon be easy to determine the extent and kind of knowledge required for each of its appointments. The grade can be raised with the increase of applicants, and its choice can be assured by careful examination. Without sacrificing any good man, without expense of great schools of its own, the system of competitive examination will make a constant emulation among young men of ability and industry, which can be kept alive by successive reforms and increasing the tests of every promotion. The harder the examination, the more the merit of succeeding in it, and the larger the class who will be inspired by honest ambition to attempt it. All who do so will have an equal chance, for politics or friends will no longer make a weak man strong or a strong man weak. The higher the test, too, the larger the number who try it; every time the standard of examination for admission to West Point or Annapolis is raised, there is a large addition to the class, for the very difficulty of success makes success honourable.

Of the effect of such a system on our political morality it can hardly be necessary to speak. Every intelligent member of Congress, every head of a department, knows from sad experience the miseries of appointments that are made on political and personal recommendations; intrigue, corruption, deception, be the means what it may, the result is the same for the country. What a contrast would be presented if good conduct and ability, established by careful tests, were made the criterion! Make that the only way of getting an office, and it would diminish the number of applicants and increase the capacity of those who apply in enormous proportions. Make the road safe and honest, and it will be filled with men who avoid it as matters now stand. Now-a-days, the time which a man ought to spend in fitting himself for office, is spent in getting it; the time that ought to be spent, when he has got it, in learning its duties, is spent in trying to keep it, or to get a better one. Adopt the system of competitive examination, and it puts every man on his mettle to do his best, by giving him a reward for his merit.

This best need not be anything impossible, out of reach, or out of proportion to the duties of the office for which the examination is ordered. It will not change all the men

now in the employment of the Government for others; it will simply make the good ones work at the kind of employment for which they are fittest, and their industry, ability, and zeal will do the rest. The country will gain by the loss of the incompetent, and by replacing them with men who are competent and respected for their ability; it will gain by the improved education of those who fit themselves for office but do not get it; their deficiencies will be counterbalanced by what they have learned, and the political knowledge and education of the masses will be sensibly increased and distributed, for it will take a good deal of knowledge to fail, even if it take more to succeed in passing an examination. Above all, however, is the importance of securing a permanent establishment to administer the revenues of the country.

To regulate the expenses of the Government it is necessary to have knowledge and experience of the taxation, the revenue, the national income in all its sources. To make the decisions of revenue officers respectable and authoritative, they must be men of tried and admitted ability; they must have a right to public confidence on the strength of their talent and experience. Then there is the encouragement to officers of the civil service, if they are stimulated by seeing the high places of their department open to them, as the reward of their services, while now they serve for years as subordinates, only to see the higher positions filled by a succession of political appointments of every party. The same rule which will make our revenue system wholesome will work well in every other branch of the Government; each department, instead of being made up of isolated appointments, will make an arm of the service, and the whole will consolidate and include in it the strength and ability of the country; just as in business of every kind in private hands, the men who begin at the bottom work with a will, because they work for promotion and for a certain employment. Few of them can of course get the high offices, but every man will share in the hopes and chances of getting them, and this hope will inspire them with that ambition which always does something, and that emulation which always keeps doing.

Look at the requirements and the opportunities offered in diplomatic and consular appointments. Diplomacy is not one of the simplest acts of government—it requires a knowledge of precedents, of laws, of men, in which the new

comers are nearly always beaten, not from want of ability, but from want of experience, for no man can get up such knowledge on a day's notice. Look at the importance of commercial treaties and the necessity of being well informed as to all the questions of trade and manufactures, and the way in which they affect each other, in countries that are rivals for the business of their own or other markets. A good commercial treaty may be the making of the fortune and greatness of a whole country.

The differences in the tariff, or the disadvantages of one tax over another may secure to one country the exclusive control of some branches of trade at the expense of others, and we have seen only lately what wonderful discoveries in the working of our own revenue system were made by the application of scientific knowledge and inquiry to the condition of the country. We see every day the mischiefs that inexperience in making revenue laws has produced, and we hesitate to correct them lest we make new blunders.

The organization of a Board to examine candidates for appointment to the civil service will of itself form a school of instruction for men who, although not intending to be applicants for office under Government, wish to acquire such knowledge of political sciences as will fit them for legislators, for financiers, for the management of banks and commercial establishments; special schools will in turn supply instruction, and extend and infuse general knowledge on the subjects that have been most neglected. This neglect is now bringing about its own punishment. Change and incapacity are the vices of offices and employment, public and private.

Public examination, once established as a general rule, will soon subdivide itself according to the details of every department of the Government. These details will be settled by the necessities of the office, just as a merchant or bank or railroad gets the men it wants as it wants them. Once got, the questions of service, promotion, and examination will be easily regulated. The civil service will settle down very much as our volunteer force became an army; the men learn when they are fit to be privates and when they can fairly aspire to be officers; and the higher they aim, the better they like the appointments to be made on merit and the merit to be ascertained by severe tests. Then the subdivisions will be as distinct as ever, and infantry, cavalry, artillery, and staff corps do not require more distinct education, training, and examination than the internal revenue,

the tariff, the post office, the treasury, the land office, the patent office require especial talent and knowledge.

To choose fit men for examiners will of course be no easy task, but difficult things are not impossible. It will not do to choose only professors, for they will want too much book-knowledge; nor only old officers of the civil service, for they will insist too much on practical knowledge, which can be got only by experience, although to them it may be like a second nature; nor will writers of books and the inventors of theories of government, finance, revenue, do alone. A wise admixture* will produce the best results, and fortunately office is too easily got and too lightly held not to be the experience of men who will fairly represent all these classes.

But the reform of the civil service will not end with the introduction of competitive examination. In its train will follow measures to organize public offices so as to diminish the number of employés, to increase the salaries so as to make the labourer, worthy of his hire, sure of getting what he deserves, to require of the smallest number of competent men the largest amount of skilled labour for a reasonable and proportioned salary, instead of distributing a vast sum of money, as at present, to a large number of men, and creating a class of hungry, lazy men, discouraged from work by poor pay, and kept in office only by being unfitted for other work. Seniority of service should have its reward, but not at the expense of younger talent. Employment should be as permanent as it is in private business concerns, so that a man may make up his mind to serve the Government as he would a corporation or a merchant, reasonably satisfied that good conduct will ensure good treatment.

* The great stumbling block is to make such an admixture, since, from the nature of our institutions, we are as liable to have incompetent examiners foisted on us as incompetent postmasters, incompetent assessors, incompetent collectors, &c., and for exactly the same reason. It is to be feared that the same party who would recommend an ignoramus for any of these offices would also recommend him for the position of examiner; and if he can get one important appointment, why not another? Surely a stupid, ignorant examiner could not do more public mischief than a stupid, ignorant postmaster or collector. Thus, for example, we have inspectors of public schools in all our large cities, but who can make them competent for their duties? Who can prevent their being appointed on account of their political influence, without any regard to their intelligence, or even their moral character?

But it is not the less true that Mr. Jenckes is entitled to much credit for the efforts he has made to produce a reformation in our Civil Service. His speech, made in support of his Bill, elaborately and ably discusses the whole subject, and will impress every thoughtful person who reads it with the conviction that if all our legislators were as intelligent, energic, and honest as he, the Congress of the United States would have a very different prestige from what it has.

But all these reforms depend on first securing good men by proper tests. How can the number of appointments be reduced unless the work is done by men of ability? How can seniority be rewarded unless it deserves it and is capable of it? How can public office be made certain and safe against change unless, instead of political favour, we make real merit the ground of appointment, and examination the test of promotion? Establish this, and a peaceful revolution will be effected, which will save our country millions of money, and do more to secure it peace, tranquillity, prosperity, and happiness than any battles that have been or are yet to be fought out, either on the field or at the ballot-box. Make the civil service what it ought to be, and it makes the Government strong, the people safe, and the future of the country bright indeed.

IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

BELLES-LETTRES.

A Story of Doom, and Other Poems. By JEAN INGELOW. 16mo, pp. 290. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

More than once we have recommended some of the effusions of Miss Ingelow to our readers as pretty and agreeable; and there are pieces in the present volume which are equally pleasing. Apart from the fact that we are always unwilling to find fault with the efforts of a lady, especially those of one who evidently means well, and whose influence is salutary, it is beyond question that the present author is entitled to consideration for her intrinsic merits. The difficulty is, that she has now attempted too much. Not content with the credit of writing some pretty ballads and other minor pieces, she aspires to become an epic poet, and goes back to antediluvian times for her personages. We are sorry for this because hitherto she had been very fortunate.

It is true that her own countrymen have bestowed but a very limited amount of admiration on her poems; the general estimate amongst them is that they are passably attractive, in an age in which there is little poetry. But no sooner do her poems appear in this country than she is placed in the first rank of poets; nay, some of our critics had her a Sappho, a Moore, and a Byron combined before any work of hers had time to appear on this side of the Atlantic! Now the

same gentlemen compare her to Milton, Tasso, and Camoens, because she has written her "Story of Doom," and we have no doubt that a large number of honest people believe there is some justice in the comparison.

All this is very fortunate for Miss Ingelow, for if it is not exactly genuine fame it will pass for it, with most people, at least for a few months, perhaps a few years. Assuming that it is fame, it is but right she should know how much of it she owes her enterprising American publishers. We can assure her that she owes them a great deal; or if she is not indebted directly to themselves, she is indebted to the critic of their establishment—the gentleman who so ably and skilfully "manages" the American press, and punishes those who do not praise her on the right key. But we fear it will puzzle even him to cause the "Story of Doom" to be read in any wider circle than among the critics whom he inspires by—his genius.

It is much to be regretted that the lady did not first try her hand with a small epic—such as Tom Thumb might be supposed to read; for it is far too serious an affair to give us nine books at once. A modern tragedy in five acts is rather a formidable thing; we have seldom the patience or power of endurance to wade through such a performance, even when duty requires us; and we confess we would rather read three of the longest and dullest tragedies we have seen within the last twelvemonth than the nine books of Miss Ingelow's "Story of Doom." Not that it is all dreary; we regard it, indeed, as very much like a desert; but there are oases in it—amusing, if not refreshing spots; and yet we cannot say we have any reason to believe that they are intended for such—we mean those passages in which the Antediluvians are made to speak so familiarly about love, murder, woman's rights, lords, bed curtains, &c., &c.

Miss Ingelow does not begin her epic exactly like Homer, Virgil, or Milton. Doubtless she thought the method of those old fogies too hackneyed; at all events she has obeyed the 'laws' of Cottle, Tupper, Lowell, *et hoc genus omne*, much more than those of Plato, Horace, or Boileau. Be this as it may, it seems that all future poets who attempt to surpass their contemporaries must commence their *chefs-d'œuvres* as follows:

> "Niloiya said to Noah, 'What aileth thee,
> My master, unto whom is my desire,
> The father of my sons?' He answered her,
> 'Mother of many children, I have heard
> The Voice again.' 'Ah, me!' she saith, 'ah, me!
> What spake it?' Niloiya sighed."—P. 100.

Everybody knows that Noah was "the master-builder," "the shipwright," &c., &c., and that Niloiya was his better half. It was not strange then that, as the poet tells us, the hero's heart was "sad in him" when he heard so tender a speech as that just quoted:

"This when the Master-builder heard, his heart
Was sad in him, the while he sat at home
And rested after toil. The steady rap
O' the shipwright's hammer sounding up the vale
Did seem to mock him; but her distaff down
Niloiya laid, and to the *doorplace* went,
Parted the purple covering seemly hung
Before it, and let in the crimson light
Of the descending sun. Then looked he forth,—
Looked, and beheld the hollow where the ark
Was *a-preparing*."—P. 100.

After a little more of this kind—a dozen lines or so—the dialogue between "the great shipwright" and his wife is resumed, and it is continued throughout the whole book. Sometimes the twain become excited; but just when a battle seems almost inevitable, the lady submits, and all is peace and harmony for half an hour or so, when another argument ensues. Niloiya is by no means pleased at the idea of "rolling among the furrows of the unquiet, dreadful sea"; she would much rather remain on *terra firma*, if only to have a pleasant gossip now and then with her neighbours. Her pertinacity in running down nautical affairs rather irritates the 'shipwright,' and he "sets down his foot" as follows:

"He saith again: 'I pray thee, woman, *peace*,
For thou wilt enter, when that day appears,
The fateful ship.'"—P. 102.

The ladies of the present day are very apt to pout, if they do nothing worse, when addressed in this curt, commanding fashion; but it seems that the more their antediluvian sisters were rebuked for having too much to say, the more gentle, if not the more silent, did they become. From this it would seem that the Deluge has done the sex more harm than good, and yet our Anglo-Saxon ancestors must have had great faith in cold water, when they enacted a law authorizing every honest husband who was troubled with a scolding wife, to duck her in the nearest pond until she made a solemn promise in the presence of two credible witnesses that she would keep her tongue quiet in the future. At all events Niloiya consents to enter the ship when she finds the 'shipwright' will have it so; very few yield with so good a grace at the present day; it almost seems as if Niloiya had studied Chesterfield's 'Principles of Politeness.' We should like to know what modern lady would make so handsome and agreeable a reply to her husband as the following, when forced by him on the "dreadful sea":

"'My lord,' quoth she, 'I will.
But O, good sir, be sure of this, be sure
The Master calleth; for the time is long
That thou hast warned the world: thou art but here
Three days; the song of welcoming but now
Is ended. I behold thee, I am glad;

And wilt thou go again? Husband, I say,
Be sure who 't is that calleth; O, be sure,
Be sure. My mother's ghost came up last night,
Whilst I thy beard, held to my hands did kiss,
Leaning anear thee, wakeful through my love,
And watchful of thee till the moon went down.'"—P. 103.

Further on they engage in an argument about Adam and his children. It seems the latter despised the father of mankind, because he "compassed not the learning of his sons"—that is, in plain English, they became so learned that he could no longer understand them; and then they treated him as a stupid, ignorant old fellow. "The great shipwright" did not think that this was exactly proper:

"Ay," quoth the Master; "but they did amiss
When they despised their father: knowest thou that?"—P. 104.

Of course, she could not contradict directly; but she reminds her spouse that Adam was a ninny—a dotard, who had no will of his own; and the inference is that no son or daughter of spirit could help despising such a father:

"Sure he was *foolisher*," Niloiya saith,
'*Than any that came after*. Furthermore,
He had not heart nor courage *for to rule*:
He let the mastery fall from his *slack* hand.
Had not our glorious mother *still borne up*
His weakness, child with him, and sat apart,
And listened, when the fit came over him
To talk on his lost garden, he had sunk
Into the slave of slaves."—Pp. 104, 105.

It seems "our glorious mother" behaved much better after all than is generally supposed. She set an excellent example in "bearing up the weakness" of her husband; it was he and not she who was frail; in other words, he was the weaker vessel, she the stronger; and yet there are those at the present day who pretend that women are not in every respect equal to men! Be this as it may, Niloiya continues to argue until her husband is wearied and begs to be excused; he wants to go to bed and sleep, in order that he may be the better able next day to proceed with the building of the ship, &c.

"The Master said,
'*I will not hear thee talk thereof*; my heart
Is sick for all this wicked world. Fair wife,
I am right weary. Call thy slaves to thee,
And bid that they prepare the *sleeping-place*.
O would that I might rest!'"—P. 113.

This had the desired effect—Niloiya was silent, at least for a minute or two; then she resumed and was as voluble and long-winded as ever, until at last she had the argument to herself, for the first book ends with one of her speeches. Now, if Miss Ingelow had stopped at this we could have excused her ambition; but the infliction of eight books more of the same sort is really too much!

The Tent on the Beach, and Other Poems. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 16mo, pp. 172. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

WE have always regarded Whittier as the most agreeable of our minstrels. It is true that there are some of his poems which, in our opinion, have little merit—scarcely any poetry; but there are others which are unsurpassed in their kind. We have read no collection of his which does not embrace sufficient of the latter character to induce us to overlook its defects; nor does the volume now before us form an exception. The principal poem, from which it derives its title, breathes a lofty spirit, and, at the same time, it is as simple as a nursery tale.

It consists of a series of fragments of very unequal merit, rather loosely put together; but this apparent carelessness has a charm of its own, which it is difficult to overcome. The transition from the solemn Spenserian stanza to the sprightly, musical iambic is very pleasing. But the thoughts are such as would be poetical in any form of verse, nay, even in plain prose; not because they are either new or striking, but because they possess that indefinable fascination which is inseparable from true inspiration. Some of these fragments remind us of the finest lyrical episodes in modern poetry. This is true of "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," of which the following two stanzas will serve as a specimen:

"She rounds the headland's bristling pines;
She threads the isle set bay:
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

"What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land!"—Pp. 86, 87.

There is not a passage of the same length in the idyls of Tennyson more beautiful, or more poetical than this. The story of Abraham Davenport is another charming fragment. Brief as it is it contains some veritable gems. Thus, in speaking of the ocean our poet proceeds in the following strain:

"They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

"The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine."—P. 105.

Yet another gem is the episode of the Brother of Mercy. It is the sad and affecting story of Piero Luca, porter of the Pitti at Florence. While Piero lies sick on his mat, with a barefooted monk of La Certosa by his side trying to console him, he hears the brotherhood of Mercy, to which he belongs, passing on one of their usual errands of goodness and charity, and faintly exclaims:

"Woe is me!
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity,—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
Down the long twilight of the corridors,
'Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
I loved the work: it was its own reward."—P. 53.

After he has given full vent to his feelings the monk tries to soothe him, telling him that his work is now done, his toil over; that it is not as a servant, but as a guest he will enter heaven; and that no tears or sorrow will mar the perfect bliss that awaits him among the angels and saints. Piero, instead of being comforted, tosses about restlessly on his sick pillow. There is much more of human nature than orthodoxy in the language which he is made to utter in reply to the monk; but it is not the less poetical on this account:

"Miserable me!
I am too poor for such grand company;
The crown would be too heavy for this gray
Old head; and God forgive me if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers: I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven *without a heart,*
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men; the worst I know
I would do good to."—Pp. 54, 55.

These are noble sentiments, and they are characteristic of the Quaker poet. In short, "The Tent on the Beach" is worth all the "Poems," whether by male or female writers, that have been republished in this country within the last year, with the sole exception of those of Tennyson. Nor do we think there is more melody or sweetness in the English laureate than in Whittier. We strongly suspect that if the latter were an Englishman he would be preferred by Her Majesty to the former for his

tenderness and pathos, and, above all, for his broad, earnest, human sympathy. If he is not preferred by his own countrymen to any other New England poet it is because he is too modest, and has too much honesty to belong, as an active member, to any society of mutual admiration.

Two or three of the "National Lyrics" and "Occasional Poems" in the present collection are very good; although the best of them are inferior to any of those fine *morceaux* in the "Tent on the Beach" to which we have invited attention. The lyric "What the Birds Said" is, however, in the right vein. Had this been the production of some foreign minstrel—male or female—our critics would have been in ecstasies with it. But it is partly political; and Mr. Whittier, like most other poets, ancient as well as modern, is rarely, if ever, happy when he attempts to blend poetry with politics. He makes a nearer approach to success in "What the Birds Said" than in any other effort which we can recall. The great defect of the poem is that its tendency is to perpetuate strife; although we readily acquit the author of having written in any such spirit. We feel convinced that his wish is to "cast oil on the troubled waters" rather than give any aid to those who would always have North and South as hateful to each other as the Turks and the Russians. Had the question in the following stanza been answered in a different manner the poem would have been much better as such, and it would have done more good North and South:

> "And heard and saw ye only wrong
> And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"
> "We heard," they sang, "the freedman's song,
> The crash of Slavery's broken locks!"—P. 120.

The lyric "To the Thirty-ninth Congress" is marked by similar defects, although it would be unjust to deny that it has merit. It opens much less promisingly than the Bird song, but ends more philosophically, as well as more charitably, and more poetically. The first four stanzas of the address to Congress show the spirit in which the whole is written:

> "O people chosen! are ye not
> *Likewise the chosen of the Lord*,
> To do his will and speak his word?
>
> From the loud thunder-storm of war
> *Not man alone hath called ye forth*,
> But he, *the God of all the earth!*
>
> The torch of vengeance in your hands
> He quenches; unto Him belongs
> The solemn recompense of wrongs.
>
> *Enough of blood the land has seen*,
> *And not by cell or gallow-stair*
> *Shall ye the ways of God prepare*."—P. 121.

Far be it from us to deny that there were good men in the Thirty-ninth Congress; but were there not also some bad men? And was it not the rabble, rather than the Lord, that chose the latter? We are not aware that the ministers of any religious creed maintain that God calls gamblers, vendors of whiskey and lager beer, pugilists, &c., to be legislators, and prefixes to their names the term "Honorable." But be this as it may, Mr. Whittier deserves to be a much more general favorite with his countrymen than he is.

EDUCATION.

1. *Mitchell's New Primary Geography.*—2. *Mitchell's New School Atlas.* —3. *Mitchell's New Intermediate Geography.*—4. *Mitchell's New School Geography.*—5. *Mitchell's New Ancient Geography.* Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1867.

We have carefully examined this series and can confidently recommend it. No one can be said to be educated who does not understand geography. There are few topics introduced even in ordinary conversation among intelligent people, which do not involve a knowledge of it to a greater or less extent. We can understand no history, ancient or modern, without being acquainted with the geography of the country which forms its subject; nor can we understand either the political or commercial relations of any nation to another without knowing the boundaries of both—what sea, river, or mountain range separates them, how far they are asunder, how is one most easily approached from the other by sea or land. And it is a kind of knowledge which is as interesting as it is useful. But it requires not a little time and labour to acquire the necessary amount of it; this causes many to neglect it. Whoever therefore facilitates the study of it may be regarded as a public benefactor.

That Mr. Mitchell, the author of this series, has done so will be readily admitted by any unprejudiced, intelligent person who takes the trouble to examine it. Each work possesses peculiar merits, and contains more information presented in an attractive form than we find in any other similar work of equal extent. It always affords us pleasure to call attention to books of this character, because we feel that we serve the cause of education in doing so; and we think our readers will do us the justice to admit that it is not our habit to recommend inferior text-books, no matter whence they come, or who is their author or publisher.

The "New Primary" is admirably calculated for the young people for whom it is intended. The definitions are simple, concise, and appropriate; the principles of the science are presented in natural order as the

youthful mind is capable of understanding them, without any superfluous or ambiguous words. The maps, of which there are twenty, are new, accurately engraved, and well coloured. The pictorial illustrations are the best we have seen in any similar work, and there is an abundance of them—yet not one that we would have omitted, so skilfully has the author made his selections.

The "New Intermediate Geography" possesses the same general characteristics, but in a more highly developed form. This, indeed, is quite an elaborate and tasteful work. It contains twenty-three copper-plate maps, engraved in a style much superior to that of the school maps in general use at the present day. The pictorial engravings are of a still higher grade; these are well calculated to attract the young student by themselves; and there are none of them which do not convey more or less information; while many of them are more instructive and make a much deeper impression on the mind than whole pages of letter-press description. The geographical and statistical tables at the end are of great value; they exhibit a vast improvement, in extent, variety, and accuracy, on the best we have seen in any similar work that has fallen into our hands either in Europe or America. Another useful feature of the work is its copious pronouncing vocabulary.

The "New School Geography" is intended for more advanced classes, and accordingly it is a larger work; it is accompanied with an Atlas containing forty-four copper-plate maps compiled evidently from the best and most recent authorities. The geographical and statistical tables given at the end of the "New School Atlas" are still more copious than those of the "Intermediate," and its pronouncing vocabulary is large in proportion. Any intelligent youth having these two works could easily learn geography without the aid of any teacher. We wish that many of our members of Congress would study them for one month; they would really derive more ideas from them than they ever had before, and they would not so often render themselves ridiculous as they do by the utter ignorance which they display of the relative positions of nations, and of their comparative political and commercial advantages and disadvantages.

But the "New Ancient Geography" we could not recommend to this class; it would be Greek and Latin to them, and it might therefore as well be Chinese. This is well calculated for colleges as well as academies and high schools. It is a handsome duodecimo volume of nearly three hundred and forty pages, and the matter which it contains embraces all that is really useful and good in the larger foreign works which bear the same title. It is, in a word, worthy of standing at the head of all the works on modern geography which we have briefly described above. The whole series is elegantly printed in clear, legible type on good paper. We think that the educational publishers of New York would do well to

examine both its contents and its style of "getting up," if they do not want Philadelphia to carry off the palm of excellence in that important department.

Cir clar and Catalogue of the Law School of the University of Albany, for the year 1866-7.

THE claims of other subjects have compelled us to omit our annual article on college commencements in our present number, by rendering it impossible for us to devote the necessary attention to it. But it shall not be forgotten. Our readers may rely upon it that no threats or frowns from any clique or party, religious or irreligious, will prevent us from subjecting to public ridicule and contempt those who, without sufficient education or culture to conduct a respectable primary school, foist themselves on the public, like other charlatans, as "faculties" of colleges; so that there are scarcely any academies or seminaries at the present day; nearly all are colleges and universities.

Even girls of fifteen who scarcely understand the rudiments of an English education are taught to believe that a boarding *school* is vulgar, that a college is the only thing to make "finished ladies" of them. We have before us quite a pile of the catalogues and prospectuses of this class of institutions, male and female, and we promise our readers that we will make use of them before long in a manner that will afford some amusement, and, we trust, do some good at the same time.

But until we can devote due attention to this matter, and get a few more specimens of the fine "inducements" held out by the class who pretend that it is their mission to teach boys and girls, especially the latter, what they do not know themselves, we must create no jealousy among the good, bad, or indifferent literary institutions. We shall not even mention a school on the present occasion but the *Law* School of the University of Albany, which, in the present case, may be regarded by both male and female colleges as a neutral territory, ready to afford an asylum to the "graduates" of either when they desire to have a practical knowledge of what good old Juvenal means by the lines—

> Dic igitur quid causidicis civilia præstent
> Officia et magno comites in fasce libelli? *

It is true we are by no means sure that Professor Dean would admit the graduates even of the most pretentious of our metropolitan ladies' colleges. Although no one is more polite than he to the sex—at least to the modest portion of it—we suspect he would regard our New York *alumnæ* as rather a disturbing element in his Moot Courts. But we are convinced that if any one could make respectable lawyers of them he would.

* Sat. vii., 106.

But enough of the college ladies for the present. We speak of the Law School of the Albany University for no other purpose than to remind educated and talented young gentlemen in all parts of the United States of the superior character of this institution, for we have indicated its peculiar merits in former numbers of this journal. We feel it all the more incumbent upon us to take these pains because the Law School receives no aid from the State; has nothing to depend upon but its reputation, the good it does, and the moderate rates which it charges for tuition. For these reasons we are sincerely glad to see that its classes for the course of 1866–67 have been well filled, the total number of students being 163, including young gentlemen from almost all parts of the United States, and from almost every college and university of any note.

Explanations of the Church Service; or, a Series of Thoughts on the Lessons, Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, for Young Readers. With Questions for the Use of Sunday Schools By A. J. 18mo, pp. 338. New York: General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union. 1867.

It seems to us that no Christian should object to having this little volume put into the hands of his child; there is certainly nothing unchristian in it. If there are some of our Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist friends who nevertheless would condemn it on the ground of its being "Popish," we think that they would entertain a different feeling if they carefully examined it. Nay, we are sure that the perusal of a few pages would give them a favourable impression of it. What if it does devote some attention to the fine old Christian hymns written before Luther's time? Must it not be admitted that they have not been equalled, much less excelled, in "reformed" times?

The author pretends to no superior learning, either sacred or profane; yet he manages to give the little ones a correct account of the various topics embraced in the Church service in a style they can easily understand. Thus, for example, he introduces one noble strain as follows: "I want you to notice particularly the words of the 'Te Deum,' which is more beautiful than any hymn that was ever written. Some persons think it was composed by St. Ambrose, bishop of Milan in Italy, to be sung at the baptism of St. Augustine, a man who, though at first very wicked, became afterwards one of the best bishops of the Church." (P. 15.) The origin and meaning of the holidays are explained in a manner equally simple and unassuming; at the same time there is a good deal of historical lore blended with the information, so that it is by no means necessary for the reader to be pious, or even to belong to the Church, in order to feel interested as he proceeds.

There are not a few, for instance, who have but a vague idea of what is meant by Ember Week in Advent, the Epiphany, Septuagesima, Rogation

Day, etc. A few minutes' perusal of this little manual removes the difficulty; nor are the author's remarks on the collects, gospels, and epistles used in the morning and evening service without interest, although these are topics which are somewhat hackneyed. The antique pictorial illustrations, though in keeping with the author's modesty, will serve as an additional attraction to the little ones. Altogether, the tiny work is well calculated for the purpose for which it is intended, and we take pleasure in recommending it to our young friends accordingly.

Jubilee Memorial of the American Bible Society; being a Review of its First Fifty Years' Work. By ISAAC FERRIS, D. D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University of New York City. Printed by Vote of the Board of Managers. 8vo, pp. 119. New York: American Bible Society. 1867.

WHATEVER the venerable Chancellor of our University undertakes is sure to be faithfully and satisfactorily performed. His subject on the present occasion would be considered dull by most persons; yet it proves decidedly interesting in his hands, especially to those who are anxious to see the Bible diffused among the Heathen in all lands.

SCIENCE.

Chemistry of the Farm and of the Sea; with other Familiar Chemical Essays. By JAMES R. NICHOLS, M. D. 12mo, pp. 128. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1867.

WE always take pleasure in recommending a book which we find instructive and useful. The worst of it is that it is not often we meet with such at the present day. Most of our publishers prefer to issue novels from which nothing is to be learned except vice, a thing already far too common. There is scarcely one even of the *quasi* pious books of this class that has not a vitiating tendency in one way or other. We like what is good all the better on this account; and hence it is that we take some pains with the volume before us. It does not come heralded as the best ever published; we are not told either by publisher or author that the tenth, or even the first edition of it has been sold. All the information we receive in regard to it is in the form of a Prefatory Note. This tells us nothing that is calculated to prepossess us much. We confess we should expect little from it, though perhaps it would be different with others, for it merely says that the contents consist of addresses before agricultural and scientific bodies, and of contributions to the Boston "Journal of Chemistry."

We know as little about the author's periodical as we do about his agricultural and scientific bodies; but it is sufficient for us to see, not only that he possesses knowledge, but has also the faculty to communicate it. Chemistry is one of the most useful as well as the most interesting of the sciences; and our author has had the good sense to select that department of it in which the largest number of readers in town and country are concerned. This, indeed, might be inferred from the titles of his essays, viz.: Chemistry of the Farm; Chemistry of the Sea; Chemistry of a Bowl of Milk; Chemistry of the Dwelling; Chemistry of a Kernel of Corn; Obscure Sources of Disease; Local Decomposition in Lead Aqueduct Pipes; Bread and Bread Making; Chemistry of the Sun.

One or two extracts from these papers will give a much more correct idea of their character than any description that could be given of them in the same amount of space; at the same time they will be found interesting in themselves by those who have not been able to devote as much attention to chemistry as its importance deserves. Speaking of the growth in strength and vigour of the infant that subsists exclusively on its mother's milk, the author makes the following remarks:

"From whence come all the materials which, under the influence of the chemical and vital forces, accomplish such astonishing results? The bones must have an abundance of *lime* and *phosphoric acid*, and so must the teeth; the blood must have *iron*, and *soda*, and *potassa*; the brain demands *phosphorus*, in order that the embryo mind may be developed; the muscles need the nitrogenous element, and fat the carbonaceous. In addition, large quantities of water are needed, to maintain in harmonious action the functions of life and growth. Now, through what channel can these numerous chemical and nutritive elements be supplied to the feeble infant? The colorless and almost tasteless liquid which we call *milk* supplies them all, and usually just in the right proportions."—Pp. 55, 56.

To the scientific student this, of course, is nothing new; but there are a great many who regard themselves as very intelligent that have little idea of the value of milk as an article of food. It is true that most people think that in some way or other it must be good for infants; but they can assign no reason for it further than that nature has ordered it so. How it could be good for grown people, except as a beverage more or less agreeable, or disagreeable, according to one's taste, they cannot see, nor are they always willing to be convinced. For the benefit of this class we give another extract:

"Let us for a moment glance at the composition of milk. It contains, 1st, a rich, nitrogenized material, *caseine*; 2d, *fatty* principles; 3d, a peculiar *sugar*; 4th, various mineral *salts*, principally consisting of phosphate of soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of iron, phosphate of magnesia; the potash, it is curious to observe, exists in the form of *chloride* of *potassium*. The substances are held in suspension by water. In one hundred pints of milk there are, usually, about eighty-eight pints of water. It is a remarkable fact that the composition of the milk of carnivorous animals, as the lion and tiger, does not essentially differ from that of the herbivorous, the cow, goat, &c. According to Dumas, however, there is no sugar in the milk of carnivorous animals. Cows' milk and

human milk differ in the characteristic and leading constituent, *caseine*. One pint, or a bowlful, of the former affords about *three* fourths of an ounce, while the latter gives only *one* fourth as much of this important substance; therefore, in substituting cows' milk for the other, in feeding infants, it should be diluted with nearly two parts of water. Caseine is identical in composition with the muscular substance, and with the albumen of the blood, and it exists in milk in a *soluble* state. How easy it is of digestion and assimilation!"—Pp. 56, 57.

The author mentions some other facts which are at once interesting and important. But when he proceeds to philosophize he is rather apt to blunder. Thus for example he asks, "*What is man or an animal but a kind of chemical laboratory*, where transmutations and changes in gross matter are going on constantly, in order that force may be developed, and the machine or body kept in motion?" That certain transmutations and changes take place in man, as well as in an animal, is very true, but either is something more after all than a "kind of chemical laboratory." A mere laboratory cannot *think;* it cannot deliver lectures to scientific bodies, like Dr. Nichols; and there are a great many other things easy enough to a man or other animal, but impossible even to a Boston laboratory. As long as the Doctor keeps to his text, however, he leaves no room for criticism, but is thoughtful and instructive.

There would be much less demand for quack medicines than there is if all understood the facts which he presents in his essay entitled Chemistry of the Dwelling. He shows the necessity of ventilation in our dwellings, if only for the purpose of allowing the carbonic acid gas to escape; at the same time he corrects an error which is by no means confined to the lower class. It is the business of science and knowledge not only to put us on our guard against what is injurious; but also to prevent us from being frightened when there is no need for our being so. Because the specific gravity of carbonic acid gas is so much greater than that of air, most people think that it must necessarily fall to the ground according as it is generated, and consequently that it is a very bad thing to stoop low, and still worse to sleep on a low bed. Dr. Nichols shows that there is no need for fear of this kind; we make room for one extract more:

"If the heavy carbonic acid so copiously evolved, were simply to obey the natural laws of gravitation, and descend into the streets of cities and large towns, a most dreadful asphyxia would instantly seize upon every man, woman, and child, and in the short space of a few moments, not a breathing inhabitant would remain. But the law of gaseous diffusion comes in here, and shows us that there is a 'higher law' than that of gravitation, which is intended for our preservation. By its irresistible agency, the heavy poisonous gas is not permitted to fall, but, at the moment of its production, it is blended and diffused through the mass of air, upwards as well as downwards, and is wafted by the winds in all directions. The wonderful nature of this law of gaseous diffusion is forcibly illustrated by experiment. If we take two gases of most opposite qualities, as it respects weight, carbonic acid gas, and hydrogen, and place them in two vessels communicating with each other by a narrow tube, we shall find in a very short time that perfect mixture has occurred. This will take place if we reverse the order of their specific gravities, by placing the hydrogen in a

higher vessel, and the carbonic acid in a lower; a wet membrane may divide them, and we shall prove that there is a strange tendency to unite. Carbonic acid is more than twenty times heavier than hydrogen, and it would seem that while the tendency of the former must be downwards, the latter would be upwards. But such is not the case; they shortly become thoroughly blended together. This law holds good in the mingling of all gases of different densities which have no chemical action on each other.

"Thus is carbonic acid equally diffused through the whole atmosphere. There is enough constantly present in all parts of it to form a stratum or bed, thirteen feet thick, over the entire earth, should it descend and occupy that position. It is not necessary for the mind to revert to fire, as an agency more potent than others, for the destruction of the race. The terrible nature of such a layer of heavy irrespirable gas was most forcibly illustrated to the mind of the author by an examination of the great vats filled with it to the brim in the immense brewery establishment of Messrs. Barclay & Co., in London. A plank was displaced by the attendant, and it was allowed to flow over the side, like water over a fall; and a single inspiration produced vertigo, and other unpleasant consequences."—Pp. 76, 77.

The "Chemistry of the Sun" is another paper from which we should like to take a passage or two; but our limited space in this department precludes us from doing so. We can only add the wish that "the people" could be induced to read works which, like this, contain useful and interesting information, rather than the demoralizing literature which is by no means confined to yellow covers, double columns, and wood cuts.

INSURANCE.

1. *Eighth Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department.* State of New York. 8vo, pp. 679. Albany, 1867.
2. *Second Annual Report of the Commissioner of Insurance to the Legislature of Connecticut.* Pamphlet. 1867.

Before making any comment on the important information contained in these publications, especially in the first, we will make an observation or two on a kindred subject, which may not be uninteresting at this time. It is now more than four years* since we published the article entitled, "Insurance Quackery and its Organs." In our former article we confined ourselves to Insurance Quackery† without taking any notice of its organs. We gave some attention to the latter in our second, because the discordant howl they set up in defence of the quacks amused us so much that we thought it would also amuse our readers to see how they earned their pay. As for any resentment against them, for their abuse of ourselves, we really had not a particle. And why should we? We knew they did merely what they were told by their employers, the class whom alone we criticised, and on whom they depended for their

* March, 1863, (No. XII.) † No. X.

existence. They knew their business sufficiently well to be aware that it was not the legitimate underwriters, those having the means and the will to fulfil their engagements, who needed their services, but the speculators on public credulity, who had neither one nor the other. Accordingly we confined ourselves to giving some specimens of their performances, accompanied with such remarks as seemed necessary to render them intelligible to our readers.

It is hardly necessary to say that we applied the term *quackery* to the operations of the Insurance speculators, from the close resemblance of the *modus operandi* of the latter to that of the quack doctors who, even while dying of consumption themselves, pretend to cure, for a small consideration, all the diseases that flesh is heir to. Two years before we printed a word about Insurance impostors we had written and published an exposition of the charlatans of the healing art.* While preparing this article we made ourselves perfectly familiar with the habits and customs of the whole fraternity, and were not a little surprised to find that they differed in nothing from their ancient prototypes, as portrayed by the most skilful hands, except that the latter were unable to get up books and pamphlets in praise of themselves and their wonderful cures as the former are. Our next care, therefore, was to examine the "modern improvements;" and hence it was that the following was the heading of our new article on Quack Doctors: "*Books, Treatises, Essays, Letters, &c., &c.* By various Members of that numerous Fraternity vulgarly called Quacks."†

Now, if any one competent for the task will examine the literature of the Quack Doctors and compare it with the literature of the Insurance Quacks, he will readily see how close is the kindred between them. The quack doctor has great contempt for the pretensions of all other quacks, and accordingly he makes a periodical onslaught upon them in such English—generally, indeed, a very inferior article—as his "editor" happens to have learned, warning the world against them. The Insurance quack does exactly the same. There are few quack doctors so poor but they can hire some obscure sheet that has as little brains as it has honesty or decency, to act as bully for them. All they want then is a stock of pills, boluses, and bottles; impudence serves them for *assets*. In their own "works"—that is, the pamphlets got up in their name for so much a page—they denounce their rivals as arrant knaves; while it is the duty of the bully to look after the fault-finders, and abuse them in the true fish-woman style. We know from experience that they do so accordingly; but we have precisely the same experience of the Insurance bullies.

We do not mention this, indeed, as any calamity to us; we do not ask our tenderest friend to sympathize with us for it. So far as we are concerned

* N. Q. R., No. IV., March, 1861, Art. "Quackery and the Quacked."
† *Vide* N. Q. R., No. XVI., Art. "The Quack Doctors and their Performances."

ourselves, we have not the least objection to any amount of abuse from either source; we are merely calling the attention of the public to certain moral, or rather immoral, phenomena, which require to be looked after as carefully as the premonitory symptoms of a pestilence.

We presume we need hardly say that in comparing the publications of the Insurance Quacks with those of the Quack Doctors we do not place in the latter category the Manuals containing necessary information printed by Insurance companies in general. These are of course not only legitimate, but indispensable to the proper management of the business; insurance companies have as good a right to print their rules and regulations, their tables of mortality, and the peculiar inducements they offer the public, as the trustees of a college have to print their catalogue, or as any corporation whatever have to print their prospectus in a convenient form. The only fault we have to find on this point is that in our opinion respectable companies ought to have more regard for their individuality and distinctive character, than to fill their "manual" with exactly the same precepts, the same quotations from the recommendations of great men, and very commonplace men—in short the same language, but sometimes slightly transposed—which a score of companies of a different character make use of in their "manual." It really would not be more undignified for the different presidents to borrow each other's shirts than to use this sort of twaddle in common; let that pass, however, for the present.

Although not in the habit of boasting, we have taken credit to ourselves for having taught the Quack Insurance Organs some decency by means of the article in which we gave specimens of their performances. We were aware, indeed, that it would be a hopeless task to try to make them respectable. Nor did we blame them for it, bearing in mind that it requires some education and culture to write common sense; we knew that one could be a very smart broker in a small way, or a very clever "adjuster of losses," or both together, and yet be unable to act even the part of a bully in a way which would render it profitable for those in need of such services to hire him. Still less sanguine were we as to causing any improvement in the quack style of plastering; although in no other accomplishment of the insurance organs were we so anxious to see some proficiency made, for the reason that they sometimes bedaub our friends with a sort of eulogy which reminds us of nothing more than the kind of grease with which the Congo negroes besmear their faces in order to make them look aristocratic and handsome. As we are of a benevolent turn, however, we will make yet another effort; for we do not like to see those who do not deserve it put to the blush even with the intention of making them feel happy and comfortable.

We have now before us the July and August numbers of a monthly

paper entitled "The Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review." If any one has ever seen it outside of an insurance office he has certainly seen more than we. When describing what is called "The Insurance Press," three years ago, we selected "Currie's Insurance Gazette" as a sample, because, whatever were its faults, we thought it the most respectable of the tribe, after we had examined several, and accordingly we gave some extracts from it as specimens. But we were informed by one underwriter after another that the "Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review" was more popular among "the profession than Currie's affair. "It is true," said they, "that the person who calls himself its "editor and proprietor" could not write a paragraph of correct English to save his life. It is bad enough as it is," they added, "but it would be a hundred times more illiterate and more bombastic if Jones, Jr., were really the editor as he calls himself."

Whether this be a true estimate of the talents and accomplishments of Jones, Jr., or not, we cannot undertake to say, for we have never spoken to that individual in our life; nor should we know him if we met him in the street. But we do know that the periodical of which he calls himself the editor, as well as the proprietor, contains nothing else but the most fulsome and bombastic eulogies of those who pay, and the grossest abuse of those who do not pay, and of those who criticise the former. The only exception to this rule is the insertion of so much of the Reports of the Insurance Superintendents and Commissioners as happens to suit, together with the lucubrations of certain parties who are most sadly affected with the *cacoethes scribendi*.

These various performances are mixed up with advertisements in a manner rather suggestive of pork sandwiches the odor of which is much stronger than is agreeable to the olfactories. That is, we are first treated to a eulogy or two; these occupy half a page or so; the remaining half page being occupied by the advertisement of some company whose stomach is equal to that sort of thing. Then follows a tirade or two of the most vulgar abuse, alternating with another puff of the same nauseous, indigestible kind, which has also a tail in the form of a long advertisement duly displayed in the largest type.

We might say that in this respect the "Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review" is like those "works" which are to be found on every hotel table, and in which we find on one side of a leaf a flaming biography of some great man, and on the other side an advertisement in the same "high-pressure" style, and so on to the end. But let us not do injustice to the individual who gives his instruction gratis to the travelling public; if his style is a little inflated it does not appear that he lets himself out for hire, like a pot-house bully, to throw dirt at all pointed out to him for that purpose.

It matters not who finds fault with an Insurance Company that is will-

ing to pay its "Monitor." Whether he is a private individual or a journalist, he is actuated by the vilest motives; even the public officers—superintendents and commissioners—who have been appointed for the express purpose of putting the public on its guard, and affording it protection against fraudulent underwriters—they, too, are guilty of the basest conduct if they merely give certain quacks a hint that they are found out and had better improve their ways! Instance the case of the Travelers' Insurance Company, of Hartford, whose *modus operandi* has been condemned in turn by the Massachusetts Commissioner and the New York Superintendent, and which we pretty fully exposed ourselves in our last number. Had these gentlemen done differently we should have had little confidence in them; but should have regarded them either as very stupid or very much wanting in integrity. But according to the "Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review" they are both stupid and dishonest because they have done their duty—at least a part of it. In short, all are "black-mailers" who attempt to expose the sleight of hand with which certain "Companies" attempt to impose on public credulity. But first let us give a specimen or two of the style in which our Insurance organ eulogizes its employers. It matters not whether the latter commenced to insure yesterday, or ten years ago, whether their capital is real or imaginary, large or small, they and everything belonging to them are all models of excellence!

Thus the first eulogy we happen to turn to is that of a concern entitled "Economical Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Providence, L. I.," which is treated to a full column.* After the usual preliminary superlatives, we are informed that the institution was "organized" July 16th, 1866. It did not commence business until November, but from that time forth its progress was such as to astonish everybody. But how could it have been otherwise in view of the following facts? "Its authorized capital is $300,000, and its *official staff is replete with ability and fame*, including *such gentlemen* as President Simon S. Bucklin, Vice-President C. C. McKnight, Secretary William Y. Potter," &c. All its rules and regulations are "replete" in a similar manner with everything that is good and great, so that "*any husband, parent, or patron, who desires to obtain at once cheap and good Life Insurance will find both combined in the Economical. He will there find just what is needful for perfect security and no more.*" Could any Company excel this? Yet we have given but a small part of its wonderful virtues as set forth by Jones, Jr. From the Providence company we turn to a Springfield company, entitled the "Massachusetts Mutual Life," and find that the latter is equally excellent—nay, a great deal better, if such a thing be possible. But in this case it is the agent that has paid, and accordingly he is the great man. "The rapid

* August No., p. 488.

increase of this Company's growth," says the Insurance oracle, "*has been rendered a foregone conclusion* by its appointment of ——— ———, Esq., as its General Agent for New York city and its vicinity," &c.* Then it is called "the leading Massachusetts Company," and we are informed that its "great feature" is to preclude "*the loss to the insured of a single cent of their investment.*" The New England Mutual Life, one of the best institutions of the kind in the world, is not the leading Massachusetts company, because it estimates "matter" of this kind at its proper value, and would, doubtless, rather pay our Insurance Jenkins for his abuse than for his praise.

But before an Insurance company is recognized as such at all; before it can muster the amount required by law as a deposit, it is as great as Diana of the Ephesians if it only does the right thing with Jones, Jr. This is the case, for instance, with the "Standard Life Insurance Company;" for we are told that "its plan includes *all the cardinal virtues, popular features*, and *progressive excellences* of Life Insurance," &c. Not only are its officers "gentlemen of experience and ability," but its board of directors *comprise distinguished* men of business, *several* of whose names *stand high* among the *celebrities* of the Empire State."†

But agencies are immortalized on the same terms, and pretty nearly in the same language. Thus, for example, a Cincinnati concern is raised in the scale of importance, or rather lowered, as follows: "With the name of its *able principal*, Peter A. White, Esq., are now associated those of Messrs. Chas. and Augustus Lawrence, and the firm, *as at present constituted, will doubtless be one of the most prosperous and influential* Insurance Agencies in the West. It is conducted by *men of worth, experience, and ability*," &c.‡

Now, need we say that when companies that are really substantial and good have to be spoken of, our Insurance Jenkins has not a single eulogistic term or expression to bestow upon them which he has not already applied again and again to the veriest charlatans? Accordingly a eulogy of nearly a whole page—except the part occupied by the advertisements of the "able principal, Peter A. White, Esq.," and of "the Sangamo Insurance Company, of Springfield, Ill.,"—commences as follows:

"The *general interest* excited by the *surprising* progress of this institution has recently been *greatly increased*, and *important* and *numerous* as have been the *successes achieved* in this metropolis, it is *now confidently believed* that none have proved more *useful, complete*, and *solid* than that won by the Manhattan Life Insurance Company. This *beneficent* organization is indeed an honor to New York, and *our citizens have substantial reasons* to be *proud of it.*"§

We can well imagine how Mr. Wemple blushed on reading this; but his mortification soon gave way, we have no doubt, to a smile of pity. Be

* August No. p. 464. † *Ib.*, p. 465. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 465.
§ Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review for July, p. 399.

this as it may, after wading through more than a column of the same sort of matter, we come to a paragraph which begins thus:

"Although the *onward course* of the Manhattan Life has been *steadily accelerating* till its advance has become *rapid beyond precedent*, there is no company more *remarkable* for the *perfect security of its investments* and the strictness of the economy maintained by its management. In these respects *it serves for a model to all other corporate societies.*"*

This is high admiration to be sure, but it is no higher than that of the same oracle for the "Economical," the "Massachusetts," the "Standard," or the great Cincinnati agency. Far be it from us to deny that the Manhattan Life is a substantial and honest company; or that it may be regarded as eminently successful. It is precisely because it is an institution of this character, that we do not like to see it besmeared after the above fashion.

For a similar reason we are not a little concerned to find the Phœnix Mutual Life of Hartford bedaubed in the same way. In the first sentence we are told that its "*system and operation*" "have been *wrought out and carried to perfection.*"† In the next sentence we are informd that a careful study *of the plans of other companies* affords conclusive proof of this fact." A little further down we are told that "it owes its present *unexampled prosperity* to no *fortuitous influence or accident*, but to the *gradually increasing recognition* of its *intrinsic* merits, and to the *palpable* evidence which is *constantly* afforded of its *surpassing usefulness* and *excellence.*"

One would think that nothing earthly could go beyond this; but in another paragraph some statistics are given upon which the following comment is made: "And this advance, *surprising* as it appears, was effected after paying its members a dividend of fifty per cent. It is *therefore* evident that the public has become *awakened* to the *superior* claims of this company to its *especial* patronage." All is not told yet, however; far from it. We are further informed that "a policy in the Phœnix Mutual Life is *replete with adantages*," &c.

Now it must not be supposed that we would cast the slightest doubt on the resources, integrity, or success of the Phœnix Mutual, or attempt to disparage the unquestionably solid inducements which it offers to the public. But the tendency of such plastering as the above is to do both. Any thoughtful person, that did not know the company, would readily conclude from it, that there must be something wrong, though it is true that those who did know it would only laugh at Jenkins, and wonder could he have been authorized, even for the fun of it, to bray on so extensive a scale.

As might be supposed, the Mutual plan, superior as it is to all others in one column, is surpassed in another column by the Stock plan, if such be possible, the last thing puffed by Jenkins being always the best. In

* *Ib.* † August No., p. 471.

proof of this we need only turn to the cataplasm of the "Universal Life," which occupies a full column. After the usual introduction, which is given alike to the donkey and the lion, we are presented with the following *morceau:*

"It is now more than two years ago since the 'Universal' introduced to the public a plan which promised *to reduce insurance in cost, and to advance it in utility, beyond the effects of any system previously adopted.* The *success* which has *attended the operation* and *crowned the results* of the experiment, has *not only redeemed the promises made* by its projectors, but *has exceeded their most sanguine expectations.*"—*No. for Aug.*, p. 475.

What say the gentlemen of the Manhattan and Phœnix Mutual to this? Are they anything better, according to our Insurance oracle, than the Universal which was ushered into existence two years ago (February, 1865) with the triumphant announcement to all suffering humanity that in future, sickness—even the most fatal maladies—would be no obstacle to those seeking the blessings of insurance? It was supposed that the invalids of all classes, even the lame and the lazy, would rush at once to the office of the "Universal," but it seems that only very few went. Then the distinguished and benevolent officers made a virtue of necessity, and tried another plan; and it is this which has put Jenkins in such ecstasies. The results accomplished under the new scheme are almost miraculous; but let us hear the oracle:

"Prosperity *so genuine and solid*, and attained *in spite of* the *countless difficulties* inseparable from the *inauguration of a new system*, reflects the highest credit *on its authors*, and affords the clearest proof that the new plan is excellent *in conception*, and has been *carried out with an efficiency and skill* which entitle the management to the *gratitude* and *confidence* of *the insured and the public.*"—*Ib.*

But that everybody should admire, be grateful, and full of faith, is not sufficient; at all events, the column must be filled with something, and, accordingly, we are told further down—towards zero—that it "is equally gratifying to know that this *worthy enterprise* has now a *solid foundation in assets*," &c.

Our readers may now see how the good, bad, and indifferent are placed exactly in the same category. Except among those who happen to know the difference, all are rendered equally ridiculous and equally liable to suspicion. We, therefore, congratulate the New York Life, the Equitable Life, and the Knickerbocker Life, as well as the New England Mutual Life, and the Mutual Benefit Life, on having escaped this sort of "treatment," at least for some months past. Indeed we see some evidence that the New York Life has refused to submit to the operation; for, under pretence of defending another company,* which is in no need of a bully, the former is held responsible for the selfish zeal of its agent.

The real injury to an institution like the Ætna Life is not that the agent of any company should attempt to disparage it, or that those having

* The Ætna Life of Hartford.

honest intentions should not understand the working of its peculiar system; but that one who plasters all alike should be permitted to act as its champion.

We can assure Mr. Enders, to whose enlightened and skilful management, we understand, is due the chief credit of the remarkable success of the Ætna, that had he known that Jones, Jr., intended to become its defender, his best course would have been to write to that individual in some such terms as the following: "For goodness' sake keep quiet about us; or, if you must talk, abuse, rather than praise, us. I can however put an excellent job in your way. Batterson, of the Travelers', has several little difficulties in hand, and you are just the person to raise such a howl of virtuous indignation on his behalf as will divert public attention from the real facts. And incidentally you can prove with your peculiar logic what a close kindred there is between the business of building tombs over the dead, and insuring against all accidents that humanity is heir to, including death itself."

But we have to give another specimen or two of the Insurance Jenkins' style before we close. We need hardly say that the Fire, Marine, an Life insurers are all the same to him. If there be any difference those that fail and deceive the public are generally the best. In illustration of this we need only allude to the superior accomplishments of the "distinguished gentlemen" of the "Sun Mutual" and the "Metropolitan." The president of the one is "the venerable," and the president of the other is "the celebrated"—the former having something to do with the department of "Public *Charities* and *Correction*," the latter with that branch of the military profession that confines its prowess to target-shooting in some neighbouring swamp, where the only enemy that can be injured or kept at bay are the frogs and eels. According to the same logic one is more or less a traducer of honest fame in proportion as his strictures are more or less called for by false pretences, which, in time, become so manifest even to the most credulous, that they can no longer be denied.

But it is not alone while living that the insurers who are willing to pay receive those delicate attentions at the hand of Jones, Jr., or his "assistant." When dead they are belaboured exactly in the same style. Nor have we to go far for an illustration of the fact. The Secretary of the Home Insurance Company died in August, and, accordingly, we have more than two columns of a eulogy upon him in the August number of the "Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review."*

We confess we have never seen anything of the kind that surpassed this. It is still the habit, in some countries, to employ illiterate old women to cry at funerals; in the midst of their whines these broken-hearted mourners give a catalogue of the virtues of the deceased, but as

* P. 477.

in most cases they knew nothing of him during his life except perhaps when he ordered them a plate of soup or the like, they often commit such ludicrous blunders that even those most grieved cannot help smiling. Surely it is difficult to avoid doing so in the present case, no matter how highly one may think of the deceased. We have nothing to say against the latter; nor do we wish to give the least pain to any one to whom he may have been dear. Having never known the gentleman, all we have to do with in the matter is the style of Jenkins. In the first paragraph we are informed how terribly Jones, Jr., was overwhelmed "as we passed the office of the Home Insurance Company, *and observed the front doors closed*, and a notice affixed, as follows: 'Closed on account of the death of the Secretary, John McGee.'" This to be sure was a trying moment; no doubt it recalled some good, palatable things! Be this as it may, the chief mourner of "the profession" proceeds as follows:

"It seemed to us that it was only a few days previous that we had seen him at his desk in the discharge of his duties, *in the usual quiet and unostentatious manner* which was so *marked a peculiarity in him*, and which every one who has ever had any business with him must have *observed*."

From this we are to infer that it is rather an odd thing to find a high Insurance functionary who is "quiet and unostentatious." It would appear that in general insurers are rather pugnacious and fussy; how thankful they must all be to their oracle! But let us have another whine or two:

"With his *apparently excellent constitution* and *well known habits of extreme regularity* and temperance in all things, with good general health and comparative youth on his side, *we could scarcely believe our senses as we read the sad announcement*. But it was indeed too true; the spirit of John McGee *had taken its flight*, and *the mortal remains* are to be *deposited in their last resting place* on Saturday next."

It is true that this is very much like the style of "Charles J. Martin, Esq., President," author of the celebrated letter to the Jews, which we recommended to be sent to the Paris Exhibition. Be this as it may, a flood of light is shed in the next paragraph, on the habits of the deceased; he was so prudent, and yet so imprudent; but let us hear the oracle:

"His illness was of brief duration, but little more than two weeks. We *understand* that he had left the office for his *usual* summer vacation, *which it was his custom to spend with his family*, in some quiet, rural retreat, where he could enjoy their company *without the restraints of more popular places of resort*, for he had no taste for *fashions or frivolities*. Within two or three days after leaving the office he took a long walk, and became very much heated and exhausted, and it is supposed, *imprudently* exposed himself while in that condition."

Then we are told about "the skill and care which his family and friends" bestowed upon him and how all was of no use. After a suitable pause it is added in a separate paragraph: "Thus has passed away one of the purest and best men it has ever been our privilege to meet *in the walks of life*." Now, all this, be it remembered, is but an introduction; a formal biography follows which occupies nearly a column.

But we must give one more specimen of the mode in which the Insurance Jenkins disposes of a dead underwriter, or rather of the manner in which he makes his death a handsome thing to the living. The Secretary of the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company died, it seems, about the same time Mr. McGee did, and the event is noticed in the same paper. After telling us the many important positions occupied by Mr. Harding before he became a Life insurer, including those of public store-keeper, trustee of the Williamsburgh Dispensary, &c., Jenkins comforts the surviving brethren of the deceased thus:

"It was, however, in connection with Christian W. Bouck, Esq., President of the Brooklyn Life, that his *abilities were exerted* with the most *signal success*. From the *incipiency* of this *prosperous organization*, to the attainment of its present *high and honorable position*, he devoted his *energies and influence* to its advancement. He lived to witness the fulfilment of the hopes of *its greatness* which he had cherished with so much ardor, but not to enjoy long the fruits of his labors."—P. 498.

The reader has now had an opportunity of seeing whether we were right or wrong in saying at the beginning of this article that according to our Insurance Jenkins all companies that pay are "*great*," no matter whether they are young or old, whether they have issued five policies during the year, five hundred thousand, or no policy at all; the Economical Life is "great," the Massachusetts Life is "great," the Standard Life is "great," the Universal Life is "great," the Brooklyn Life is "great," &c.; and yet each *surpasses all the rest*, and, accordingly, should be patronized by everybody *in preference to all others!*

We have also remarked above that it is no matter who finds any fault with the operations of the quacks he must be actuated by the vilest motives. Thus, as already intimated, both the Massachusetts Commissioner and the New York Superintendent have given the public some specimens of the "smartness" of Batterson & Co. in manipulating their two companies—the Travelers' and the Railway Passengers', and, accordingly, both are set upon by Jones, Jr. The strictures of the Massachusetts Commissioner we quoted in our last, bearing emphatic testimony to their justice and truthfulness; we now quote a passage from the Report of the New York State Superintendent, condemnatory of another trick of the same party:

"A portion of the capital of the Railway Passengers' ($44,800), it will be seen from the abstract of the Company's statement, *was not, as it should have been*, paid up *in actual cash, but was issued* in '*exchange for equipment.*' It has always been considered as a rule *that capital should be paid for in money*, and that all exchanges by way of trade or barter *were irregular, abnormal, and liable to abuse.* When capital calls for cash payment at par, the relations of a corporation and its stockholder are simple and uninvolved; the subject of the investment of assets is an after consideration, which should be entirely unembarrassed by any stock relations."—*Ins. Report*, p. lxxxix.

This is as undeniable as the statements of Mr. Sanford; but as it would hardly do for Batterson to abuse those public functionaries in his own documents as he abuses others, the bully does the work for him.

Whether the latter is hired or not, we leave it to the public to judge. At all events the mode of attack is characteristic. The Report of the Massachusetts Commissioner is too large; that of the New York Superintendant is too small, though a prominent object with each was to write a book! After devoting four columns of twaddle to the former gentleman, our bully says: "In conclusion, we think it must be a matter of universal gratification that the new Commissioner of Massachusetts, *like his brother Barnes*, after dividing, dissecting, and, *bleeding* Life Insurance Companies by the collection of charges and fees,"* &c. In short, Mr. Sanford has neither intelligence nor honesty, but is a stupid, vain coxcomb, because he has the manliness to put the public on its guard against "insurers" like Batterson & Co.!

But for the same reason our New York Superintendent is still worse. He is attacked in every form, because, being an old hand, he ought to know better than to expose the Quacks that "pay"—he ought not to kill the goose that lays the golden egg for those who will help her to feather her nest at the public expense. After denouncing the "meagreness," "shallowness," "unsuitableness," and "partisanship" of the Insurance Superintendent's Report, Jenkins makes the following sapient and sharp criticism: "Passing over its *littleness of volume* and *indefiniteness of kind*, there is *a manifest spirit of aggrandizement that overshadows all other considerations.*"† Further on, in the same document, we are told "that *other influences than the public good are at the bottom* of these *official tirades*,"‡ and that "*it is monstrous* to designate by name one Company for public approbation and patronage and others *quite as reliable* for *public contempt.*"§ This is not right at all, of course, since, as we have shown above, all "liberal" companies are equally "great," "reliable," and "beneficient." Having devoted five columns to Barnes, Jenkins informs his employers that as the Superintendent will get his discharge pretty soon for being so outspoken and inquisitive, there is no need for any more detail at present. To this consoling remark the following is added for the benefit of "Accident" insurers: "But we opine that the Department will, ere long, be filled with less 'vegetable life,' and we therefore pass it by for the present."—P. 467.

In the same number of the Quack organ we have only to turn one page to find a whine which commences as follows:

"THE TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD AND SUPERINTENDENT BARNES.—Superintendent Barnes has recently displayed *more precipitancy than justice* in his strictures upon some *worthy* Insurance Companies. In his last report, in glancing at Casualty Insurance, he shows *a sad want of correctness*, or "synchronism," as he would say, *in his reference to the Travelers' of Hartford.*—P. 464.

This shows what party is hurt. As for a company like the Ætna Life

* July No., pp. 405, 406. † No. for August, p. 466. ‡ Ib. § P. 466, 3d column.

requiring a bully it is a mere pretext to whitewash Batterson & Co. Why is not Mr. Barnes honoured with an extra of the "Traveler's Record" filled with abuse of him, as we have been honoured ourselves? it would certainly do him good among all honest men; we, who are well used to such things, can confidently predict this; for the Quack Doctors have called us all sorts of bad names in their organs as well as the Quack Insurers. The whole affair, in one case as well as in the other, has seemed to us perfectly natural; it only made us laugh by reminding us of a certain *chevalier d'industrie* who, on being sentenced to Botany Bay for seven years, took off his shoe in the dock and threw it at the judge. The dirt attached to it splashed over his lordship's ermine, but no further damage was done; and the judge merely told the culprit that he had done a foolish act—one which would convince every one of his guilt. But let us return for a moment to the tirade on the Insurance Superintendent. After *his* ermine has been soiled as much as possible the whole fraternity of quacks are consoled as follows:

"It was a sad day for Life Insurance when Hon. Elizur Wright was no longer Commissioner of Massachusetts. The *disaster* will only be retrieved when, *reinstated in official life*, and acknowledged everywhere *as the standard authority in all matters pertaining to Life Insurance*, he is made chief of a Department long since needed, and now urgently demanded, the United States Bureau of Life Insurance."—P. 467.

The Hon. Elizur Wright has two or three friends, or at least had, some months since—for whom we have the greatest respect and esteem; but it seems to us that they cannot regard his recent course either as very "honourable" or in very good taste. The quack organ puffs him at almost every page as "the greatest of actuaries." Nobody else can hold a candle to him, according to Jenkins, and in return he gives a hand at running down the Insurance Commissioners! We do not know who the Connecticut Insurance Commissioner is; but we have read his Report, and we regard it as an able and impartial document. It is evident, however, that he belongs to no quack society of mutual admiration. He says things that are not deemed orthodox; and, accordingly, the Hon. Elizur Wright tries to be witty at his expense, in one of his lucubrations addressed: "Editor of the Insurance Monitor," and headed "Important Discovery." We need only quote the concluding paragraph in order to give an idea of the true character of the whole production:

"I cannot but *counsel my native* State of Connecticut not to hide such light as this under a bushel, but send it at once to the Paris Exposition to illuminate the older and darker continents, and to receive the appropriate medals."—*Aug. No.*, p. 469.

It would seem to us that "a profound mathematician" and "the greatest of actuaries" might find some more suitable and creditable occupation for his time than that of assistant to Jones, Jr. In short, we begin to think that the Legislature of Massachusetts were not so stupid and

wanting in perception after all, when they dispensed with his services." His "native State" will no doubt be greatly influenced by his "counsel;" but why not make him its Commissioner? Then everything in "the Department" would be done so handsomely. Even Batterson & Co., that have been so monstrously misrepresented by other Commissioners, might get as long a quotation as they wished in the next Connecticut Report—one that would answer alike for both companies, showing that they are only blockheads or blackmailers who pretend to find fault with either!

But one word more as to our Insurance organ; if we have not fully illustrated its character above, let it illustrate itself. While pretending to vindicate a company which, as we have already remarked, is in no need of such aid, Jenkins works himself up into a fit of virtuous indignation and talks very feelingly of the "prostituted," "venal," "corrupt," "Satanic" press. Then, trying to compose his grief somewhat, he makes the following confession: "We regret to state that these general remarks apply with *particular force* to the *Insurance press*. With a few honorable exceptions (including, of course, the "Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review") *it has rendered itself contemptible by its venality and partisanship*."* You have told the truth for once in your life, Jones, Jr.! but we expect to hear before long the further confession that your own press is the most corrupt, venal, and contemptible of all.

As to the difference between cash companies, and note companies—those who require all their premiums in cash, and those who take a percentage in notes—the latter are at least as good as the former; in general, they are much better, and have a stronger claim on public patronage. Indeed the only exclusively cash Life Company we remember at the present moment, whose policy we would recommend to our friends, is the "Equitable" of this city. But this does not derive either its strength or its well deserved reputation from its cash system. We will, however, mention one other cash company—the Travelers' of Harford; but if we are asked: Can we recommend its policy? we must beg leave to decline, referring the inquirer to our June number, and to the Reports of the New York Superintendent and the Massachussetts Commissioner.

Then, *per contra*, the note companies, so called, are the New York Life, the Knickerbooker Life, the New England Mutual Life, the Mutual Benefit Life (New Jersey), the Manhattan Life, the Ætna Life, the Phœnix Mutual Life, and the Charter Oak Life. There is not one of these on which even such plastering as we have indicated above, could cast any suspicion. And if we compare the new companies together we shall find a similar preponderance in favor of the note system; take, for example, the Continental Life of this city, which receives one-third of its premiums in notes, the National Life, which takes one-half, and the Railway Passen-

* P. 403.

gers' *Assurance* (Batterson & Co.) of Hartford, which must have all cash —is there any difficulty in deciding which is the best, or the worst? We will discuss the subject at length on an early occasion; suffice it to say now that it requires no mathematical demonstration to show that to a large proportion of those who insure their lives, it is an important privilege to be permitted to give their notes when they cannot pay the cash, and have good reason to believe that it will be no inconvenience to them to pay six months hence.

If we saw, therefore, that either Superintendent or Commissioner favoured the cash companies as such, we should not think he understood his duty. But we really see nothing of the kind. We have, indeed, always thought there was something "imposing" in companies like the Mutual Life; that is, we have thought the public liable to be imposed upon by their peculiar mode of manipulating figures, together with the prominent position which they manage, by hook or crook, to occupy in pious societies. We have not thought, however, that Mr. Barnes could be deceived in this way; nor shall we change our opinion without further proof. Thus, in trying what company has he complimented most in the Report before us, we find it is the Mutual Benefit Life; it affords us all the more pleasure to transcribe his remarks, because they corroborate the views, which we briefly expressed in our last number, as to the scientific skill with which that institution is managed:

"One of the most difficult and onerous of the statements required to be made under the new blank form was that of the Mutual Benefit of New Jersey; how well the task was performed will be seen by an examination of the abstract of this Company's statement. It is *the most perfect* return made by any of the Life Insurance Companies, and it is no less a matter of surprise than gratification, that the officers had their affairs so well in hand, and on record, as to be able to give in so short a period of time such a vast amount of new and unanticipated information. It is only by *admirable* and *trustworthy management*, thorough *discipline*, and *great capacity* that such results could have been achieved."—*Ins. Report*, p. lxix.

All this we admit; one reason why the compliment is deserved is that the officers of this Company prefer to mind their own business rather than occupy their time in quarrels, or any other foolish work, with those who surpass or criticise them. No doubt they thought it much more respectable, as well as more profitable, to get up a good report of themselves, than to spend their time and money in abusing others. We do not deny that those who pursue the latter course also remember the widow, and the orphan; but it is in a somewhat different way—the same as the wolf remembers the sheep and the lamb; or, perhaps, as the Roman satirist has it—

> Pars hominum gestit conducere publica: sunt qui
> *Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras.**

* Horace Epist., lib. i., 77.

We have some interesting evidence at hand that the preference of the public is for the note companies, although we can now only make use of a few of the illustrative facts, those that happen to be nearest at hand. Thus, for instance, the Knickerbocker Life has issued 7,526 policies from the first of January last to the first of the present month (September), insuring thereby $20,507,900; whereas, the whole number of policies which it issued in 1866 was 5,420; the whole amount insured being $17,000,000—facts which exhibit an increase of more than fifty per cent. during the part of the year now expired.

The New England Mutual Life, which commenced business twenty-three years ago without any capital, had an accumulation of assets, July 1, 1867, amounting to $5,000,000, after having paid losses to the amount of $2,367,000. The Charter Oak Life of Hartford makes far less noise in the world than the smallest "Accident" Company, but its receipts in cash, during 1866, as given in the Report of the Insurance Superintendent, amounted to $1,060,022.22; its additional income in notes and other premium obligations amounting to $702,390.01, &c.

It is true that no company is more prosperous, or more popular than the Equitable Life, whose income for the year amounted to $2,000,000; but, as we have already remarked, it is not to its cash system it owes its success, but to a much more potent means which we have not time now to particularize. As for the New York Life, and the Ætna Life of Hartford, they may well rival each other in a good humored way; if their agents will quarrel sometimes and employ bullies to help them, what of it? they can well afford to look on and laugh at the sport.

We can hardly allude this time to the condition of Marine or Life Insurance. We are glad to say, however, that the Sun Mutual and the Metropolitan are "doing as well as might be expected," although their health is still feeble, if not precarious. It is to be hoped that under the benevolent and friendly patronage of the department of "Public Charities and Correction" they may yet accomplish some good; but in the meantime we confess we should rather recommend the policies of such Companies as the Mercantile Mutual (Marine) and the Security (Fire and Marine), for it has always seemed to us that structures which break down once are liable to do so again. This, it is true, may be only superstition on our part, and accordingly we prefer that those having ships and houses to insure should judge for themselves.

The war against the Jews is still the prominent feature among a certain class of Fire companies. According to them it seems that none but the descendants of Abraham, Jeremiah, and Solomon are guilty, any longer, of arson or incendiarism, and the style in which the detested race is spoken of by the chosen organ of the class of insurers alluded to, may be inferred from the following heading: "A Fiendish Jew convicted of Arson and Punished." It is not much wonder that the poor Jew commits

suicide when he is accused, rather than submit to the ordeal that awaits him at the hands of his new persecutors. His brethren, actuated by the same motive, have done the same in hundreds in England, Spain, and France. We confess that we prefer companies like the Hope, Washington, and Security, who treat Jew and Gentile alike, making no difference between Trojan and Tyrian that that of fairly prosecuting (not persecuting) the evil-doer, and allowing the innocent to live in peace, and we think it will be found in time that the public regards the matter in the same light.

INDEX

TO THE

FIFTEENTH VOLUME

OF THE

National Quarterly Review.

Alger, Wm. R., Genius of Solitude, reviewed and criticised, 172 *et seq.*

Alphabetic Writing, article on, 61—superficial knowledge contrasted with profound, *ib.*—is the origin of writing of human or divine nature? *ib.*—invention ascribed to Egyptians and Phœnicians, 62—printing attracts more attention than writing, *ib.*—language the type and expression of man, *ib.*—writing expresses both thought and language, *ib.*—renders thought visible, 63—makes fugitive speech permanent, *ib.*—hieroglyphic writing, *ib. et seq.*—origin of, 64—enigma to the vulgar, 65—a lower form of art than writing, *ib.*—Chinese method, *ib.*—pronunciation of letters, *ib.*—quality of, *ib. et seq.*—letter A, 67—analysis of sounds, 68 *et seq.*—origin of the arts, 69 *et seq.*—invention of Cherokee syllabic writing, 70—music and language compared, 71—music a secondary art, *ib.*—writing a necessity for social preservation, *ib. et seq.*—condition of mankind at original epoch of writing, 72—graphic art among the Greeks and Romans, 73—its perfection in the fifteenth century, *ib.*—sounds composing writing apparently limited in number, *ib.*—in language varied and extensive, *ib.*—inventor of writing, 74—historical doubts and traditions concerning, 75—identity of the Egyptian Hermes with Moses, 76—priority of the Hebraic claim, *ib.*—probabilities favoring a divine origin, *ib. et seq.*—improbability, *note*, 77 *et seq.*

Animals, the lower, have they souls or reason, article on, 242—comparative anatomy, *ib.*—comparative psychology, *ib.*—study animal anatomy by ancient Romans, 243—application of the term *soul*, *ib.*—opinion of French philosophers, 244—nature of the animating principle investigated, *ib. et seq.*—opinions of Descartes and his followers, *ib.*—of Debreyne, 245—souls of beasts intermediate between spirit and matter, *ib.*—exposition of theory, *ib.*—the four laws of force, *ib.*—the four great kingdoms, *ib. et seq.*—all matter in a measure mechanical, 246—similarity of mechanism in the human and animal kingdoms, *ib. et seq.*—unsoundness of the Cartesian philosophy, 247—sensation a characteristic of animals, 248—intelligence of men, *ib.*—an immaterial principle imperative to sensation, *ib.*—the immaterial not necessarily immortal, 249—Flotte's argument, *ib.*—sensation inseparable from animal life, 250—not so to vegetable, *ib.*—a medium between spirit and matter possible, *ib.*—Sts. Augustine and Gregory on animal souls, 251—absence of moral ideas in beasts, *ib.*—De Bonald on, *ib.*—the empire of humanity over the animal kingdom, 252—impossibility of suicide to beasts a proof of their non-intelligence, *ib.*—man the disposer of nature, *ib.*—the greatest art of animals instinctive, 253—Gall's argument for animal intelligence refuted, 254—animal foresight disproved, *ib. et seq.*—elevation of the brute to our intellectual level unnecessary, 255—intelligence a divine light, *ib.*—comparison between instinct and intelligence, 256—instinct stationary, intellect progressive, *ib.*—difference between sentiment and sensation, 257 *et seq.*—organical relation between man and beast, 258—the ourang outang, *ib.*—its close resemblance to man disproved, *ib. et seq.*—relation between man and the animal kingdom ought to be sustained, 259—a similarity of organization necessary, *ib.*—animals endowed with all necessary faculties, 260—animal intelligence would be fatal to man, *ib.*—brute faculties limited, *ib.*—man's unbounded by organization, *ib. et seq.*—tendency of belief in animal intelligence, 261—instinct defined, *ib. et seq.*—duty of man towards animals, 262—intelligence and reason defined, *ib.*—denied to animals, *ib.*—instinct allowed, *ib.*—man the sole reproduction of the divinity, *ib.*

Assassination and lawlessness in the United States, article on, 333—test of civilization, *ib.*—effect of the war with the South, *ib.*—lawlessness the worst fault of Southerners, 334—cowardice of assassination, *ib.*—tyrants always cowards, *ib.*—tyrannical acts applauded by the vulgar, 335—the death of Nero and Caligula mourned by the Roman populace, *ib.*—personal assaults North and South, 336—condemned by thinking men, *ib.*—applauded by the masses, *ib.*—no social parallel for this in Europe since the Middle Ages, *ib.*—Gibbon's testimony, 337—early Saxon practices, *ib.*—Alfred's law on personal revenge, *ib.*—of Edward in 1066, 338—edict of Ethelbert, *ib.*—laws of the Normans, *ib.*—Blackstone on murder, 339—duelling *vs.* assassination, *ib.*—men of courage scorn advantage over an enemy, 340—historical examples, *ib. et seq.*—the secret assassin on a level with the brute, 342—duelling among great men, 343—duty of a government, 344 the assassin the enemy of, *ib.*—cause of sympathy with the assassin, *ib.*—American jurymen, *ib. et seq.*—incapability and ignorance of, 345—how will the Negro element act, *ib.*—effect of governmental disregard for the law, *ib.*—conflict between the President and Congress, 346—effect of, *ib.*

Aristotle on hexameters, 88.

Augustine, St., on souls of animals, 243.

Bacon, Lord, article on his discoveries, 316—several editions of his works, *ib.*—Macaulay's essay on, *ib.*—genius and faults, 317—his opinion of Bacon, *ib.*—Baron Liebig on, *ib.*—Fischer and Montague on, 318—value and delight of philosophical studies, 319—criterion of true philosophy sought, 320—Bacon not the first true philosopher, *ib.*—publication of the Opus Major of Roger Bacon 321—object and scope of, and extracts from, *ib. et seq.*—valuation of mathematics, 323—Dr. Whewell on the Opus Major, *ib.*—the vast intellect of Leonardo da Vinci, 324 *et seq.*—his scientific and philosophical knowledge, 325—the Verulamian system, *ib.*—Hallam on, *ib. et seq.*—Ellis on, 326—inventions in Seneca's time, 327—Macaulay's remarks on the great men of every age, *ib. et seq.*—condition of science in Bacon's age, 329—his contemporaries and pioneers, *ib. et seq.*—pretensions and plagiarism, 331 *et seq.*—judgment on great discoveries, *ib.*—influence on the English mind, *ib.*—scientific position at the present day, 333.—on knowledge, 61.

Bastide, Jules, on civil services in France and Prussia, 376.

Bombauch, C. C., Gleanings from Harvest-fields of Literature, noticed, 183.

Buffon, on animal foresight, 254.
Bunsen, Chevalier, on Wagenfeld's Philo-Biblius, 7.
Champollion on Phœnician art, 25.
Civil service of the United States, article on, 365—Republican legislation since the Rebellion, *ib.*—necessity of governmental reform, *ib.*—U. S. Civil Service compared with that of Germany, 366—Political Science, *ib. et seq.*—necessity for education in, 367 *et seq.*—effect of change in national finances on, 369—past and present position of civil service officers, *ib.*—their fitness for office should be tested, 370—their position should be assured, *ib.*—Congress should be aided by, 371—necessity for permanent administrative organization, *ib* —effect of, 372—the present services, mostly composed of lawyers, 373—their professional unfitness for the position, *ib.*—state of revenue laws, *ib.*—administrators of, *ib. et seq.*—requirements for a civil service officer, 374—works on Social Science, 375—application of their system, *ib* —its working in Prussia, *ib.*—Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt on Civil Service, 376—former and present condition of the Service in Germany, 377—Safety of the French Nation twice dependant on its civil officers, 378—adoption of a thorough system in the United States advocated, *ib. et seq.*—necessary qualifications for civil service, 379—true basis of organization, *ib et seq.*—effect of such a system, 380—beneficial result to the country, 381—effect of honourable official emulation, *ib.*—diplomatic and consular requirements, *ib. et seq.*—organization of the system feasible, 382—choice of examiners, 383—results of such a reform, *ib. et seq.*
Cromwell's treatment of the Jews, 231 *et seq.*
Cuvier, on organic relation between man and the animal kingdom, 258.
Dalland's discovery of the achromatic telescope, 169.
Dante and his new translator, article on, 286—difficulty of translating the Divine Comedy, *ib.*—its almost unbounded scope, *ib.*—information and preparation requisite to correct rendition, *ib.*—Mr. Longfellow's poetical position and scholarship, *ib.*—poetic genius not imperative to thorough translation, *ib.*—versions of Cary and Wright more carefully prepared, 288—lack of necessary introduction to Mr. Longfellow's version, *ib.*—Dante's inclination to satire, *ib.*—caustic reply to the Can Grande della Scala, 289—cause of his perpetual exile, *ib.*—Florence denounced in the Commedia, *ib.*—strength of personal resentments, *ib* —conditional return to Florence proposed, *ib. et seq.*—Dante's reply, 290—justice and liberality of, *ib.*—universality of the Commedia, *ib.*—love for his native city, *ib. et seq.*—Longfellow's notes, 291—"illustrations," *ib. et seq.*—blank verse an ill medium of translation, 292—Cary's metre, *ib.*—original metre adopted by Wright, *ib.*—Dante on alteration of metre, *ib.*—Cesarotti on, 293—difficulty of translating allegory, 294—the poem composed of, *ib.*—the author's explanation of, *ib. et seq.*—allegorical characters on Virgil and Beatrice, 295—ideas and beliefs of the time embodied in the poem, *ib. et seq.*—the Hell of the poem, 296—professors of Dante sustained in the Italian colleges, *ib.*—translation by Matteo Ronto, *ib. et seq.*—by the Abbate della Piazza, 297—German versions, *ib.*—Cary's, *ib* —Dr. Carlyle's, 298—Longfellow's apparent preparation for translation, 299—episode of Francesca da Rimini, *ib.*—Longfellow's rendition of, 300 *et seq.*—faults of, 301 *et seq.*—Cary's version of, 303 *et seq.*—Longfellow's Ugolino, 305 *et seq.*—Wright's, 308—Parson's incomplete translation, 310 *et seq.*—passage from second canto rendered by Longfellow, 311 *et seq.*—by Parsons, comparative merit of, 312 *et seq* —summary, 316.
Davis, Jefferson, release of, article on, 106—law of nations applied to rebellious subjects, *ib.*—counsel of Macchiavelli, *ib.*—position of the writer defined, *ib.*—clemency in victory advocated, *ib. et seq.*—action of Mr. Greeley supported, 107—no republic should persecute its citizens, *ib.*—cause of the downfall of Athens and Venice, *ib.*—duty of the Government to the South, 108—Cyrus to the conquered Assyrians, *ib.*—Henry VIII. of England, *ib.*—despots of the Reign of Terror, *ib.*—exercise of military authority in the South, 109—examples of Russia and Great Britain, *ib.*—great warriors sometimes unfit to govern, *ib.*—effect of military despotism, 110—example of Gothic conquerors, *ib.*—testimony of Livy, Tacitus, Seneca, Grotius, and Vattel, *ib.*—the Mobile riot, 111—the New York Draft riots, *ib.*—courtesy towards conquered enemies imperative, 112—Mr. Greeley as Mr. Davis' bailsman, *ib.*—the case of Maximilian in Mexico, *ib. et seq.*
Da Vinci, Leonardo, his erudition and attainments, 329.
De Bonald on Hebrew and Chinese orthography, 67–8, 74—on writing, 71, 74—on human intelligence and brute instinct, 251, 252.
Debreyne on the animal soul, 245, 248—on the four laws of force, *ib.*—on the four great kingdoms, *ib. et seq.*
Descartes and his followers on animal souls, 244.
Dryden on Virgil, 86.
Euler, and his discoveries, article on, 161—birth of, *ib.*—education, *ib.*—entrance to the University of Basle, *ib.*—interest of Bernoulli, 162—receives the degree of M. A., *ib.*—physiological studies, *ib* —literary labors, *ib.*—journey to Russia, 163—death of Nicholas Bernoulli, *ib.*—appointment as Professor of Natural Philosophy, *ib.*—succession to Daniel Bernoulli, *ib.*—marriage, *ib.*—essays on Fire and Ocean Tides, *ib.*—invitation to Berlin, 164—appointment as Mathematical Director, *ib.*—labors on physical astronomy, *ib.*—memoir on Jupiter and Saturn, 165—Newton's Law of Gravitation, *ib.*—the Problem of the Three Bodies, *ib.*—discovery of secular equation, 166—appointed Associate of the French Academy, 167—theory of the variation of arbitrary constants, *ib. et seq.*—researches on light, 169—Dalland's discoveries, *ib.*—construction of object glasses, *ib.*—letters on philosophy, 170—return to St. Petersburgh, *ib.*—entire loss of sight, *ib.*—Elements of Algebra, *ib.*—rescue from death by fire, 171—lunar theory, *ib.*—on structure and management of vessels, *ib* —generosity of Russian government, *ib.*—multiplicity of works, *ib.*—death, *ib.*—reputation, *ib.*—scientific position, *ib.*—intellectual abilities, 172.
Explanations of Church Service noticed, 384–6.
Ferris, Rev. Dr. Isaac, his Jubilee Memorial noticed.
Fichte and his Philosopy, article on, 113—birth and early life, 114—college life, 115—evil effects of its severe discipline, *ib.*—flight from, *ib.*—mental struggles and return to, *ib. et seq.*—secret reading, 116—Lessing, *ib.*—his influence upon Fichte, *ib.*—death of Fichte's patron, 117—departure from Pforta college, *ib.*—entrance to Jena University, *ib.*—life in, *ib.*—as tutor, *ib.*—application to government for aid to continue study, *ib.*—

becomes tutor in Zurich, 118—literary labors and studies, *ib.*—friendship with Lavater, *ib.*—with Rahn, *ib.*—journey to Stuttgart and Weimar, 119—Kant's philosophy, *ib.*—its effects on his character, *ib.*—occupations at Leipsic, 120—essay on Kant's critics, *ib.*—journey to Warsaw, 121—Koenigsberg, 122—interview with Kant, *ib.*—philosophical and moral condition of Germany, *ib.*—review of condition of Christianity, *ib. et seq.*—religion of action, *ib.*—religion of dogmas, 123—principles of argumentation, 124—effect of scientific discoveries, *ib.*—skepticism of Montague, *ib.*—theory of Descartes, *ib.*—of Spinoza, *ib. et seq.*—philosophy of Liebnitz, 125—works of Locke, Hume, and Berkley, *ib. et seq.*—their influence in foreign countries, 126—the French skeptics, *ib.*—attack on Christianity, 127—essay on Kant's Critics completed, 129—publication, 130—success, *ib.*—marriage of Fichte, 131—visit to Pestalozzi, *ib.*—lectures, *ib.*—positive system of philosophy, 132 *et seq.*—Fichte on the French Revolution, 135—appointed Professor of Philosophy at Jena, 136—reception at, *ib.*—personal characteristics, 137—wit, *ib.*—the Science of Rights, 138 *et seq.*—Science of Morals, 140 *et seq.*—Fichte's relation to Jacobi, 141—to Schiller and Gœthe, *ib.*—annoyances at Jena, 142 *et seq.*—Sunday lectures, 143—Fichte and Forberg accused of Atheism, 144 *et seq.*—decree of the Saxon government, 145—the judicial defence, 147—dismissal from the professorship, 148—departure for Berlin, *ib.*—literary occupation at, *ib.*—lectures, *ib.*—conduct of King Frederick, *ib.*—friends in, 149—offers from various governments, 150—residence at Erlangen, *ib.*—the Natural Sciences, *ib.*—Schelling on, 151—Schlegel on, *ib.*—the Mystics reviewed, *ib.*—public difference, Schelling and Fichte, *ib.*—war between France and Prussia, *ib. et seq.*—plan for a University, 152—Fichte appointed rector, *ib.*—removed, *ib.*—Fichte against Napoleon, 153—death of Fichte, *ib.*—its effect in Germany, *ib.*—present school of German philosophy, 154—future, *ib.*

Flotte on immortality of man, 249.

French opinion of Philo-Biblius, 7.

Gall on the intelligence of animals, 253.

Geographies, Mitchell's, reviewed, 391-3.

Gibbon on crime and punishment in the Middle Ages, 337

Gœthe against Fichte, 145, 147.

Grotefend, G. F., preface to Philo-Biblius, 6.

Herodotus on Phœnician piracy, 3.

Hesse-Darmstadt, Louis of, on civil service, 376.

Homer and Virgil compared, 78 *et seq.*

Ingelow, Jean, her Story of Doom reviewed and criticised, 386-7.

Insurance, 195 *et seq*

Jesuits in North America and elswhere, article on, 346—Mr. Parkman on the heroism and generosity of monks and nuns, *ib.*—his lack of courage to do justice to, *ib.*—unsatisfactory character of his history, 347—rather a history of the Indians than the Jesuits, *ib.*—its scope too narrow, *ib.*—Schoolcraft's Indian History, 348—Parkman's judgment on, *ib.*—extracts from Parkman's "Jesuits," 349 *et seq.*—his character of Mme. de la Peltrie and other nuns, 350 *et seq.*—of the Jesuits, 351 *et seq.*—the massacre of the Jesuits a Providential affair, 353—testimony of best Protestant historians, *ib.*—true character of the Jesuits, *ib. et seq.*—their enemies, 354—their persecutions, 355—banishment from France, *ib.*—from England, Sweden, Holland, and Russia, 356—their services to literature and science, *ib.*—effect of their absolute sway, 357—in Paraguay, *ib.*—prosecution for high treason, *ib.*—expulsion from Portugal and Spain, 358

Montesquieu on Jesuit rule in South America, *ib.*—character of their persecutors, 359—their friends, *ib.*—charges against them, *ib. et seq.*—Voltaire on, 360—individual testimony, *ib. et seq.*—important rules of the Order, 362—Jesuit love of power, 364—clerical obedience, *ib.*—conduct of the few no criterion for that of the majority, *ib.*

Jews, the, and their persecutions, article on, 207—treatment of by different nations, *ib.*—cause and injustice of, 208—the bondage in Egypt and other lands, *ib.*—course of national events B. C., *ib.*—extent of nationality, 209—conduct of Christian Church, *ib.*—sacred writings, 210—effect of oppression on character, *ib.*—exclusion from society, *ib.*—treatment in England, 211 *et seq.*—Jews at York under Cœur de Leon, 212 *et seq.*—in London, 213 *et seq.*—declared to be property of the king, 214—Jewish parliament summoned, 216—sale of the Jews to the king's brother, 217—to Prince Edward, *ib.*—tax on pain of expulsion from England, *ib.*—banishment, 218—confiscation of property, *ib.*—clemency of the Church, *ib.*—treatment in France, *ib.*—in Spain, 219 *et seq.*—interference of Pope Gregory, 220—action of the Synod of Toledo, in 693, 221—the Saracens in Spain, 222—school of Cordova, *ib.*—in France under Pepin and Charlemagne, 223—decree of Ferdinand I. in 1036, *ib.*—renewed persecutions by Christian kings, 224—expulsion from Spanish cities, *ib.*—establishment of the Inquisition, *ib.*—its control assumed by the king, 225—conduct of the pope, *ib.*—edict of banishment, *ib.*—flight to Rome, 226—privileges in Italy, 227—Jews in Avignon, *ib.*—in Rome at the present day, 228—conduct of the Reformers, *ib. et seq.*—statistics of Jews in Protestant and Catholic countries, 230—in Poland, *ib.*—relative proceedings of the two religious parties, 231—Cromwell, *ib. et seq.*—return to England under Charles II. and James II., 232—naturalization by Act of Parliament, 233—the Disabilities Bill, *ib.*—Napoleon in 1806, *ib.*—his questions to the Sanhedrim, *ib. et seq.*—national organization in France, 234—edicts of Austria, *ib.*—Jews in Prussia, 235—Old Testament, *ib.*—Jewish literature in Spain, 236—Mendelssohn and other Jewish men of genius, 237—social position in France and Poland, *ib.*—in America, *ib.*—their assailants not men of religion, 238 compared to the Egyptians, 239—the Persians, *ib. et seq.*—the Greeks, 240—persecution arose from evil passions rather than religious prejudices, 241—intellectual and moral capacity, *ib.*

Laws School, catalogue of, noticed, 393-4.

Leibnitz's monads, 123.

Liebig, Baron, on Bacon's philosophy, 317—on the Historia Naturalis, 331.

Lucian on Phœnician art, 26

Macrobius on the 6th book of the Æneid, 91.

Macaulay, Lord, on Lord Bacon, 316 *et seq.*

Military commission *re.* the release of Jefferson Davis, 107.

Montesquieu on Jesuit rule in South America, 358

Napoleon's treatment of the Jews, 233 *et seq.*

Nichols, Dr. James R., his Chemistry of the Farm, &c., reviewed, 395-98.

Notices and Criticisms, 172 *et seq.*

Ornithology, American, article on, 30—anatomical frame of birds, 31—plumage, &c., of, *ib.*—geographical distribution of, *ib.*—division into classes, 32—members of each class, *ib. et seq.*—birds of prey, 33 *et seq.*—falconinæ, 34—aquilæ, 35—genus astur, *ib.*—owl family, *ib.*—omnivorous birds, *ib. et seq.*—titmouse, *ib.*—blue jay, *ib. et seq.*—oriole, 37—bob-o-link, *ib. et seq.*—insectivorous birds, 38, *et seq.*—cat-bird, *ib.*—wood thrush, 39—robin, 40—yellow-bird, *ib. et seq.*—blue-bird, 41—

granivorous birds, *ib.*, *et seq* —song sparrow, 42—cardinal bird, *ib.*—linnet, 43—zyodactyli, *ib et seq.*—Carolina parrot, *ib.*—cuckoo, *ib.*—woodpeckers, 44 *et seq.*—trochilidæ, 44 *et seq* —hirundinæ, 47—caprimulgæ, 48—columbinæ, *ib* —gallinaceous birds, *ib. et seq.*—peacocks, 49—wild turkey, *ib.*—quail, 50 *et seq*—grouse, 51 *et seq* —cock of the plains, 5 —aquatic tribes, 52 *et seq.*—plovers, *ib.*—ibis, *ib* —bird pits of Saccara, *ib.*—curlews, 54—snipe, *ib.*—woodcock, 55—rails, *ib.*—coots, 56—genus anser, *ib. et seq* —duck tribe, *ib. et seq* —architecture of birds, 57 *et seq* —bank swallows, 58—Pliny's earthwork on the river Nilus, *ib* —edible nest of swallow of the Indian seas, 59—window swallow, *ib.*—burrowers, *ib.*—mud builders, *ib.*—platform builders, 60—basket birds, dome builders, weavers, &c., *ib.*—description of robinet's nest by Turner, *ib.*

Parkman, Francis, 'Jesuits in North America" reviewed and criticised, 346

Peltrie, Mme. de la, Parkman on, 350.

Philo-Biblius, translation of the Antiquities of Sanchoniathon, 6.

Phœnicians, the Ancient, and their Civilization, article on, 1—reflection on the fate of nations, 2—extended territory not necessary to national greatness, *ib* —Venice, the Dutch Republic Portugal, and Great Britain, *ib.*—superior renown of Phœnicia, *ib. et seq.*—peaceful national character, 3—extent of national fame, 4—territorial extent, *ib* —remote date of civilization, *ib. et seq* —Homer on, 5—Shield of Achilles, *ib* —Hebraic testimony, *ib.*—national origin, *ib. et seq.*—Antiquities of Sanchoniathon, 6—'Philo-Biblius' translation of, *ib.*—modern doubts of its authenticity, *ib.*—discovery of the original MS., *ib.*—examination and annotation of, *ib.*—preface to, *ib* —translation by F Wagenfeld, *ib. et seq* —various opinions of, 7 *et seq* —literary merit of works of Sanchoniathon, 9—synopsis of, *ib* —religious belief of the Phœnicians, *ib. et seq* —extracts from Sanchoniathon, *ib. et seq.*—criticisms on, 14—greatness of Tyre, 15—of Sidon, 16—Phœnician origin, *ib.*—derivation of Greek and Roman civilization, 17—relation of Carthage to Phœnicia, *ib* —Virgil's episode of Dido, *ib.*—literature of Phœnicia, 18—comparison with Carthaginian, *ib. et seq* —fate of Sidon, 19 *et seq.*—specimen of Phœnician literature, 20 *et seq.*—paucity of Phœnician inscriptions, 22—bilingual inscriptions, *ib.*—character of, 23—identity of Phœnician and Irish languages supported, 24 —the Hebrew, *ib.*—opinion of Augustin, *ib.*—universality of Phœnician language and settlements, *ib.*—scientific knowledge, and cultivation, 25—dress, 26—art, Lucian on, *ib* —philosophy, *ib.*—distinguished Phœnicians, 27—the Ethiopica of Heliodorus imitated by moderns, *ib.*—literary merit of, 28—finale of Phœnician greatness, *ib.*—ruins of Tyre and Sidon, *ib. et seq* —their present inhabitants, 29—comparative strength of Rome and Carthage, *ib.*

Pliny on the Swallows of the Nile, 58.

Poems of Alfred B. Street reviewed and criticised, 176 *et seq.*

Postal Laws of the United States, article on, 154—ill management, *ib.*—New York Post Office, 155—requisite official qualification for the Postmaster-Generalship, *ib.*—discharging employés, 156—official ignorance, *ib.*—editorial experience of, 157—imposition of unfair postal dues, 158—application for justice, 159 —failure of, *ib.*—habitual defalcation among employés, 160—postal arrangements in foreign countries, *ib.*—in England, *ib.*

Renan, M. Ernest, on M. Wagenfeld's Philo-Biblius, 7, 8.

Report, Annual, of Insurance Superintendent and Commissioner reviewed, 398 *et seq.*

Schelling on the Natural Sciences, 151.

Schlegel on the Natural Sciences, 151.

Science and History, Cardinal Wiseman on, criticised, 184.

Sears, E. I., note on learning in modern Rome. 271—on Winckelmann's Catholicism, 272 *et seq.*

Summer Travel, and Fishing, 190.

Thackeray, William M., Early and Late Papers, criticised. 183.

Turner, robinet's nest, 60.

Virgil and his new translator, article on, 78—Virgil and Homer compared, *ib. et seq.*—Greek and Roman traditions, 79—early kings of Italy, *ib.*—Virgil's character, etc., not always Roman, *ib. et seq* —Æneas the type of Augustus, 80—defective characteristics of the hero, 81—excellence of the work *ib.*—comparison between the works of Homer and Virgil unjust *ib.*—all poets borrowers from Homer, 82 *et seq.*—education of Virgil, *ib.*—second book of the Æneid, 83 —episode of Dido original, *ib.*—Homeric character of the first six books, *ib.*—the six last books, *ib.*—character of Turnus, 84—plot of the six last books, *ib* —character of Lavinia, 85—of Camilla, *ib* —difficulty of translating the Æneid, 86—Dryden on the peculiar characteristics of Virgil, *ib.*—Conington's translation of, criticised, *ib. et seq.*—his unsuitable metre, 87—the hexameter imperative to the epic, 88—Aristotle on hexameters, *ib.*—versions of Pitt and Symmons, *ib* —extracts from Conington. 89 *et seq.*—first reading of the episode of Marcellus, 92—intense power of the original, 93—meagreness of the translation, *ib. et seq.*—Symmons' translation, 95—episode of Dido, *ib., et seq.*—Æneas' descent with the Sibyl. 99 *et seq.*—summary of the chief beauties of the Æneid, 103 *et seq.*—morality of the Æneid and the Iliad, 104—influence of Virgil on modern writers, 105—the Æneid translated more frequently than the Iliad.

Voltaire on Jesuit morality, 360.

Wagenfeld, F., translation of Philo Biblius, 6.

Whittier, John Greenleaf, his Tent on the Beach and Other Poems reviewed, 386–91.

Winckelmann and Ancient Art, article on, 263 —early life, *ib* —entry to Latin school, *ib* — to Halle and Jena, *ib* —first occupations, *ib.*—desire to visit Rome, 264—preparation for the inspection of Art, *ib* —becomes librarian to Count Buenau, *ib* —interest of Cardinal Archinto, *ib.*—publication of first treatise on Art, 265—journey to Rome, *ib* —incidents of, 266 *et seq* —friendship with Mengs, 267 —with Archinto and Passionei, 268 *et seq.*—with Alexander Albani, 270—Albani library and Art gallery, *ib* —merit of the "History of Art," 271—preparation and opportunities for study, 271—energetic promotion of researches for remains of Ancient Art, 273—visits to Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ, 274—friendship with Sir William Hamilton, *ib.*—with Baron de Stosch, *ib* —with antiquarians and travellers, *ib et seq.*—literary style, 275—concentration of artistic material in Rome, *ib.*—its subsequent dispersion. *ib et seq* —character of Winckelmann, 276—letters, 277 *et seq.*—friendship with Berg, 278 —philosophy of, 279—visit to Germany, 280 —incidents of, *ib* —inclination to return to Rome, *ib.*—reception at Vienna, 281—sojourn at Trieste, *ib.*—acquaintance with Archangeli. *ib.*—assassination by, *ib.*—last hours, *ib* —monument, 282—Lessing's opinion of Winckelmann, 283 *et seq.*—the two writers compared, 284—their religious opinions, 285 —effect of their works, *ib.*

Wiseman, Cardinal, on Science and History, reviewed, 184.

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CONTENTS OF No. XXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

I.—The Jews and their Persecutions.

II.—Have the Lower Animals souls, or reason?

III.—Winckelmann and Ancient Art.

IV.—Dante and his new Translator.

V.—What has Bacon originated, or discovered?

VI.—Assassination and Lawlessness in the United States.

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IX.—Notices and Criticisms.

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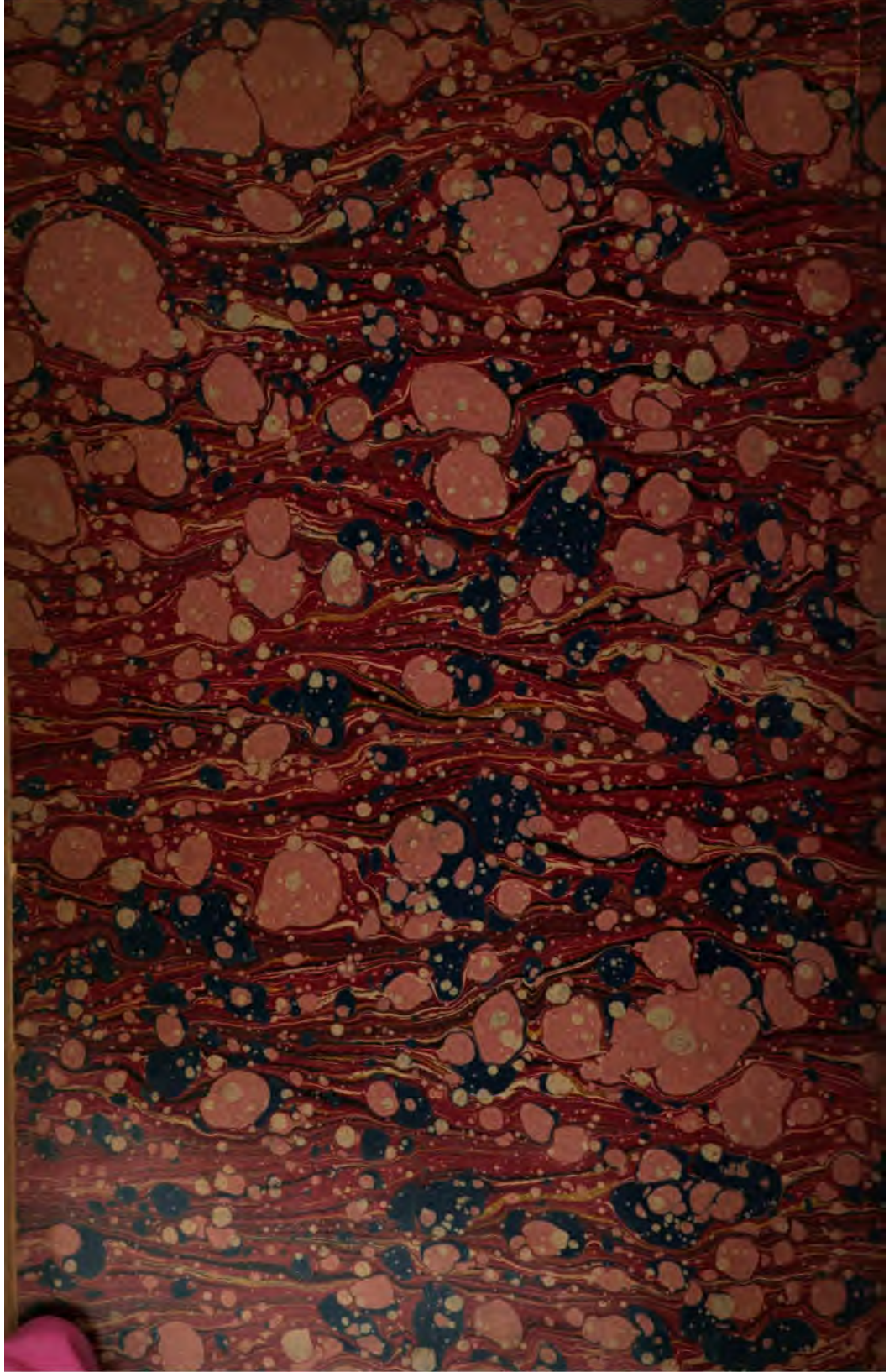

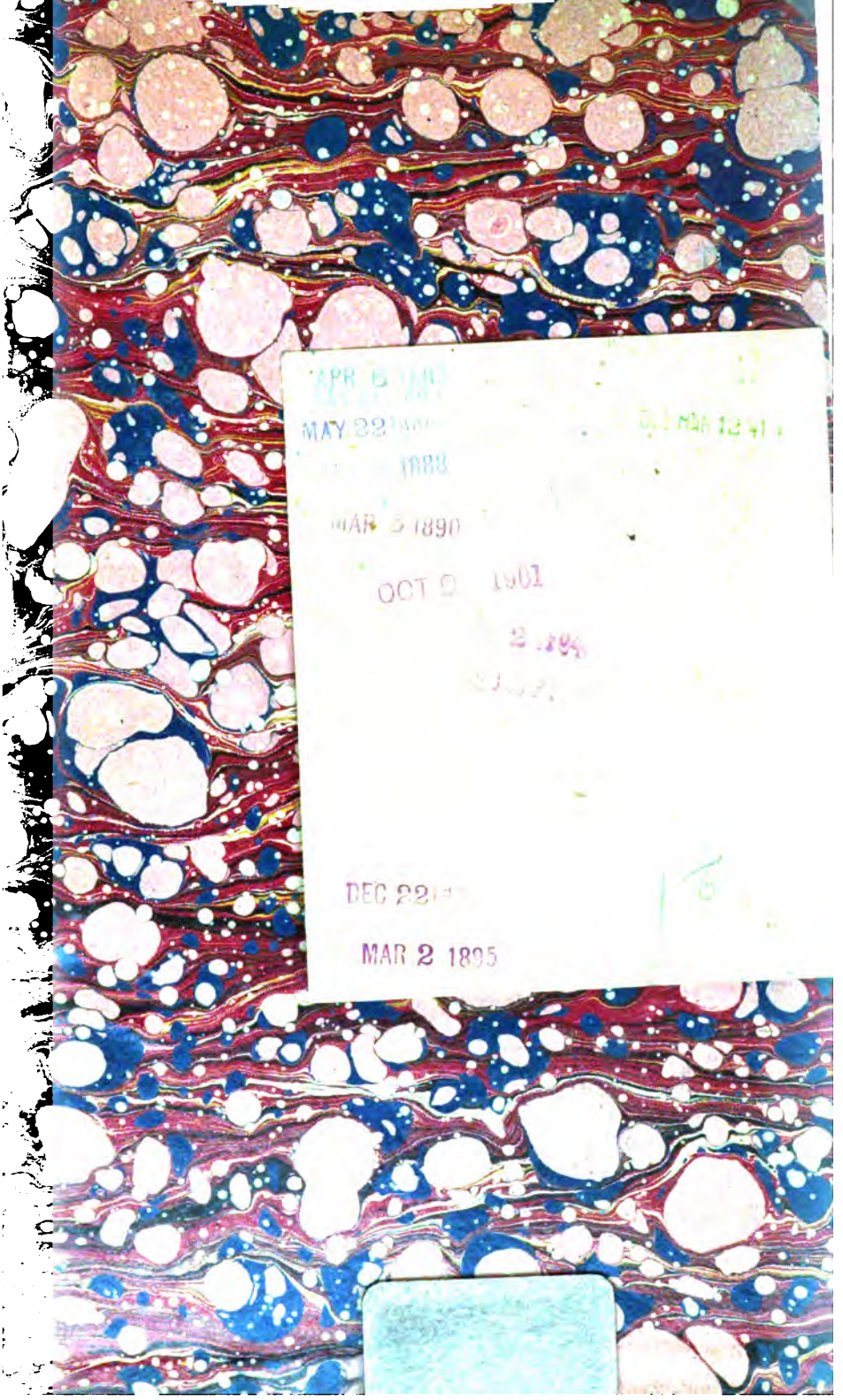
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